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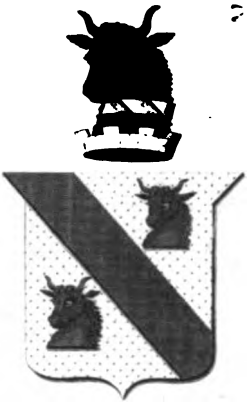

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

OF

GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq.

M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.

SENIOR JUSTICE OF THE COUNTIES OF BRECON,

GLAMORGAN, AND RADNOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.

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SONNETS.

I. Written at Vaucluse in 1776.

WHAT melodies the tuneful gale ascend!
What hallow'd Spirits to the Earth have stray'd!
Love swept the chords, and Beauty's Minstrel play'd.
Not *his* fam'd shell that made the forest bend,
And charm'd the listening herd, when Sorrow's Friend
Met the wild crew, alone, but undismay'd
In virtue's pride, such glowing hands obey'd.—
I see her from the realms of bliss descend—
'Tis *Laura's* pure and radiant form—her eyes
Have shed upon the lay their precious tear,
Whose consecrating virtue never dies.
Oh *Amoret!* could *I* such pearls attain,
(My Theme as constant, and my Hope as vain)
I'd ask no other joy, no brighter sphere.

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II. An Imitation of Petrarch.

"Voi ch' ascoltate," &c.

Ye that have heard the melancholy sound
Of Love's complaint, that hopeless passion fed,
When at *his* impious altar I have bled
Ere wise too late my error I had found;—
Think not I ask to be *with chaplets crown'd*
For visionary joy, or captious dread,
And reason thro' bewildering mazes led,—
Or chains fantastic, that an ideot bound!
I ask *your pity*;—and recall with shame
The idle story of my wasted hours.—
The scene is clos'd—the tempter is no more—
And, tho' *late rescued from that perilous flame*,*
The Soul collects her vindicated powers;—
†The past recording—only to deplore.

III. From Petrarch.

When, lost in gloom impervious to the day,
I feel the poison'd shaft my senses burn,—
To that blest region, panting, I return,
Where first I saw the fiery lustre play
That smote my heart with Love's æthereal ray:
There—as to morn the shades of darkness turn
With glitt'ring skirts, bright Visions I discern,
That cheer my hope deferr'd, and ling'ring way:—
There—every gale, perfum'd by *Laura's* breath,
Bears on its gentle plume the aweful sound
Of Music, that of no terrestrial came,
But of some hallow'd Spirit, who from death
Calls me to Paradise, with myrtle crown'd,
And conscious of the heaven-descended flame.

* Milton. † This turn is not in the original.

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IV. From Petrarch.

Ye Fair, who pant for honour's deathless meed,
Ambitious of the wreath to *Laura* due—
In *her* contemplate, though a distant view,
Charms that are self-adorn'd! and musing read
How Innocence and Peace to Heav'n can lead!—
How God is to be lov'd!—*Her* glitt'ring hue
Has dropt a beam that others may pursue,
To mansions for a seat in bliss decreed!
Heard ye that voice? You heard the Angels there,
Tuning *her* breath:—but not less eloquent
Her silence threw its mantle of reserve,
And grac'd the parting sound.—Be these your care!
But *no* attractions can *her* form present—
Or lustre of the mind *her* fame deserve.

V. From Petrarch.

He accounts for the wonderful change in his health and countenance.

Superior gifts, that Heaven imparts to few—
Simplicity, and Wisdom's aweful strain,
That raptures more than human could attain—
Enchanting smiles, and beauty ever new—
Peculiar sweetness, that an Angel drew
From Heaven's own fountains pure—a lovely face—
Unsullied innocence, and flowing grace—
A voice, whose breath melodious could renew
Life's drooping sinews, and revenge disarm—
Eyes, that could melt the most obdurate pride,
Or lighten Melancholy's fearful shade—
Words eloquent, and Fancy's native charm—
Compassion's tear with honour's flame allied—
By *these* Magicians has the change been made.

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VI. An Imitation of Petrarch.

The heart in Beauty's image *Laura* bore,
And pass'd, as devious Fancy led, the seat
Of Love, that mourn'd in solitude, but fleet
As air, or gliding meteor;—to adore
The form celestial, and her smiles implore,
Trembling I rose—but fear'd her eyes to meet,
Or too enraptur'd and familiar greet
The lustre of her aspect;—she, no more
Averse, or blushing to be so desir'd,
With glowing sweetness cheer'd me, and a *look*
That angry *Jove* to softer flames had won:—
My passion then reproving, she forsook,
And gently vanish'd, as an Evening Sun,
But left me hopes that Memory inspir'd.

VII. On a Journey to Rome. (from Petrarch.)

Sweet looks! and gracious words! no more shall I
Your votary bend?—Ye golden tresses! bands
Of Love, whose chain my captive soul demands,
And leads me on, impatient of reply,
Till Death shall close the unavailing sigh!—
Celestial beauty, which these pious hands
Could ne'er propitiate, nor in distant lands
My heart could soften, or my verse could fly!—
Alluring smiles!—and Love's insidious hour
Of joy, that soothes me to betray, *farewell!*
No more I feel your vernal ray divine
Cheer me:—The Winter's day begins to lour:—
No more my hopes against their doom rebel;
And I must leave, unbless'd, the hallow'd shrine,

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VIII. To his Friend. (From Petrarch.)

To thee, *Sennuccio!* fearless I can paint
The habit of a life that shuns repose:
My heart with its accustom'd passion glows; —
'Tis *Laura's* yet; — nor strong my hopes, nor faint,
But varied ever — as that lovely Saint
In light or shade my fond attachment throws.
Her delicacy's temper'd sweetness knows
The charm which no mis-construing thought can taint;
Which blames, and yet approves: — *to-day*, the soft
Endearments reign—the Loves their influence breathe;
To morrow, distant and reserv'd her air—
With Heaven her eye conversing; —'*here* she oft
Has musing roam'd; *here* smil'd, or dress'd the wreath.'
Her image thus can play with my despair.

IX. From Petrarch.

On seeing Laura at her Toilette, and her face through her Glass.

To Laura.

The subtle Mirrour, which to thee presents
Love in its brightest hue, to borrow'd charms
Owes the equipment of *its* fatal arms,
And levels them at me—yet no defence
Can against these avail me; though pretence
And fiction generate the soft alarms;
Though a mere shadow's gleam the soul disarms,
And beauties not their own: the recompence
Of those deceits the fabled youth shall tell
In that sweet flower that mourn'd his early doom,
Who saw and perish'd at the melting hour
Of his own form enamour'd; — why resume
(Thus warn'd) the error, if *Narcissus* fell? —
But where on earth is *thy* resembling flower?

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X. Imitation of Petrarch.

In what Elysium's consecrated scene
Was Nature's pride and Beauty's model fram'd?
Not of Earth's mould the offspring should be nam'd,
Or in the *vesture* * *of decay* be seen;—
What Fountain's Nymph that pac'd the margin green,
Or sprung of Sylvan Loves (though oft' unblam'd
Their tresses with *Hyperion* vied, and claim'd
The daring contest) shall of *Beauty's Queen*
(Who *Laura's* image for her mirrour chose)
The lustre emulate? Around *her* feet
In airy dance their flight the Lovers play'd;
Her eyes with temper'd beam and feign'd repose
Allur'd me—till her breath's enchantment sweet
My senses rifled—and my heart betray'd.

XI. Upon Laura's Death (from Petrarch.)

The Fair-one is no more:—her spirit fled
With sudden wing, that up to Heaven's abode
Hath risen,—for well on Earth *she* knew the road,
Explor'd it well—by Faith and Virtue led.
The hour is come:—in vain the tears were shed
That passion cherish'd;—parted is the load
Of restless thoughts on frantic themes bestow'd;
That sunk and weigh'd me down, with drooping head,
And spirits faint.—Where *she* is gone before,
'Tis *mine* to follow—and the shortest way:
Clad, as the Pilgrim, that, with staff in hand,
Behind him thrown his little wallet bore,
The soul redeem'd shall to the Realms of day
Ascending, cleave the air, and spurn the land.

* Shakespeare.

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XII. To William Lock, Esq.

Written at *Norbury* Park,- his beautiful Country Seat, 1786.

Favourite of Science, and in Arts refin'd
That Leisure's path adorn! enraptur'd still
The living *models* view, that *Grecian* skill
Drew from that *beauty* of the *perfect Mind*,
Whose breath to Nature every form assign'd
Of captivating *grace!*—The *picture* fill
With glowing hues—or dress the waving hill
In *Fancy's* robe;—that none the touch may find
(So light the hand) that in the fairy scene
Enamour'd stray—as by a Wood-Nymph led
With musing thought. But envied be the guest,
Exploring goodness, by the world unseen,
Whose bounty guards from want the rustic shed,
And silent hails thee in the Village bless'd!

XIII. To the Right Hon. William Pitt.

January 15, 1789*.

For Millions born! of sure though early fame!
Inspir'd Avenger of a Nation's right!
Thee—*Britain* found, in her tempestuous night,
Waving aloft imperial Honour's flame,
Tho' *Belial*—starting from the bands of shame—
Threaten'd in radiant panoply the fight.
No more those phantoms can elude the sight,
That mutter'd spells too hideous for a name,
With shapeless gloom upon the Regal bed
Hovering—I mark'd them in their flight—the pale
Half-rebel Fear to venal homage bred,
And Perfidy, that caught the shifting gale
Obsequious—idiot Scorn, tho' Nature bled,—
And perjur'd Craft in Duty's hallow'd veil†.

* It is to this half political-effusion that Sir William Jones alludes in one of his letters to me.

† This alludes to the King's illness, &c. &c. &c.

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XIV. Judas. (From Gianni.)

From a distorted, withering, leafless tree,
The naked body of *Iscariot* swung,
'Mid rocks and stumps in ghastly terror hung;
That hideous wound in fell deformity
Wide-opening—but the soul escap'd—and free,
Tho' stain'd with curses deep,—with horrour stung
(As venom'd adders that, with hissing tongue
And swelling neck, from the bold peasant flee)
It slunk away, blacker than Death and Sin.—
But struck—and by a thunderbolt—with pain
Roaring, the tortur'd body it resum'd:
Then headlong (with his bones that clos'd him in)
Fell down into *Avernus*—in the chain
Of bottomless perdition—unconsum'd.
Burnt was the fatal tree, and smoak'd the air,
Gave sign that Hell's pollution had been there.

XV. Judas. (From Gianni.)

When *Judas*, from the guilt-avenging tree
Self-launch'd, his own dread persecutor fell—
Ascending from the depth of deepest Hell,
An Emissary-Fiend arose—to see
The tortur'd Spirit (from its dungeon free)
Chain'd by the Furies—to the burning well
Sped him in triumph, and with clamorous yell
Announc'd him *Satan's proselyte!* but he,
With smile insidious, from his blazing throne
Hung over him enraptur'd,—hail'd his guilt
With shouts of joy, and far above the rest
Exalted him—of traitors, who had shown
Pre-eminent apostacy—had spilt
The purest blood, and, murdering, had caress'd.
Then—as he open'd Hell's profound abyss—
He gave him back *his own deceitful kiss.*

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XVI. From Zappi.

A hundred little Fairy-Loves one day
In laugh and frolic jest the hour deceiv'd—
One of them said—"A thought I have conceiv'd;
"Let's fly a little!"—"Whither?" (answer'd they).
He told them—'twas to my belov'd.—Away
The urchins flew, and were in swarms receiv'd,
Like bees upon the rose; nor more achiev'd
Without sharp contest:—*These* had caught their prey,
The ringlets;—*those*, her pouting lips detain'd;—
These in her eyes enthron'd:—but other two
Sat in her pencil'd eyebrows' arching line:
One from a dimple his exclusion feign'd,
And fell upon her *bosom*.—"Which of *you*"
(He ask'd them) "will compare *your* seats with *mine*?"

XVII. From Faustina Maratti.

"Write!" (said the wounded spirit's honest pride,
That spirit which is arm'd on Reason's throne,)
"Write from the heart, and make the Furies known
"That venom to the Serpent's tooth supplied!
"Give scope to thy revenge! as coursers chide
"The earth, if chance they hear the martial tone
"That summons to the field, and soon disown
"The rein or spur."—But against passion's tide
Thought stands oppos'd.—Shall I to *such* a name
Give life and breath?—No! my disdain shall *rest*
Upon its arms, and with contempt refute.
Thus with base obloquies that worth defame,
Revenge of noble offspring deals the best;
And passes the defamer—*proudly mute*.

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XVIII. From the Italian.

In the enchanted *Cyprian* Island, stood
A Regal Palace, Love's imperial seat:
There I, a vassal at my Liege's feet,
In a petition's form the Monarch sued;
But with no arts of rhetorick endued.
" It 's now (the paper said) it 's now complete;
" My thirtieth year, since after my defeat
" I serv'd—and worship'd thee:—my peace renew'd,
" But as thy gift, is what I ask."—He took
The paper in his hand, but would not read,
And threw it scornfully at *me*. " To *Death*
" Give it! (he said) for *he* alone can *look*
" At *thy* complaint! with *him* you 'll intercede—
" For *me* shall be reserv'd your parting breath."

XIX. To my Horse.

Light Courser! as the wing'd immortal steed
That *Perseus* bore, when for the naked charm
(That Love had promis'd the victorious arm)
He cleft the Monster—and the generous deed
Won Beauty's recompence!—or if the seed
Lives of *Bucephalus*, whose fierce alarm
Nor courage could oppose, nor skill disarm—
For *him* predestin'd, whom the Fates decreed
The World's commanding Spirit:—of that race,
But not so tam'd art thou—whose neck sublime,
And bounding feet, and flaming eye, display
The noblest birth; in every movement, grace—
And fleetness, the competitor of Time!—
Oh! love thy Master! *nor his fears betray!*

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XX. On a beautiful Girl, aged fourteen, and a Milkmaid.

Sweet Innocent! what Angel's hand shall guide
Those tempting beauties, that will soon inflame
The amorous Libertine to vice and shame,
Polluting what he loves—the *maiden's* pride—
With arts, or gifts, that subtle counsels hide,
And rebel passions, that ascendant claim;
Which nothing but the sad reverse can tame
Of *infamy*—to penitence allied?—
Beware of *Man!* till Honour gives the word
Of ripe assent, improv'd by Love's delay;—
The word, that *choice* and sympathy have bound
With sacred impulse, and with hearts preferr'd.
But fly the hand that courts thee to betray—
Nor *touch* the wreath in which a serpent's found.

XXI. To William Jackson, of Exeter, Esq.

the famous Composer of expressive and pathetic Melodies.

Jackson! whose Melodies—to Fancy's ear
Sweet prompters of the love-impassion'd Muse—
Her melting strains with eloquence infuse
That *Verse* despairs to reach!—The hope—the fear
Of amorous youth—and Beauty's glowing tear—
Assenting blushes, when the lips refuse—
The lov'd who fly—the Lover that pursues—
Confess thee—*Minstrel of the heart;* sincere
In homage to the lyre, whose fairy note
With art conceal'd, for ev'ry shade of thought
Breathes an appropriate sound! *Thy* numbers *tell*
A softer tale than musing* *Shenstone* wrote,—
Or *Emma's younger*† *Bard* enamour'd caught
From the wild sweetness of a ruder shell‡.

* Whom Jackson has often set to music. † Prior.

‡ "*The Nut Browne Maide,*" which Prior has improved. Jackson has beautifully set a part of it.

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XXII. On the celebrated Statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. (From Zappi.)

What Giant's here, in this huge mass of stone
Pre-eminently rais'd?—No *human* art
Could thus, with life's bold counterfeit, impart
Breath to the lips—that seem as if the tone
Of speech they utter'd. It's the form well known
Of him that of the Deity a part
Bore on his visage, and appall'd the heart
Of *Egypt*, from the Mountain's blazing throne.
'Twas *thus* he look'd—when the surrounding waves
He sever'd in the midst;—and *thus*, when clos'd
At his avenging word, their depths entomb'd
"*The horse and rider.*"—Ye revolted slaves!
Had *this* upon your idol-faith impos'd,
The Pagan error would have less been *doom'd.*

XXIII. To Mr. Fuseli.

Poet, and Painter! at whose call arise
Æthereal visions, that on "*Fancy's Child*"
Beam'd hovering, as on *Avon's* bank it smil'd,
And Genius hail'd the offspring! Never dies
What, *so* conceiv'd, the charm of truth allies
To inspiration—beautifully wild,
And proudly daring;—by the dull revil'd—
Above the Pedant's wing,—to *thee* supplies
An elevated Nature's throne supreme.
Thus *Milton* Spirits drew;—*Salvator* thus
Frown'd in his caverns with a deeper gloom
Than Terror's picture, in the living dream
That "*made Night hideous:*"—but reserv'd for *us,*
In *Fuseli,* an *Athens,* and a *Rome!*—
No more shall *words* * the bold and sweeping line
Of *Angelo* commend:—It *breathes* in *thine.*

* Mr. Fuseli was preparing Michael Angelo's Life.

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XXIV. To the Falling Leaf.

Sad but instructive emblem of decay!
To feverish hopes and slumbering fear address'd,
Thy pensive tale a moral has impress'd,
That Youth should read, before the Winter's day;
For come it *must* hereafter — and it *may*
Outstrip the "mellowing year:"* — go to thy rest,
Pale Beauty of the Wood! no more caress'd!
No more to join the desolated spray! —
Ev'n so *man's leaf* descends into the dust,
And falls, to rise no more!—But, as the bough,
At Spring's return, *another* leaf shall find,
And cloath itself again; the good and just
(Tho' naked and bereft their branches *now*)
To vernal honours will again be join'd,
In leaves — that never shall their *fall* deplore,
Whose bough the Winter's hand shall touch no more.

XXV. To Miss Seward.

Thou! whose bright genius—nor misfortune's doom
That struck the heart†, nor female softness pure,
Which neither praise can tempt, nor fame allure,
Have yet impair'd—but whose unruffled plume
Bears thee with flight majestic (tho' serene)
Thro' fields of air, to that enchanting scene
Lov'd of the Muses, and propitious known
To the fam'd *Lesbian*‡—*her* immortal strain
Despair not, sweetest Minstrel! to attain!
Give to her amorous flames (tho' pure—thy own)
Compassion's tear!—her animated lyre
Familiar sound!—and whisper to the fair,
That a pure mind enraptur'd thoughts can share,
And Virtue's glow—improve Poetic fire.

* Milton.

† She lost her intended husband when the marriage had been agreed on.

‡ Sappho.

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XXVI. On a young and beautiful Nun.

Farewell! untimely victim! and sweet flower,
That in the very morning of your prime
Art rudely torn from Nature's genial clime
To hymns and penance at the moon's pale hour!—
As if the *heart* could thus abjure its power,
When summon'd by the Convent's doleful chime
To Superstition's impious pantomime—
Shorn, and with beads adorn'd—the nuptial dower
Of Brides to Heaven!—But what if hopeless Love
Has found it's winding passage to the soul
With subtle venom?—Pray to be no more!
And wafted hence into the realms above;
Before the passions rise in their controul,
Eternal rest with trembling hopes implore!

XXVII. To Richard Cosway, Esq.

With some Passages extracted from *Paradise Lost*, and recommended for Pictures.

Cosway! whose pencil bids the canvass glow
With brighter forms than ever yet the ray
Of Poesy illum'd—a while delay
These flowers to bind, that for thy chaplet grow—
Won from *Leander's* famous Bard!*—for lo!
What's higher deigns to court thee, and convey
To thy wrapt vision what *Albano's* gay
And cheering tints—drawn from the humid bow
Of *Iris*—could not reach,—nor *Guido's* air,—
Nor soft *Corregio*,—nor the vital flame
Of *Titian's* blushing hues.—The task embrace!—
Nor deem it of too bold a wing, to dare
Eden's blest habitants renew, and share
With *Britain's Homer* thy adventurous fame!

* Mr. Cosway was painting several passages in the poetical story of Hero and Leander, from the anonymous Poet of Greece, who has beautifully described that affecting adventure.

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XXVIII. To Mrs. Cosway.

Maria, that with glowing touch canst play,
And melt the heart, a Lyric Minstrel sweet;
Or *Tuscan* strains melodious canst repeat,
With *tone* inspir'd that emulates the *lay*
Though *Petrarch* (in whose lap the Muses lay),
Or *Dante's* blazing throne command thy seat,
Or legendary wonders, Fancy's cheat,
In *Ariosto* wing their glittering way
Through Fairy Land:—But these are *parts* alone,
Divided from the *rest*, whose *jealous* claim
Asserts their high pre-eminence in thee:
Why sleeps* *the pencil*, though immortal grown
In thy *Lodona's hair*? The debts to Fame
Leave not a moment from their tributes free.

XXIX. To William Roscoe, Esq.

Oh, worthy of the Muse-enlighten'd age,
That lives in thee, when Sovereign Power embrac'd
Enchanting Realms of Genius and of Taste;—
I hail thee as *their* Champion;—for *thy* page
Their spirit, view'd, as on a living stage
Has with a new creation touch'd, and grac'd
With eloquent simplicity, of chaste
And classic birth!—Yet other claims engage
The debts of Man to thee;—Philanthropist,—
And Virtue's friend—in social worth endear'd,—
In probity, *the Bank*,—at home belov'd:
Thee in the ranks of *Themis*† I enlist,
And proudly too;—as if thy fame had rear'd
The Patriot and the Judge that *Camden* prov'd.

* Mrs. *Cosway's* last work is the *Metamorphosis of Lodona's*, from which there is a beautiful print. The word *sleeps* is an allusion to her present indolence. G. H.

† Mr. *Roscoe* commenced his wonderful career as an Attorney.

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XXX. To Sir Brook Boothby.*

Boothby! Companion lov'd in happier day
Than *either* of us now can boast;—recall
The varied step! nor *blame* the leaves that fall
Upon *your* path or *mine!*—Our Spring was gay;
And Zephyrs breath'd around us, in the way
That *Flora's* mantle drest:—nor these were all
The gifts that smil'd upon us—for the ball
Of many-colour'd Life, in frolick play,
'Twas ours to catch, exchanging;—and the Muse
Would often hear us, till the Vision glow'd
With her æthereal hues.—Now, all is fled
That Love or Life endear'd:—but memory views
The scene that Fortune clos'd;—in *her* abode
The past contemplates—and revives the dead.

XXXI. The Answer.

Sweet is the memory of youthful days;
Sweet are thy strains that, struck from *Petrarch's* shell,
Lull the fond echoes of *Valclusa's* dell;
Sweet is thy friendly voice, the note of praise.
Now have we trod Life's steep and thorny ways,
And many a melancholy tale can tell
Of pains and miseries on the road that dwell;
Unlike the flowery paths where Fancy plays.
Since those delightful hours, too quickly flown!
Distant and various though our course has been,
Thy track in Senates, Halls, and Courts, has shone,
Mine in the shadowy vale has pass'd unseen;
Alas! too surely both, for we are men,
Life's pangs and sad impertinence have known.

* This was accompanied by a Sonnet on the Falling Leaf. See p. 15.

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XXXII. To General Paoli.

I come, great Chief, no tributary Muse
To Public Spirit's unavailing nerve,
Though Piety and Valour still deserve
Posterity's fair chaplet, who renews
Departed worth—redeems it—and reviews
Impartial—with an eye that cannot swerve,
The deathless Patriot.—But the *Nine*, who serve
At Memory's illumin'd altar, chuse
An *early* song for thee—a *living* praise,
Unenvy'd as unquestion'd, in the scene
That's ever on the wing—nor claims of Time
The wreath or trophy, nor the solar blaze
Of public honour; by the world unseen,
Presents a character that's more sublime.
They catch it ere it falls into the dust,
Embalm the *good*, and consecrate the *just*.

XXXIII. To ———

When I contemplate Ocean's aweful stream—
Or glittering *Ariel*—or the circling Zone
Of luminaries bright—supreme I own
Those miracles of beauty!—Faint I deem
The semblance of them here:—On this bright theme
A man should speak till he is prouder grown;
Contemplating a more exalted theme,
In modest Worth, and blushing Honour's beam.
Should now the Winter and the raging Sea
Dash the resisting shore, and louring skies
Wear a deep cavern's gloom, the heart is chill'd
With horror at the sad reverse.—But thee
With more antipathy all Nature flies,
Whose heart by Wealth, and not with Pride, is fill'd.

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XXXIV. To my Revered Mother.

My Parent, Guide, and Friend, how glows my heart,
When it contemplates thee! In every hour,
To Winter speeding, from the new-born flower
Of jocund Spring,—when all around was art,
That smil'd with treason—thy assiduous part
Was counsel; to avert, in Pleasure's hour
(Before the destin'd storm *began* to lour),
My fortune's wreck—nor from its plank would start
Thy generous vigilance, but flew to save
The relicks on the shore—the wounds to bind,
And blessing in affliction to discern:
Oh, full of years! be distant yet thy grave;
Nor leave the helpless Pilgrim here behind,
But into Heaven's bright mansion *late return*.

XXXV. To my Sisters.

Nor *you*, my Sisters, from the lay withhold
A fond and partial ear; for both of *you*,
With zeal unchang'd, the many-colour'd hue
Of my capricious fortune could behold,
Nor ceas'd *your* generous bosoms to enfold
Your Brother and your Friend, when clouds the view
Oppress'd—when chearful hope to others flew,
And left me to despair—when all was cold
That heart or life endear'd—but that sweet *home*
That hail'd me in the morning and at noon,
The happiest of my race, with spirits bless'd,
With innocence and love: Alas! why roam
The pilgrims of the world?—Benighted soon,
They pant in vain for shelter, peace, and rest.

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XXXVI. From a Sonnet of Metastasio;

occasioned by his Tears in reading one of his own Operas.

Dreams and Fables I invent:
But, when anguish *they present*,
Mine are sympathies of pain,
Mine the tear which cannot feign.

"But," you 'll say, "*the Man* can sleep,
"And at home would scorn to weep;
"Or the tear that *he* would shed
"By a nobler spring is fed!"

Idle hope!—not these alone
Are the fictions he has known.
What are hopes, and what are fears,
But a pageant—for his tears?

All Ambition's towering scheme
Is a rising vapour's dream.
Phantoms only we pursue,
Nothing solid—nothing true.

Father of the human race,
Lead us through the wandering chace!
Give us, in the arms of rest,
Visions bright, and slumbers blest!

XXXVII. Written in 1792, at Rennie in Ireland,

where Spenser had an estate, and resided.

'Twas here that *Nature* to the Poet's dream
Gave her enchanting forms, and bless'd his Muse
With scenes that Mole from *his* proud summit views
Enamour'd *still*; where Mulla's wizard stream,
With hues unborrow'd of the Solar beam,
In frolic dance her glittering wave pursues;

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Or where the cold and leafless rocks accuse
The ear, that heard unmov'd the giant-scream
Of many an ancient forest, crush'd and slain.
'Twas *here* that from *Lismore*, with state* oppress'd,
The Fugitive† took shelter: it was *here*
That verse could soothe Ambition's goading pain,
With charm inspir'd:—Historian, *blot the rest!*
And spare the Muses a degrading tear†!

XXXVIII. To the River Boyne in Ireland;

written just after a sight of the Obelisk which commemorates the Battle of that name.

Proud ever be thy waves, immortal stream,
That bore in Freedom's animating sight
Her consecrated Hero to the fight,
Himself an Army—the oppressor's dream
To guilty fears awakening!—cherish'd theme
Of grateful homage, and the Bard's delight,
Upon whose glowing tablets, clear and bright,
Are stamp'd the Patriot Chiefs: alas, *they* beam
No more in living rivals of their fame
(Illustrious conflict!); but the mask of these
Wild Anarchy assumes, in colours dress'd
That cheat the public faith, and with a *name*
Of "*human rights*" the shallow ear can please,
Till havock reigns, and mercy is a jest.

* *Sir William Raleigh* had the Castle of Lismore, now a picturesque and beautiful ruin. It was not very distant from *Spenser's* abode. He visited the poet there—and cultivated his friendship.

† *Sir William Raleigh* offered *Spenser* his protection at the *English* Court; and suffered him to languish in *hope deferred*.—N. B. *Rennie*, though stript of all its wood, is highly romantic still — It must have been a Paradise.—The Poet alludes both to *Mole* and the *Mulla*.

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XXXIX. To the Ruins of the Castle at Lismore in Ireland; September 1792.

Hail, venerable relics, that present
The memory of *Desmond's* forfeit claim
To honours towering as the mind could frame,
Ere Treason, the polluted Fiend, had sent
Her flaming torch, and cruel Discord rent
Asunder all the pageants of a name,
Unrival'd in achievement. *Raleigh's* fame
Upon *thy* ramparts next *her* banners lent,
The meteor of a day, whom *Spanish* fraud
In vengeance from *the World (his* country) tore.
But prouder hail, that Error's gloomy night
Here fled, and Science threw her beams abroad
At *his** illustrious birth, whose key the door
Of Nature open'd on the wondering sight.

XL. To Ireland, A. D. 1792.

Farewell!—too happy, if thou couldst but know
What envy'd blessings are at thy command!
The gifts of Nature! *She* with lavish hand
Enrich'd the soil, and made the verdure glow,
Upon whose banks *thy* silver currents flow;
What they adorn, improving!—Happy Land
In Wealth and Commerce!—to thy full demand
Munificent—and pressing to bestow
Upon thy labours their unbounded store!
But happier still in Beauty's lovely form—
The social board—and spirits ever gay!
Yet these—imported from that murdering † shore
The savage claims of Anarchy deform ‡—
And blend Ambition's desolating sway §.

* *Boyle*, the experimental Philosopher, was born at the Castle of *Lismore*. † *France*. ‡ *Tom Paine* had become very popular.
§ A general impulse to the tyranny of undue power.

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XLI. Imitation of an Italian Sonnet by Vincenzo da Filicaia.

Oh *Italy!* Oh *Italy!* to whom
The Fates imparted Beauty's hapless doom;
The gift of poison, folly, and regret,
Which in thy wreaths have their inscription yet!

Oh, hadst thou been *less fair*—or *more severe*,
With less of claim to love, and more to fear!
Thy charms had *then* with innocence repos'd,
Thy valour *then* its tyrants had oppos'd.

Now from the *Alps* I see the *Gaul* descend,
Insulting Foe, and more insulting Friend:
Assail'd and rescued by a *foreign* sword!
With scorn disbanded, and with shame restor'd.

XLII. On a heavy Disappointment in my Political Fortune.

Here ends the vision—it was Fancy's throne,
And melts into the air it fill'd—no more
The envy'd or the loved, as heretofore.
An outcast in my age, and left alone,
Without one refuge but in Mercy's throne
Of adamant—*her* sceptre I adore,
Her beam in shadows of the night implore,
And bless the wreath more brilliant than my own.
" Ungrateful," said a whispering voice, " the mood
" That so complains!—Thy handmaid is the Muse,
" The hour is thine in social blessings pass'd,
" The luxury unbought of doing good,
" Its own reward—whose fountain shall infuse
" Joys that have no caprice, and friends that last."

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XLIII. Lucretia.

" Dupe of thy virtues! arm thee with disdain!
" And boast of hidden strength! mad and inflam'd,
" I must enjoy—or kill thee:" (and he aim'd
The murdering sword)—" But know that I can stain
" With infamy the dead:—Hear!—and retain
" Unrifled innocence, the more defam'd,
" A theme of scorn! on evidence proclaim'd
" That cannot err—for aptly I can feign
" The murder'd slave beside thee, link'd in folds
" Adulterous"—Oh, dread alternative,
And subtle menace that with honour's pride
Thus tampering noblest minds in durance holds!
Ensnar'd—polluted—she disdains to live,
That rather unpolluted should have died.

XLIV. To the complicated Enthusiast. A Satirical Sonnet.

Hail, proud *Enthusiast* for the *rights of men*
Embattled, and rebellion's troops enroll'd,
American allegiance to withhold!
Enthusiast for the licence of the pen,
Or of the tongue that rails, and rails again,
Till obloquy is dull, and passion cold!
Enthusiast for the Papal Sovereign's hold,
That chain'd *the Lion* sleeping in his den,
And spurr'd the Wolf—whose cry was Liberty,
And plunder his appeal!—*Enthusiast* keen
For bitter scorn, when " *hurling from his throne*"
Darius, great and *good!*—for *Chivalry*
Enthusiast—and for *Capet's amorous Queen!*
For *Pensions*—and (above the rest) *your own.*

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XLV. To an Unjustly Offended and Capricious Favourite.

Were I *to-morrow*, and perhaps *to-day*,
Or in the circle of a passing *hour*,
My leaves torn off, and pluck'd the vital flower,
To sink, bereft of thee;—before the ray
Of those enchanting smiles again should play
Upon the wreath it lov'd—or fury's power,
Impatient of controul, could, in the bower
Of sympathy new born, resign its prey,
Disarm'd of scorn, that, with averted eye,
Pierc'd in its flight, as from the *Parthian* bow;—
Say, *could* the tear of anguish be withheld
From insult on its throne—when, passing by,
The dirge instructs the *harp** its theme to know,
And wakes the note again to Love impell'd.

XLVI. To the Justly Offended, the Injured, and the Implacable.

Offended Spirit! pity, and forgive!—
This bleeding heart is *thy* avenger too,
And self-accus'd—yet Hope's bright pinion flew
To Mercy's altar:—Let not anger live
In gentle minds!—The Angels can receive
Their Penitent in Heaven; the birth renew,
And wash the guilt away in holy dew,
Which they can weep†.—*Remission*'s thine to give,
Thine to withhold, from injuries to love,
That on the anguish of contrition's tear
Are melted into air: The penal doom
That 's due to all, an olive-bearing dove
To *them* remits, who *felt* the mercy here
That gilds alone the shadows of *their* tomb.

* I gave her the harp. † Shakespeare.

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XLVII. To Richard Hardinge *, Esq.

on his approaching Nuptials.

Brother and Friend! the pure, the artless joy
Accept, of him that loves thee, and receives
Thy myrtle for his own—upon its leaves
May Beauty's Queen her playful hand employ,
And smiling dress the wreath! nor blight annoy
Of rude mischance, nor serpent who deceives
In pleasure's form envenom'd, and bereaves
The heart of its repose!—May the wing'd Boy,
With azure plumes unruffled, gently fan
The altar's hallow'd flame!—and bliss refin'd,
In vary'd sweets of loveliness detain
The nuptial hour,—improving, if it *can*,
With fond endearments temper'd charms, that bind
The rebel passions in a silken chain!

XLVIII. The Exterminating Angel.

From an Italian Sonnet of Carlo Innocenzo Fragoni.

Fire as of lightning beam'd upon his crest,
Upon his form—upon his wings impress'd.
Flame was the sword that glitter'd in his hand,
Prepar'd and waiting for its dread command.
Aloft in air his radiant plumes were spread,
From his avenging eye the tear had fled,
His ample volume canopy'd the earth,
A desolating storm proclaim'd his birth,
And the keen flash that pierc'd a night of gloom
Wav'd in the air a signal of the doom.
In thunder cloath'd was Judgement's penal word:
"Sweep to its ashes—not a voice be heard

* Now Sir Richard Hardinge, Bart.

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" That moves to pity!—The distemper'd crew
" With sword and pestilence their flight pursue!
" Strike without mercy to the parting breath,
" And respite only with *despair*—the death!"
'Twas heard:—and upon myriads of the vain
Destruction flew till havock lost the rein.
The sword could punish, but it could not spare,
And pride of guilt—was dust that fill'd the air.

XLIX. Imitation from the Italian of Fragoni.

An Alpine oak despis'd the raging storm,
And rear'd aloft its venerable form;
Stern as a rock it seem'd, whose forehead braves
The aweful stroke of Ocean's thund'ring waves.

Its time is come—the hand of age disarms,
And levels to the earth its giant arms;
Forth issue hordes of Peasants from their cave,
And revel on the desolating grave.

Their axe redoubles the Herculean blow,
And lays the dissipated branches low,
The headless trunk, their havock and their prey,
Torn from the shaking root, is hewn away.

The forest mourns in echoes to the sound—
It is the knell of pride—in emblem found—
Earth laughs at these usurpers of the air—
Applauding crouds!—your demi-gods are there.—

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LOCAL POEMS.

LUDLOW *.

Tell me, enchanting *Ludlow*, tell,
What Paradise can thee excel!
Be generous, and send me there.
One of your Lovers you can spare;
For all that ever Beauty felt
Have at thy feet with homage knelt.

Whatever blessings are in store,
Thee to my heart I'll clasp no more:
Though nothing else I should regret,
Whatever else I may forget;
And whether I am bound or free,
Oblivion was not *made for thee.*

* "Ludlow" was a favourite theme with Mr. Hardinge. He has left in MS. many variations of at least three different Poems written during his visits at that antient and interesting town; of which the latest, presented to Lady Knowles in 1815, is printed in the Illustrations of Literary History, vol. III. p. 802.

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LUDLOW.

WHAT charms to fascinate the mind
Has *Beauty's Genius* here combin'd,
Could the *Historian's* voice be dumb,
Or to *Fame's* audience never come!
The *Ruin's* elevated pride,—
The waves that seem their banks to chide,
And, with a dashing torrent's force,
Impel their animated course,—
The chain of hills, enchanted ground,
That seems the vision to surround,
And looks, in dignity of shape,
A guard, precluding all escape;
Where Fancy, in the lap of Spring,
Has dropt; and rested from her wing,
At home in the majestic scene,
Its Muse, its Painter, and its Queen.
But, oh! what claims of prouder note
On Time's illumin'd current float!
What wreaths of glory ever new
Present their leaves to raptur'd view.
Here, without penalty or bribe,
A SIDNEY * rul'd the *Cambrian* tribe,
Kept the surrounding World in awe,
With temper'd zeal, the soul of Law.
ELIZABETH's imperial day
No brighter Champion can display,
Though BURGHLEY, with sagacious thought,
A SOLON to her councils brought;

* Sir HENRY SIDNEY, Lord of the Marches, held his Court at LUDLOW; as great and as good a man as ever breathed. His letters are *chefs-d'œuvre* of eloquence, wisdom, and virtue.

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Though BACON upon Wisdom's throne,
To endless ages proudly known,
Saw with a penetrating eye,
The NEWTON of an opening sky,
And was the herald of the ray,
That pour'd a new-born stream of day;
Though DRAKE and VERE, by sea and land,
Could all the martial wreaths command.
Here let us consecrate the dust,
With homage to the wise and just;
Here as the relicks we admire,
Their glowing ashes re-inspire.
Sprung from this Chief, another came,
The rival of his deathless name;
Was of all chivalry the sun,
In arts, in arms, the laurel won;
Expir'd in Valour's blooming year,
And liv'd in Fame's adoring tear.
To *him the Nine* are most in debt,
Nor ever can the zeal forget,
That, jealous of the sacred theme,
Could all its energies redeem*.
The Poet's friend, *by wit carest*†,
And with *his* tuneful homage‡ blest,
With manly courage undisguised,
The Patriot Queen at home advised§;

* "His Defence of Poesy" is the most ingenious and the most elegant essay of criticism that ever came into the world. It marks a gifted power of argument, a compass of learning, an admirable taste, and a most captivating grace of expression.

† This alludes to the popular tale of his munificence to the Poet *Spenser*, and of the *bon-mot* that made it so pleasant.

‡ *Spenser's* Elegiac Muse has immortalized him.

§ He advised *Elizabeth* to marry, in a letter still extant, full of spirit and wisdom.

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Then, with *her* blessing on his head,
Resign'd and calm the warrior bled,
Abjur'd the cup, though sunk and faint,
In words * that not a Muse can paint,
That found their way to every heart,
And rise above the reach of art.
Nor *yet* has Fame *her* picture clos'd,
Nor gratitude has *yet* repos'd.
May none explore this ruin'd wall,
But those whom THYRSIS † can recall,
From COMUS and his midnight crew,
To visions of æthereal hue.
'Twas *here* that MILTON strung the lyre,
And swept the chords with *Grecian* ‡ fire,
Could PLATO's eloquence rehearse,
And moralize dramatic verse.
Here to *his* wand bright *Fancy* came,
And Music fann'd the genial flame.
Oh, could a single ray of thine,
Immortal Bard, be ever mine,
To envy—to ambition dead,
Here would I lay my weary'd head,
And meditate the lofty rhyme,
That spurns the victories of Time,
Inhale the inspirations here,
And catch the mantle I revere.

* "*Give the cup to him,*" pointing at the wounded soldier, "*He has more need of it than I.*"

† The attendant spirit in COMUS.

‡ *Comus,* the mask performed at *Ludlow,* is upon Grecian models.

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LUDLOW *.

*** Every Poet is a young man; a Discovery made by G. H. and for which he is in hopes of a Patent. — *Ecce signum!*

AGAIN I pace thee, magic Town;
Again recall thy past renown.
Young, as when *first* I could inhale
On these wild banks the Zephyr's gale,
Or as the Bards that here were school'd,
When *Milton's* wand *Arcadia* † rul'd;
Or *Comus* and his midnight crew
Their playful Spirits hither drew;
Where in a mortal vesture came
The Genius of the vestal flame.
A *Poet's* date is *never old;*
As long as antient feats are told
Of polish'd arts — of conquering arms —
Of courteous Knights—and Beauty's charms.
In vain his wrinkles and his hair
Point at the chilling Winter's care:
The *mirrour* shews him Youth and Spring;
He rides in air on Fancy's wing.
Though churlish Time the curtain drew,
The Muse *her* pageants can *renew;*
Her tablets can repair the mind,
With *Sidney* and with *Milton* join'd;
Age at *her* wand shall disappear,
And leave its baggage in the rear.

* This is a Variation from a similar Poem as printed in the Third Volume of the "Illustrations of Literary History," p. 802.

† His Masque of the "Arcades."

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Nor is it *here* alone that Fame
Enamour'd greets *her Sidney's* name;
The *local aid,* if I abjure
Their own records, that race ensure;—
In other scenes * which they command
I 've hung on *Sacharissa's* hand;
Have seen, undress'd, as unconfin'd,
The *martyr'd Sidney's* Patriot-mind;
Have bless'd *the Knight's* † untimely doom,
And coveted his *Grevile's* ‡ tomb.
Oh, matchless gift, and blessing too,
That bids me live *past* ages through;
And calls on *Time,* as on a page,
To summon the selected age;
To give it a substantial form,
In living glow, and colours warm!
Spurn'd is the *Register of breath*
When thus I give the Law to Death,
And for a Sonnet or an Ode
Strike with my pen *his* dark abode.
When Fame's appeal is to be heard,
The gate flies open at a word;
Away from Time *his* years are flown,
And prompts the Muse to hide her own.

* The "Sidney Letters," published by Collins.

† Sir Philip Sidney.

‡ Grevile Lord Brooke directed this inscription upon his tomb — "Friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

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WOODSTOCK.

THE Muses here with *Churchill's* image glow,
And *Chaucer's* wreaths in fame eternal blow.
A Monarch here, though amorous and brave,
Not his lov'd Mistress from his Queen could save;
Old-fashion'd Wives, that plague this earth no more,
A Rival's *aid* the modern ribs implore.
It 's true the Ladies here their *knives** produce;
But *gloves*†, and *spoils of theft*‡, are more in use.
Here, emulating Nature's frolic hand,
The taste of Art its Paradise has plann'd:
The Artist here §, in hopes it would believe him,
Assur'd the *Thames*, "*it never could forgive him*§."

THE LOVES OF THE ISIS.

The *Thame* and the *Isis* meet near *Benson*, at the distance of a hundred yards from the Road. — The *Isis* forms a (comparatively) decent appearance enough; but the *Thame* is a most ridiculous little Stream.

A GIRL, on amorous follies bent,
From *Oxford* a Knight-errant went;
A Connoisseur in love-devices,
Though in her teens; — they call'd her *Isis*.
A Shepherd-youth, in mean attire,
Won the fair prize; and Fame 's no liar.
Discretion frown'd; — but Nature smil'd,
And Miss grew thoroughly with child; —
The little Rake's *adopted* name
(For he had none at first) was *Thame*.

* Woodstock is famous for the *lady's knife*.
† The Woodstock *lady's glove* is equally famous.
‡ He that steals a kiss from a girl—*steals a pair of gloves*.
§ Brown used these identical words.

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She took him with her on the journey,
Without a Parson or Attorney;
She gave him wine — she gave him clothes —
And many a kiss, but never blows.
In time, this *Helen* was a Mother
Of Twins, a Sister and its Brother;
The *Girl* a Courtier's Wife became,
And *Westminster* the Husband's name;
The *Boy* was in a Banker's care,
And stole the Daughter of *Lord Mayor*,
Who said, "It 's done, and can't be *un*-done;"
Adopted him, and call'd him *London*.
From these, and from the Courtier's Wife,
A matchless Race have sprung to life;
Whose fame and riches, arts and worth,
Adorn and people half the earth.

IMPROMPTU,

Written where the THAME and the ISIS meet.

HERE *Emma*, though her discipline was hard,
Was made immortal by a deathless Bard:
For, though her Love nor age nor scene can boast,
The *Nine* adopt, and personate the Ghost.

I passed through *Middleton Stoney* in *Oxfordshire*, and by the House in which Miss *Gregory*, who was Chief Justice *Pratt's* first wife, smote him with his *First Love*. Out flew the tablets, and I penciled him thus:

THE sympathies of blood I hail,
Where scenes can prompt the local tale.
Here toy'd an Ancestor * of mine,
And call'd *his Imogen* divine:

* He was my Grandfather.

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A Village Pastor's comely Daughter
Made lips of *a Collegiate* water.
Poor was the Lover as a rat,
The books at *Wadham* * call'd him *Pratt.*
Her charms alone his passion fir'd—
His time engross'd—his Muse † inspir'd;
She had no portion but her beauty,
And principles of nuptial duty.
Born of the *Mace* ‡ that *Mayors* preceded,
It was a mercy he succeeded.
Lur'd by the Damsel's tempting grace,
He tempted *her*—to his embrace.
What Beldam could have then foretold
That, ere a century had roll'd,
This Buccaneer, with sails unfurl'd,
Would challenge an applauding world?
In eloquence his part would play,
And be *the Erskine* of his day?
That, first a *Puny's* § rank his prize,
Then a *Chief Justice* he should rise?
That from his loins would spring a Son,
Born for a nobler prize to run;
Whom Public Freedom should approve;
The Idol of his Country's love!
A Chancellor — the Suitor's pride —
His arbiter — his friend — his guide;
A Peer, but still the People's Friend,
Whom Kings and Courts could never bend?

* Chief Justice Pratt was of Wadham College.

† I assume that he wrote verse during his courtship.

‡ It is a literal fact, that his Father was Mace-bearer to the Corporation of Oxford.

§ A Puny Judge (one of three in each Court, Assistant Judge to the Chief Justice or Chief Baron) is a vulgar but generally received expression for *puigne, inferior.*

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Yet, whilst a worthy Son inherits
The fruits of all his Father's merits;
The *little Judge* *, his Lordship's Cousin,
Laughs, and writes Sonnets by the dozen;
And, though his fortune has been spent,
Comes of the very same descent;
By no adversities depress'd,
By Love and by the Muse caress'd!

WRITTEN AT PIERCEFIELD, THE ADMIRED SCENERY OF THE LATE V———— M———, Esq.

Who was forced to leave it, after he had made it into the Elysium it is. — He was generous to the poor, hospitable to the rich, elegant in his manners, accomplished in his mind, but (unfortunately) extravagant.

No tribute *here* to him that fled
The scene his careless bounty fed?
None to the hospitable board,
That spar'd no measure to its hoard?—
None to the polish'd grace and wit,
That in his *Attic* chair would sit?—
None, to the piercing eye of Taste,
Which this *Arcadian* landscape trac'd?—
Though, in the miracle achiev'd,
No human efforts are believ'd?
His *indiscretions*, in a tear,
Love's holy dew, are bury'd here;
And Memory, averting blame,
Shall breathe his feelings on his name.

* In *Wales*.

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TENBURY.

If *Buonaparte's* turbid mind
By chance could this *Elysium* find,
Ambitious Furies would retire,
And Love or Fancy tune his lyre.

Could *Juno* and her *whisker'd Friend*
Here — to be happy — condescend,
The sun of Peace would smile on both,
And *Gertrude's* lips refuse an oath.

The meads and woods, the hill and stream,
Are like a Poet's magic dream;
And sweet simplicity of heart,
That never yet was touch'd by art.

Yet here is Melancholy found,
And strikes ev'n this *Arcadian* ground;
The silver Hale * a theme supplies
To sympathy and streaming eyes.

ON THE NOISE OF THE RIVER AT THE TENBURY INN, WHICH DISTURBED ME.

Indignation makes verse (quoth *Juvenal*); and I wrote what follows in a pique, extending, in the usual habit of rage, my anger to all the objects that fell in my way besides the *Water-fall*.

I am no rustic beauty's friend,
The barn and stack my taste offend.
I own 'tis classical to keep
With shepherd's crook the lambs and sheep,

* So called from her silver hair.—She was the loveliest of human creatures, and the most angelic in her mind: — that mind was deranged: the rest is too dreadful to relate.

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Or sing of Love to shepherdesses
With nut-brown *hands* and flowing tresses.
But upon fancy none agree,
And this employment suits not me.
Forgive it, ye poetic themes,
I have no taste for vocal streams,
That ring in one eternal chime
Monotony's dull note of Time;
The cawing rook delights not me,
The lowing herd, or humming bee:
But I do covet rustic wealth,
Simplicity, and bloom of health,
A guiltless heart, a light repose,
That *Nature loves*, and *Virtue* knows.

WRITTEN ON THE ROAD FROM WORCESTER TO PERSHORE;

on visiting a Church in which a celebrated Beauty was buried.

WAS ever Beauty's vernal flower
Born in a more propitious hour!
The gallies that on *Cydnus* roll'd
Could never charms like these unfold.
Bright as the sun-beam glanc'd her eye
With piercing rays — if man was by!
Unborrow'd grace, and sweetly wild,
On the disarm'd Beholder smil'd:
Her form, sublime as in the air,
Seem'd floating on the Zephyr there:
Perch'd on her breast, the *Cyprian* Dove
To *Innocence* united *Love*.
Reverse the medal, oh ye fair!
Of the perfidious morn beware!

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Her golden fetters un-endear'd,
The *native Hebe* disappear'd; —
A *borrow'd* lustre on her cheek
With art its guilty aim could speak:
Her mind with not one jewel stor'd
That makes deformity ador'd: —
With levities her *fall* began,
And *Vice* improv'd on *Folly's* plan:
Of *Art* * the living spectre died;
The *mirrour* † flash'd upon her pride, —
Then Beauty's havock told its tale,
And Conscience own'd *the rest* was frail:
No more a phantom of surprize,
The worthless Idiot clos'd her eyes.
In a sequester'd nook her tomb
Has no records that grace her doom:
Her beauty's fame no sculptur'd art,
No Painter's genius *could* impart ‡:
She lives but in the Poet's § lay
That o'er the dust and lifeless clay
No other monument could raise
Than *satire* in the mask of praise.

* It is the most prevalent opinion that she died of paint.

† The last *Earl of Orford* assured me, as of an authentic fact which he knew, or believed, that she *would* see herself in her last illness; and, finding her beauty gone, ordered them to shut the curtain of her bed, nor ever to open it again.

‡ Those arts were at a low ebb in *her* time.

§ In Mr. *Mason's* truly beautiful Elegy.

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The Birth of the Severn, the Wye, and Rhyddol.

The Fountains of these Rivers are found at one place at the foot of *Plinlimmon* in *Cardiganshire*. They are scarcely born, when they separate, and for ever; take directions wide of each other, and have characters, almost essentially different, in every part of their course to the sea.

A *Nereïd* once from *Neptune* ran;
A Mountain-Giant was her man;
They ask'd no banns, they fear'd no shame;
Plinlimmon was the Giant's name:
His bed, a mountain's desert cave,
Three pledges of their union gave;
Their sex was *hers* that was the mother,
As if 'twas jealous of the other.
No sooner born, but full of play,
The little truants ran away.
The first, caressing public sight,
Made wealth and cities her delight,
Was proud of her maternal birth;
For Ocean's tribute claim'd the earth;
With many a dealer snug in trade
Had love and passions ready-made;
Itinerant from shore to shore
Prolific indications bore;
And yet a character preserv'd
By the decorum she observ'd;
But opulence the ruling aim,
And *Severn* was the Lady's name.
The *second*, fond of rural scene,
With graceful air, like Beauty's Queen,
Coquetting, but with morals chaste,
And sentimentally embrac'd,

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From coarse and glaring crowds remov'd,
By gentle spirits cheer'd and lov'd,
Was never "obvious *," but "retir'd *,"
And, sweetly coy, was "more desir'd *:"
Her playful dress, with careless grace,
And shifted charm, improv'd her face;
Her flowing hair the Muses crown'd;
Her step was consecrated ground:
By Genius lov'd, caress'd by Fame, —
And *Wye* the matchless wonder's name.
A termagant, the *Rhyddol* next,
With manners bold, and choice perplex'd,
Pacific Beauty's love disdain'd,
In fury shone, in terrors reign'd.
Wild as a colt, or pamper'd horse,
And bounding with a tiger's force,
In rocks and caves that shunn'd the light,
Or tumbling from the mountain's height,
She leap'd, or flew, as quick as thought,
And, though pursued, was never caught;
Refus'd the Lover's gentle sway,
And swept with scorn her thundering way;
Unless, to wanton mischief prone,
She made some heedless Nymph her own,
And wore the counterfeited smile,
The mask of unsuspected guile: —
'Twas thus two *Naiads* were deceiv'd;
Their open arms her gifts receiv'd;
But soon were in a torrent lost,
On stormy *Neptune's* bosom tost,
And, borne upon a car, half-dead,
The menaced victims of his bed †.

* *Milton.*

† The *Rhyddol,* having met the *Istwith* and the *Monach,* takes them with her to the Sea.

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Ensnar'd, and as a captive seiz'd,
The *Istwith*, by her frolics pleas'd,
With shouts of joy was borne away,
The amorous *Ocean's* helpless prey:
Caught by the same alluring bait,
The lovely *Monach* shar'd her fate.
Ill-fated *Istwith!* dear to Love,
In *Hafod's* grot, or pathless grove!
By *Hafod's* glowing Muse inspir'd,
Its Lord and Priest * thy charms admir'd.
In many a cave by him pursued,
With taste entranc'd, with hope renew'd,
The *Rhyddol* binds thee to her chain,
And mountain-shrieks are heard in vain.
Yet such is Beauty's vary'd power,
That not alone her polish'd bower,
But features wild, and manners rude,
With *her* attractions are endued:
We pant for charms, to errors blind,
Catch at the form, and veil the mind.

SWANSEA BAY.—To AMORET.

You ask me "Where the tortur'd heart
Has learnt from all its griefs to part;"
The little prompter seems to say,
"Do tell her, it 's at *Swansea Bay*."

The roaring waves that strike the beach
Through midnight gales their audience reach,
The silver moon adorns their spray,
And sheds her pearls on *Swansea Bay*.

* The late truly benevolent Mr. *Johnes*, owner of the celebrated *Hafod*, and whose taste in the conduct of its beauties cannot be enough admired.

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When morn returns, the solar beam
More brilliant makes the radiant stream,
And gilds the lovely forms that play
In frolic dance at *Swansea Bay*.

The vary'd sail, from ship to boat,
The distant hamlet's whiten'd coat,
The islands that with Love's delay
Seem to look back on *Swansea Bay*.

The giant-hill, whose ample steep
And striding pillars guard the deep,
The farm that smiles with corn and hay,
Give peace and hope at *Swansea Bay*.

The polish'd and accomplish'd fair,
The rustic with her flowing hair,
The silken hose, with lustre gay,
Or naked feet, at *Swansea Bay*:

The sea-born Queen, in forms like these,
Attir'd or undress'd can please, —
For Beauty, with impartial sway,
Unites all ranks at *Swansea Bay*.

Inscription at the Cottage near Llangollen, in the Names of Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

To Science consecrating leisure,
And life to soothing Friendship's pleasure,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
These are the enviable days —
The *heart's*—a better gift than *praise*:
'Tis cherish'd here, — and *we divide the lot*.

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To the Cambrian.

I love thy castles, woods, and streams,
Thy mountains, and poetic dreams,
The Fairy's web of thy descent,
Thy unseduc'd and proud content;
I pardon thy unstocking'd feet,
Thy dislocating road and street,
Thy potent ale's convivial uses
(Preferr'd by *you* to *Gallia's* juices):—
But what I never *can* forgive
Is that you hate in peace to live.

PEN-Y-VAN.

The Mountain is a Giant's head,
A Giant's arms around are spread,
Before him clouds obedient sail,
His feet command the distant vale;
The ruin'd arch, the nodding tower,
With awful contrast hail his power;
The roaring floods that storms impell
With loud acclaim his triumph swell.
But where is the *congenial Man*,
A part of this majestic plan?
In sloth immers'd, or drench'd with ale
(The morning's prayer, the night's regale),
At Mischief's call, as keen as light,
His tongue to rail, his arms to fight;
But foe to enterprizing merit,
And stung by genius, truth, or spirit,
Inflam'd with Passion's brutal fire
To mad revenge, or fierce desire,

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Of appetite he makes his throne,
Alike to rape and murder prone,
And, while the Law his actions brave,
The savage will's distemper'd slave.
Oh, give me upon *Sarum's* plain
The humble scene, but *Man* to reign;
The Waste as abject as you will,
If *Man the Giant's part* can fill.

Beauties of a Tour in Wales, 1802.

With insolent conceit of taste,
I swore on *Briton Ferry's* * hill,
" No other charms my love should waste,
Enchantment *there* its cup should fill."

But soon the Nymphs of *Dinevawr* †
Around me danc'd with Beauty's chain,
Commenc'd the *Rival's* jealous war,
And bound me to *their* smiling reign.

Then *Hafod's* ‡ Muse entranc'd my love,
Secluded in *her* arms I lay,
Explor'd with her the pathless grove,
And caught her glittering vision's ray.

But *Gressford* § *Loves* the *heart* have bound:
Endearment there is *Beauty's pride*;
Grace with a *Shepherd's* wreath is crown'd,
And *Fancy's* wand is *Nature's* guide.

* Lord Vernon's beautiful seat in the County of Glamorgan.
† Lord Dinevor's admired scenery in Carmarthenshire.
‡ Mr. Johnes's Paradise in Cardiganshire.
§ *Gressford Lodge*, in Denbighshire, is the lovely seat and scene of Mrs. Parry, a very accomplished and pleasing Widow.

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The *Pilgrims* * here shall rest their feet,
The labour of their love endear;
Nor more shall *Realms* their fancy cheat:
The *Temple*'s found, the *worship*'s here †.

KENELWORTH CASTLE;

where EDWARD THE SECOND was imprisoned by his QUEEN, and her Gallant, MORTIMER.

AN eye that beauty in the landscape views
May catch from life the Painter's glowing hues;
But cold the charm that *Claude* or *Gaspar* find,
If to the *moral pieture* we are blind.

In many a scene, thus view'd, a *local tale*
Bids Time on his inverted pinion sail;
And, of past ages by a charm possess'd,
The moralizing vision can arrest.

In this majestic range are themes combin'd,
That glance on the reflecting Poet's mind;
The forms appear — the living shadows play,
As if the ruins breath'd in their decay.

Ill-fated *Edward*, in these Towers immur'd,
The chain of Treason's conquering guilt endur'd!
A Rebel's Captive, and, bereft of light,
Fear'd the new day, and yet accus'd the night.

Oh, had he sunk, and clos'd his torments here,
When *Berkeley's* roof had yet no shrieks to fear;
Before the lust of sway had struck at life,
And brav'd the tortur'd Victim's baffled strife!

* Myself and my Nephew, Captain Hardinge.
† This points at the Catholic Pilgrimage to the Lady of Lorette.

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His youthful passions we must now forget,
His giddy and impatient scorn regret;
His pamper'd minions we accuse no more,
His errors veil, his agonies deplore.

But shift the Muse to *England's* proudest gem,
Nor even *here Elizabeth* condemn;
Smile at the awe-commanding Virgin's mien;
A Sylvan Goddess, an *Arcadian* Queen.

When Chivalry its bright achievements wrought,
When *Burleigh* rul'd, and gallant *Sidney* fought;
When *Science* could her Guide and Prophet know*,
When Courage felt the zealous Patriot's glow;—

Allowance for coquetting Sceptres make!
Forgive the courtly Pageant † of *the Lake!*
To Love ascribe these Interludes, though quaint,
Nor in the amorous Queen demand a Saint.

All but *one* stain by *England* is forgot,
One ever-living and accusing blot:
In laurels bury'd many a satire's theme;
But *Mary's doom* no virtues can redeem.

Dramatic mirrors! ye are chang'd again
To the lov'd Syren's charm, and Serpent's train;
To *Wilmot's* graceful beauty, sense, and wit,
Ere Vice and Pleasure could their banners quit.

The Fiends of Conscience hover in the rear,
And sting the heart with agonizing fear;
The toils of Pleasure waste the shatter'd frame,
And leave contrition to its lingering flame.

* *Bacon.* † Celebrated at *Kenelworth.*

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Ye rival *Tarquins* of a modern stage,
Read in life's closing scene this awful page;
On this gay Minion's parting breath attend! —
The dying Libertine is Virtue's friend.

PATTERDALE *, A. D. 1802.

HERE *Tempe's Vale* again is view'd,
And *Valombrosa* is renew'd;
Nor, fam'd in song, will *Arno's Vale*
Presume to cope with *Patterdale.*

But is it only for the *scene*
Of tufted rock, or mountain screen?
Must other sweets and glories fail
To bind the heart in *Patterdale?*

Simplicity's untutor'd voice,
And charter'd Love's imperial choice,
Can tell the heart another tale,
Though Kings were by, in *Patterdale.*

But *is* there not a *Regal*† *Throne,*
To Love's allegiance proudly known?
Are *Kings* excluded from the pale
Of Beauty's Court in *Patterdale?*

I saw the Monarch undefended;
Nor star nor wand his train attended,
No Laureat-song *his* birth to hail: —
'Tis *felt,* not *sung,* in *Patterdale.*

* A most enchanting valley in *Cumberland,* on the *Windermere* Lake.

† There is a family in *Patterdale,* whose Chief has borne the *Regal* title there from time immemorial.

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The self-directed *Peasant's* mind
Is nobly just, though unrefin'd,
Nor jealous feuds, nor tongues that rail,
Were ever heard in *Patterdale.*

Here Wealth has no imprison'd heaps,
Nor unemploy'd its treasure keeps;
It ploughs the soil — it fills the pail —
It flows in streams through *Patterdale.*

Love's proper hue, the virgin rose,
With unimpair'd vermillion glows;
And Beauty's throne the virtues hail
With honest pride in *Patterdale.*

Ithuriel's heaven-uplifted spear
Is in the mind's good Angel here;
And Love 's the consecrated veil
That guards the Fair in *Patterdale.*

Oh, blissful realms of simple joy!
May none their polish'd arts employ
To poison the salubrious gale
Or dimpled streams of *Patterdale!*

May none pollute the sacred charm
That gives the weak a Giant's arm!
Nor make *one* blooming Virgin pale
With rifled sweets, in *Patterdale!*

Oh, guard, ye Fair, the listening ear
With *Mary's* fate at *Buttermere* * !
Nor tempt preferment's wanton sail,
But chuse your *Loves* in *Patterdale!*

* *Mary*, the daughter of a peasant who keeps a little inn at a village adjoining to the *Lake of Buttermere*, first brought into notice by Mr. *Budworth's* interesting "Ramble to the Lakes."— An impostor, who assumed the name and the rights of *Lord Hopeton's* next brother and sole heir, seduced that unfortunate and most excellent young woman, by the mask of an illegal marriage.

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THE PEASANT'S BENCH.

None upon the rights entrench
Of the hallow'd *Peasant's Bench!*
Loves and Fairies bless the seat
For the *Carriers of the Peat!*

Rude and bare the sharp ascent,
Broke, and with convulsions rent,
Still they come, and, faint with heat,
Mount the summit, for the *Peat.*

Brace their spirits! cheer their nerves!
Toil a resting-place deserves:
Who shall envy the retreat
From the labours of the *Peat?*

None the fabrick disconcert,
Or pollute the board with dirt!
Chairs, though simple, may be neat,
For the *Carriers of the Peat.*

Here 's the seat that Pity chose
For the Labourer's repose:—
You her prayers, her tears intreat,
For the *Carriers of the Peat.*

"'Tis for *them*, and *them alone*:"—
Make it through the Mountains known,
Till the charter is compleat
For the *Carriers of the Peat.*

* I made the tour of a mountain called *Place Fell* which hangs over the Village of *Patterdale;* though it seems of desperate ascent, the labourers climb it every day for the *Peat.* I ordered a bench in the midway, to relieve them, and called it by this name.

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Mischief here with ruffian's hand
Strikes in vain: — 'tis fairy-land:
Forms unseen their spells repeat,
For the *Carriers of the Peat.*

But, if Condescencion there
Ever guides the *Royal Pair**,
They shall rest their weary'd feet,
Like the *Carriers of the Peat.*

If the Nymphs, their lovely race,
The sequester'd plank should grace; —
Peasants, rise; the Angels greet:
Smiles like theirs will bless the *Peat!*

If the Lover and the Maid
Hither unobserv'd have stray'd; —
Baffle not their union sweet:
Take a circle to the *Peat!*

No unhallow'd strangers fear:
Take your seats unenvy'd *here!*
'Tis the guiltless Peasant's treat —
Loves and Fairies bless the *Peat!*

IMPROMPTU,

On meeting a little Army of GLEANERS on the Road.
Aug. 28, 1802.

BLEST relick of primæval days,
And sacred charter of the poor!
The pile those heads can firmly raise,
That no fictitious pains endure.

* There is a *King* and *Queen* of *Patterdale,* who are blessed with ten very handsome children.

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I love the *Reaper's* generous art,
Conniving at his want of care:
The gifts that share what they impart,
And stores that Avarice can spare.

With infant zeal the children strive
Whose little hands can grasp the most;
No bees were ever more alive,
Each in the rustic spoil engross'd.

Let others court the dance and song
That joy to giddy heads convey:
Be mine the animated throng
That in such triumphs close the day!

ON A FLYING VISIT,

Made at *Oxford*, in April 1810, by me, as a Visitor to Dr. Cooke, President of Corpus Christi College.

Was ever in the wilds of chance,
Where atoms leap in frolic dance,
A jewel of so bright a ray,
As that auspicious hour's delay,
Which to my feelings could impart
The *air* of grace, but not the art;
The polish'd lustre of the mind,
That sense adorn'd, and wit refin'd?
Alas! how fugitive the hour,
Chac'd by capricious Fortune's power!
With *her* consent I 'd there have staid
As long as Taste the charm obey'd.
A youthful *spirit, conquering Time**,
Shone as the lustre of its prime;

* The venerable President was then near 80.

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To *him*, each virtue, *partial* grown,
Made of *his* countenance *her throne*.
Accomplish'd, though unborrow'd grace,
Touch'd with its wand his manly face;
And Wisdom, proud of Beauty's * aid,
Was in *her* panoply array'd. —
The mirth rever'd, and blameless jest,
Enlighten'd and improv'd the guest.
The *hair* was *grey*, *Time* ancient grew;—
But none discover'd how it flew.
Blest, were I now as old as he!
With *Age* I 'd never disagree,
If such a net for every heart
The Loves, though wrinkled, should impart.

Written at Carisbrook;

a Castle in which King Charles the First was imprisoned.

Forgive me, *Hampden's* aweful shade!
And *Milton's*, more severe!
Nor with your civic frowns degrade
The moralizing tear!

No slave am I to Regal power,
In *Stuart's* Eastern reign:—
I hail and bless the sacred hour
That broke the Tyrant's chain.

But now the Champion's work is done,
And Freedom's palm ensur'd;
The battle has been proudly won,
And Kings may be endur'd.

* Dr. *Cooke* had a remarkably handsome countenance.

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Here, subjugated Prince, to thee
Compassion we afford;
And, from thy baneful councils free,
Thy virtues have restor'd.

We mourn a confidence betray'd,
A doom insulted here:—
The King no proselyte has made,
The *Man* shall have a tear.

His Faith Connubial we admire;
We love the Parent's heart:—
Proud of the Patriot Hero's fire,
We hate the Robber's part.

When *Hampden's* freedom is oppress'd,
The Monarch 's in disgrace;
But the *Usurper* we detest—
A Tyrant in his place.

'Twas thus upon the *Gallic* Shore
That Regal honours fell;—
But *who* the rifled honours bore,
His infamy shall tell.

A lesson from the Pilgrim take!
"With temper punish guilt!
"Be careful how the rock you shake
"On which your Freedom 's built!"

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NORTH COURT HOUSE *.

HERE Solitude her mantle throws
On Sylvan Beauty's chaste repose;
Congenial Nymphs have charge alone
To soothe her bed, and grace her throne;
Their tribute is that plaintive stream,
Those Caves in which the Muses dream;
Elysian bowers of hallow'd shade,
For heaven-descending visions made;
The mossy hillock's verdant hue,
And sweets that Zephyr's pinions threw;
The path in rural beauty lost,
From hill to dale by magic tost,
Unless where Fancy on her waist
Had bound in sport the zone of *Taste*.—
And yet in this enchanted ground
A pensive character is found:
It sheds a melancholy charm,
That all the passions can disarm,
Except the love that scorns relief,
And guards with jealous pride its grief.
"But what's the scene without a mind
In which its gems can be enshrin'd?
Perhaps the Lord of this domain
Is of inferior treasures vain;
Has on his Ancestors rely'd,
Or made the charm of gold his pride;
In sympathies no time would lose,
And with contempt would spurn the Muse."
Thus to himself the Rambler said
As o'er the landscape he was led;

* The seat of *Richard Bull*, Esq. in the Isle of Wight.

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His guide, a Wood-Nymph, still was near,
And smil'd upon him through a tear,
When Genius open'd Beauty's * door,
And Praise could hesitate no more.
I care not whose the chisel's art,
But read the *language of the heart* †;
Melt in the sympathizing tear,
And the departed shade revere.
To me the Parent's grief is known;
The Sister's anguish is my own;
The sigh that never can forget,
That feeds upon its own regret,
And through its mirror still can trace
The cherish'd form, the living grace.
I love the heart, and bless the Muse;
Her tear is of *Castalian* dews:
From thought inspir'd the numbers came,
And Melody their note shall claim.
The Bard compar'd with his domain,
I view his Genius there again;
The harmony and soul of grace,
That breathe upon the *mind* and *place*.

WRITTEN AT STEEPHILL COTTAGE,

the Earl of DYSART'S Villa, in the Isle of *Wight*.

WHEN all their tricks we can disarm,
How little Courts and States appear!
The wreath of Nature's fairy-charm,
Secluded from the world, is here.

* *Pope.*

† The beautiful shrine in which the tablet is placed, and the verses inscribed.

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In *Dysart's* unassuming worth
Reflected is the lovely scene;
His mind is nobler than his birth,
It is majestic, though serene.

The modest beauties of his life
Glance on the favour'd Pilgrim's view;
Each with an emulating strife,
The vary'd contest ever new.

It is the Genius of his place
That in his character appears:
'Tis Nature's free unborrow'd grace,
That his benevolence endears.

The tablet which these truths command
Is guilty of no venal praise:
It is the *heart* that prompts the *hand*,
And *Pride* the debt of *Honour* pays.

PROPERTY;

Written at SHOBDON COURT *.

WHAT is *Property* in houses,
What in servants, or in spouses?
I of *Shobdon Court* am *King*;
Mine its wealth on Pleasure's wing.
If its Lady I should see,
All her homage is to me,
And, "My Lord" at every word,
I 'm to other men preferr'd.
In her absence here I sit,
Full of curtesy and wit;
When to dine, or when to sup,
If I ring, the *servant*'s up,

* In *Herefordshire*, the elegant seat of Lady *Bateman*.

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Serenaded from the bush
By the animated thrush;
From the window I survey'd
Beauty's vary'd light and shade,
Lakes and groves at nearest view,
Or the distant mountains blue;
Then with muffin, cake, and rolls,
Taste the appetite controuls;
Coffee, chocolate, or tea,
Dedicate their fumes to me.
Maps and pictures, prints and books,
Are the mind's delicious cooks:—
Not that other banquets fail,
Ducks or chicken, wine or ale.
Tell me not that *Shobdon Court*
Can be only *mine* in *sport*:—
It has been completely mine;
And the *Owner* must resign.

To W. P. Esq. THE PETITION OF TWO SWANS, in the Lake at *Middleton Hall**.

We are both of us *male*; *sans-culottes*, it is true;
But as loyal, dear Sir, as the *Judge*, or as *you*.
Now the males, whether ours be the case or your own,
Could be never *intended* for living alone:
We began with good-hutmour to move both together,
We discours'd on the news of the day, or the weather:
We divided between us the fish or the weed:—
That experiment fail'd, and we soon disagreed.

* *Middleton Hall*, in *Carmarthenshire*, the seat of Sir *William Paxton* (who has represented successively the Borough of *Carmarthen* and the County in Parliament) is one of the most splendid mansion in *South Wales*.

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Now for days and for weeks in a different Lake,
Independent, though dull, all our circles we take;
Not a bow, should we meet — not a word or a note,
Not a card of politeness between us can float.
We are told by the Ducks, that, indulging their pique,
At the *Eddistone's* Light-house two men would not speak.
In the marvellous often most Ramblers have dealt.
This report we *believ'd*: it was *Nature*, we felt:
But, instead of those partners in glum discontent,
Had a Youth and a Girl to the Light-house been sent,
They would never have pouted for this and for that,
Or have quarrel'd for bones like a dog and a cat.
No monopolies thrive! Send a Lady for *each*,
And between the two couples you 'll hear of no breach:
Among Swans infidelity never is known,
And, though wedded, the pairs never part from their own.
All that breathe in your scope the benevolence praise,
That has cater'd for each happy nights, happy days.
We alone are the charter of Nature deny'd,
When the Gardener and Groom have their Loves at their side.
As to *Fish*, we put none of the mouthfuls to pain,
And we leave you enough—as from all you abstain:
But conceive the delight, when, in forming the nest,
Assiduity 's crown'd, and attachment is bless'd.
Then your Daughters and Sons, with their goodness of heart,
In assisting the child-bed will each take a part:
Now we sit, and by turns the dear office divide:
It 's a task we enjoy, and the labour is pride.

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They are born!—do but see them! and mark when
they bound
From the Lake to the wing, or make circles around!
How they follow the Parents with filial decorum,
As we sail in a dignify'd manner before 'em!
Without *love*, is no *joy*;—and the Lake we abjure;
For a Bachelor's prison we cannot endure.
But the *Judge*, quite affected by our sad condition,
Has declar'd that he 'll write you in form a Petition.
Then at *Middleton Hall* he 'll have done you some
good,
And will prove that your taste he has well understood;
Will atone for the dirt and the fuss he has made,
But *his debts of the heart* will *refuse* to be *paid*.

AT THE UPTON INN,

Celebrated by FIELDING.

HERE upon Fairy-land I tread,
And, classic visions in my head,
On *Fielding's* animated stage
With all *his* combatants engage.
The Landlord's pugilistic strife,
The courtly morals of his Wife,
The duel of the amorous pair,
When Love consents to pudding fare,
And Folly's brightly comic doom
With local transport I resume,
In *Irish* anger's cloudy head,
Or by the pedant Barber fed.
But, oh! what Muse can praise enough
That Angel's implement, the *Muff*—

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Severe, though delicate rebuke,
That Reason to the centre shook?
Or Beauty's agonizing tear,
That Love to Virtue could endear?
Immortal Artist! Nature's hand
Has made thy pen the heart command;
The boy, the girl, the old and young,
Have upon thee enraptur'd hung.
In thee with magic lustre glows
The Shakespeare of dramatic prose:
The gallant Youth's ingenuous heart
Scorns the deceitful *Blifil's* part:
The Virgin, modest as the rose,
Enamour'd of her mirrour grows:
Blest that in *her Sophia* lives,
The Hero of the Tale forgives.

CAMBERWELL GROVE,

A celebrated Villa, the Rural or Suburban *Tusculum* of Dr. JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, described in a very sublime and a very long Poem.

No wonder ******* wrote so well,
Inspir'd by *Lettsom's* dinner-bell*!
But I, who never touch'd his meat,
Am not the wiser for his treat†,

* "Sine Cerere et Baccho friget *Venus*."—The analogy has been extended by some Natural Philosophers to *Apollo* and *Mercury*.

† It is not ascertained, but it is the report of *Camberwell*, that the pleasant and good-humoured Bard had been the Doctor's guest, and wrote his Poem, *entre les deux vins*, at his very table. He is, however, known to be an admirer of *Ennius* and of *Homer*, concerning whom he often repeats these lines of Horace:

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.
Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma
Prosiluit dicenda.

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And my historical report
No figure makes in Fancy's * court.
A patent's fame on *Mrs. Coade* †
Has a monopoly bestow'd.
The marble and the native stone
At her command their claim disown;
A manufactur'd composition
Smiles on the Patriot ‡ and Physician;
Medallions breathe in plaister's art,
And, spread on brick, their taste impart;
Adorn'd with *Latin* or with *Greek*,
They moralize throughout the week;—
Unless in heat, or damp, or frost,
A letter flees, a name is lost;—
Or in the allegoric tale,
A feature, head, or limb, should fail.
But what appendages are these
Against his bushes and his trees?
What stuccoed life takes refuge here,
And clings with epileptic fear?
Again—'tis Art with Nature stow'd,
And *Michael Angelo*—in *Coade*.

* Invention is the *sine qud non* of a poetical vein.

† The Gardener tells you that all the bas-relievos and medallions, which are dotted over the house made of brick like plums in a pudding, are of *Coade's* artificial stone manufacture; that every bust and figure in the gardens is of the same composition.

‡ The composition is adopted by Doctor *Lettsom* in preference to marble or stone, for this reason, "because it is of *British* growth."—The Gardener added, with an amiable simplicity, "that now and then, in the changes of the weather, some of the figures and letters were injured, lost their colour, and perhaps a part of their sculpture; which," he said, "was *the only defect* of the material."

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Three Ladies represent *the Fates* *,
A fourth mysterious doubt creates;
For, as the shears to cut prepare,
She binds the hands that none can spare.
An allegory so refin'd
That it could never be divin'd,
Unless the Gardener, for his fee,
Had lent me Doctor *Lettsom's* key,
And whisper'd with an air of stealth,
It was the Doctor's whim for *Health*—
Not like a Hermit, or a *Hindoo*,
But under *Lettsom's* parlour window:
A hint, perhaps—we thank him for't—
That lives intemperate are short.
But no such dampers ******** found;
The table smok'd—the healths went round.
As to these Fates, *he* sat behind 'em,
Or thought a Poet should not mind 'em;
For, after this convivial proëm,
He took his quill, and wrote his poëm.
And what are these, in gay disorder?
Two heads coquetting in a border!
A *Tully's* † and a *Zingra's* † bust,
With shells in moss and fern are thrust;
As if they *grew* in moss and fern,
But claim'd with bodies no concern!

* Just under the parlour window, against a little clump, half bushes, half trees, and reclining in a most graceful attitude, is an allegorical group in composition-stone.—It looks, at a distance, like a washer-woman's linen upon a hedge. The design is modern, and prettily conceived, as well as executed—with only this fault in it, if it *is* a fault—that you cannot imagine what it means.

† It is a literal fact. The head of *Tully* is yellow, that of *Zingra* is black; both of them are glazed with bright varnish.

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Or, sever'd by a guillotine,
Could still at *Camberwell* be seen;—
Or sprout, at *Lettsom's* call, for *us*,
Like onion or asparagus.

A comely *Bona-roba* next
The musing Pilgrim's eye perplex'd;
For *Contemplation** is her *name*,
And yet she covets public fame;
She 's not in ambush, like a mouse,
But full in view of *Lettsom's* house.

Then all the sexes of *Linnæus*,
Proud in their best array to see us,
Inventing *Flora's* wreaths of taste,
And with botanic links embrac'd,
Where *species*, to their *genus* true,
Are led by King at Arms to view,
As Nobles at a Coronation
Observe the ranks of their creation.
With labels white their names are told,
As if to be retail'd and sold.
Perhaps allusions here may drop
To an Apothecary's shop.

But I forgot — oh, come and see 'em—
The wonders of the fam'd Museum †.

* The figure of Contemplation is in sight of the house, at the entrance into a serpentine walk that leads you almost round the whole domain, and is *buttoned* with Linnæus according to his regular and scientific divisions. First the *genus* appears marked by a *label;* then all the varieties of *species* referable to that *genus;* each under its *class*, which is also *labelled.*

† On this walk is a whimsical but rather pretty building, with a circular gallery at the top round its dome, which commands a very admired and popular view of *Greenwich, Deptford, and Co.* I shall only extract some few of the numerous contents: the rest are equally whimsical in the accident of their meeting at *Camberwell.*

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For want of a poetic name,
Let *Whim bewitch'd* inscribe its fame!
Here *Scipio's* tomb—there *Indian* spears—
Or a new *water-work* appears.
Its Gallery the view commands
Of smoke and buildings, more than lands;
All *Greenwich* and the *London* Shipping
Before the raptur'd eye are skipping.
But now we come to depth of shade,
Where *Solitude* her bed has made;
A weeping willow's * dripping hair
Shuns the gay beam, secluded there:
As if a Nymph, by Fauns unseen,
Was bathing in a *lake tureen;*
And, stript of petticoat or hoop,
Could swim or dive in rich pea-soup;
For *yellow-jaundic'd* is the lake,
And courtly weeds *that* colour take.
In front of these an open shed,
With *Shakespeare's* trunk as well as head;
He looks alive, and looks about him:
But when you see that scroll, you doubt him;
For, though he 's dress'd in water-tabby,
That sheet of papers from *the Abbey* *,
Above support, and self-sustain'd,
His equilibrium is retain'd;

* The weeping willow here described is in a little kind of dell, which looks as if it had been the horse-pond, or a pit. But it is in itself the most beautiful plant of the kind I ever saw, and in luxuriant health. Behind it is an open shed, in which there is a figure of *Shakespeare*, made of the artificial stone, fresh and alive, standing as if accidentally there, and contemplative. But, though it is a modern figure, and rather disproportioned, it has the *Westminster Abbey* attitude and scroll. The lake, which is a very little and circular pond, is yellow and muddy, in the extreme.

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And *Will*, who seems half-tumbling down,
Shines in his *artificial* gown;
For *Nature's child* would never last,
Unless in robe like this new-cast.
Two venerable Griffins * guard
From wind and rain the careless Bard.
A Sea-Nymph †, stuck upon a pole,
Spirts from her shell into a bowl
A fountain that preserves its tether
If, thanks to Heaven, it 's rainy weather.
But *Coade*, in lemon colour glaz'd,
The Mermaid from her billows rais'd;
Though, lest in hunger we should pine,
A hint appears that we may dine,
Where full in sight the rails and stables
Allure the eye to parlour tables.
But Hospitality 's not full
If one alone the cork should pull;
And famish'd Bards, if *Smith* ‡ forgets 'em,
Have a good chance of *Doctor Lettsom*.

* These griffins formerly adorned the old front of *Guildhall*, in *London*, as supporters to the City Arms.

† This figure, which is very colossal in proportion to the lake, or to its environs, is yellow in its hue, and seems a well-executed figure. The analogy between a sounding-shell and a fountain, between a sea-nymph and a pond, or between griffins and a weeping willow, are not obvious. The shell, however, may be supposed in general to retain its vocal attribute, as it is very seldom equal to its professed object, that of adding to the water of the lake.

‡ What I am going to relate is almost incredible, but is fact: This lake is in full view of two large brick houses, and the road or lane before them is divided from the dell by white rails. The apportioned stables are between the two houses. In one of these mansions a Mr. *Smith* resides, an opulent merchant. He is Dr. *Lettsom's* tenant. In the other Dr. *Lettsom* resides himself. He built it close to the other house, *after* he had bought the land, *all* which belongs to him alone.

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Two houses, planted cheek by jowl,
Unite in a congenial soul;
As if, though all the world had seen 'em,
Goods were in common there between 'em.
But I forgot the farmer's yard,
That looks a model by a card;
Or, by the Loves and Fairies grac'd,
A toy for *Master Lettsom's* taste.
Nor yet by me have been related
The fam'd antiques, in group ill-fated;
A wreath of busts, that, rang'd around,
The base of the Museum crown'd;
And creatures of amphibious birth
Were deeply rooted in the earth:
Of noses and of chins bereft,
For Mischief's ruin they are left,
And prove that Sculpture's polish'd care
Should very seldom *take the air*,
That coy *Vertù* should never trust
A *Sunday's rabble* with a bust *: —
Their crippled faces, half-reclaim'd,
Seem of their patch-work most asham'd.
But *Lettsom*, who is Freedom's Child,
Claims, for his charter, to be wild;
And sees an emblem in the waste
Of his own mind's eccentric taste.

* This alludes to a set of antique heads, which are girdles to the rustic base of the Museum. Dr. *Lettsom* opened his gardens to his neighbours on a Sunday, and they destroyed these heads in a most wanton manner. He now shuts up his grounds in self-defence, though a Patriot and Champion of Liberty. One should imagine those who did the mischief made-believe to repair it, so sungling is the patch-work of the reform.

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On a beautiful Scene, Lady Diana Beauclerc's Creation,

Sept. 11, 1803.

" Ye Nymphs, the secret theft unfold,
Whose fairy touch converts to gold,
And forms *Elysian* bowers?"
Bright *Fancy* heard; and whispering *Taste*,
In *Beauclerc's* mind, and scene, embrac'd,
Reply'd, " The *charm* is *ours*."

Pinned upon Lady Diana Beauclerc's Canvass, in her Painting-room.

As *Time* (unseen) with Love's enraptur'd eye
Saw Nature's colours o'er the landscape fly,
The "*subtle thief**" had mischief in his mind,
Claim'd all the works, but left the *charms*† behind.

* *Milton.*

† This was written when she was 56, and still beautiful.—*Time*, fond of Lady *Diana's* works, took them away, and stole them from *her*; — in other words, he kept them, and guarded them against *oblivion*, by making them his own;—but *he left her charms behind*;—in other words, he left them possessed of all their youthful power to do mischief in the world. Had he "taken them away;"—in other words, had she ceased to be handsome, her admirers would have been released from her enchantments.

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On a supremely beautiful Part of the Road through the New Forest, between Southampton and Lymington.

Why beats the heart on this enchanting road!
Is it the Sylvan Beauty's lov'd abode?
Is it that *here* equipp'd *the Navy's pride*
In Thought's prophetic view can be descry'd?
Is it that *here* no more a Tyrant's chace
Deforms *Plantagenet's* enlighten'd race?
That Freedom sits upon a Monarch's throne,
And that a *King* has made the heart his own?
Or *is it* that lone house * upon the hill,
Whose *prouder* subject can the bosom fill?
From thence emerg'd the Heaven-directed mind,
Born to shed blessings on all human kind;
There stood the feet which travers'd half the East,
Not for the Architect's or Painter's feast;
Not for the pedant Antiquary's pride;
Not for *State Letters*, the Historian's guide;
Not for extent of Empire and of Trade,
The Saint his voyage of discovery made.
†No!—'twas in depth of Penal Cells to dive,
And plunge into the scenes that few survive;
Polluted Hospitals—Infection's reign—
The living death, and slow-consuming pain;
To mark and visit the forsaken lot—
Cheer the despis'd — remember the forgot —

* Between *Lyndhurst* and *Lymington* is *Brokenhurst House*, and within its Park *Yatcomb House*, in which the celebrated Mr. *Howard* resided before he commenced his plan of inspecting and reforming Prisons.

† An attempt, at an humble distance, to put into verse a portrait of Mr. *Howard's* character and life by Mr. *Burke*.

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The pangs of all that suffer to collate —
And lighten through the earth Oppression's weight.
His plan was bright, original, and bold;
It was a page for *Genius* to unfold:
It was no common skill to measure pain,
To analyse *despair*, and probe *disdain*;
To rescue *terror* from its own excess,
And regulate the charter of distress.
Injurious Time, though careless flies its wheel,
Such *Virtue* with no "*Robber's haste**" can steal.
'Tis *Howard* still that opens Mercy's door;
For *at his name* Oppression is no more.

THE RIVER AND THE SEA.

WHEN *first* its native springs are *free*,
The River hastens to the Sea;
Nor groves nor meads obstruct his way,
Nor Beauty can his wings delay.

When *Flora's* Nymphs enchant his view,
The River says, "*I'm not for you;*"
Caress'd in vain, eludes their charms,
And runs into the *Nereid's* arms.

The heart that pants for thee, its prize,
Though *passing beauties* catch the eyes,
Will soon from the usurpers flee,
Nor dwell, before it's *lost in thee.*

* *Shakespeare.*

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

No more a word I 'll sing or say
Of *Turnham Green*, or *Swansea Bay;*
The Muse another story tells,
Her present love is *Tunbridge Wells.*

To Indolence, with heart serene,
Apollo dedicates the scene;
A mind that vacancy repels
Is best away from *Tunbridge Wells.*

Oblivion buries in repose
The debts and cares that Avarice knows;
The keepsake has a thousand spells
For hands and hearts in *Tunbridge Wells.*

The Goddess of the mineral spring
Has rosy health upon her wing;
Each cup the appetite impels,
No better cook for *Tunbridge Wells.*

The morning's letters, or the news,
A short and listless hour amuse:
In vain abroad the battle swells,
It 's a mere *novel* at the *Wells.*

The war is mere *spèctácle* here,
In pantomime its troops appear;
And *Fame*, that *Victory* foretells,
Is *Lady Burges* * at the *Wells.*

* She presented the colours to Colonel *Cumberland.* — "*Victory*" was inscribed upon them.

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We lay *to-morrow* on the shelf,
And leave the future to itself;
No dreams but of the *beaux* and *belles*
Disturb the nights of *Tunbridge Wells.*

Ambition, that in Town we knew,
With Fame has nothing *here* to do;
And many a dangler *Pitt* excels
In *making speeches* at the *Wells.*

The Novel's interest perplext
(Though, ripe for comments on the text,
Miss on the warm description dwells)
Is mere amusement at the *Wells.*

But Pleasure's throne is at the ball;
It cheers both ages with its call:
And churl is he who then rebels,
Or dreads the *caps* that grace the *Wells.*

It 's true, that *Sunday* sheds its gloom
Upon a venerable Room;
But gloom that *Monday* soon dispels,
And five days more of *Tunbridge Wells.*

Nor *Lethe* fills the *cup* alone;
She makes the sandy ride her own:
The horse its *Amazon* expels,
To pace a *donkey* at the *Wells.*

No Rocks * are found but in their stone,
And *they* are *picturesque* alone;
We have (it 's true) Monastic Cells,
But they are playthings, near the *Wells.*

* It is famous for its *Rocks.*

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From rising to the setting sun
The *business* here is to *have none:*
The *wise* can play with *Folly's bells;*
Time had no lodging at the Wells.

THE BATH.

GENIUS of the limpid stream,
Shelter'd from the solar beam,
When my *Phillis,* naked there,
Not a charm from *thee* could spare!

Tell me, to avert surprize,
Did not all the Nymphs arise?
Could intruding *Pan* reveal
Charms that *Phillis* would conceal?

Was not Love as brisk as they,
When they kept him thus at bay?
Could they from his rosy wing
Guard the pure and vestal spring?

Love, suspected as a Rake,
Can dissemble a mistake;
Art thou *sure,* that *Pysche's name*
Did not arm his wanton flame?

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On the Fall of the Bath Urn from its Pedestal, at the Grove in Kent, May 1805.

Mrs. Hardinge, the Proprietor, called "*The Angel Mother*," being in her 87th year.

All that breathes, and all that lives,
Are but heralds of decay;
Art itself, though silent, gives
Hints of death, as well as they.

From its pedestal is torn,
Broke into a mouldering heap,
Sculpture that a mass had borne
Like the Rock that stems the Deep.

Vain is now its *Grecian* form,
Vain the chisel's flowing art;
Victims of the pelting storm:—
So must Youth and Beauty part.

These *alone* were Man to lose,
It 's a tomb that he 'd survive;
In the mind's expanded views,
To enjoyments yet alive.

But the death he cannot bear
Is of Nature's filial prize;
And the tears are of despair,
When the *Angel Mother* dies.

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On walking through a Lane, between the Kingston Gate of Richmond Park and Canbury House, now destroyed.

Here when first *the Infant* pass'd,
In the Mother's arms it lay;
Time nor limp'd, nor flew too fast,
When *the Boy* could hither stray.

Youth was next—then came *the Man*;
Still I lov'd and bless'd the scene.
Here *in Age* it was a fan,
Breathing spirits fresh and keen.

Gifted Parent! Wealth from thee
Is the debt thy Offspring owes;
For the heart from anger free,
And the Muse that loves repose.

Whether *British*, or of *Rome*,
Is the harp that I explore;
It can chase the temper's gloom,
And the cheering sun restore.

I have seen thee, when retir'd
Hither from the toils of State,
By the landscape re-inspir'd:—
Fancy met thee at the gate.

Not a passing theme was there,
Which thy genius could refuse;
All was, like *Belinda's* hair,
Grac'd and polish'd by the Muse.

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This (and wealth to me) was thine;
It was left me — it 's my own.
This inheritance is mine: —
Kings, retain the lineal Throne!

Frown, ye Sages of the Law!
On *your Truant's* follies preach!
He can *living currents* draw
From a well *you* cannot reach!

After a Visit of an accomplished Friend, in my Hermitage, and in the Depth of a severe Winter.

The *Milbourne* Groves in silent grief no more
The Summer's vocal fugitives deplore;
For Echo whispers to the passing gale
On Time's enchanted plume a Hermit's tale —
That an accomplish'd and a partial Guest
The solitary Vale has cheer'd and blest;
From its dull throne Ambition's pride has hurl'd,
With Taste and Sense *atoning for the World.*

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To Lady Kent;

who, supposing me to be Lord of the Manor, desired my Leave to cut a Bough upon the Waste.

Were I of *Kingston* the Manorial King,
No boughs of *mine* should clip the *Coachman's* wing
But I was poor, when *Dysart's* wealthy Lord
Swept all the timber into *his* record:
Else at a word, before a day should roll,
I 'd strip the Elm into a *barber's pole.*

IMPROMPTU,

Monday, the 22d of April, 1811, in a Walk from *Salt Hill* to *Eton College,—(Gray's* Ode upon it in my hand.)

Yes, "redolent of joy and youth,
I feel the gales," disarming Truth
Of her inflicted pain;
'Tis *April's* dew that still I shed,
The tear no sooner born than fled,
And Spring is mine again.

With grace the *Montem-pole* I wield,
And spurn the ditch that guards the field;
My *bat* adorns my hand:
Or, tir'd of sport, I give my heart,
Where no deceits their smile impart,
And Love is Fairy-land.

If *Time* 's a *local* stamp of *age,*
I'll pin him to his early page;
He knows what *Fancy* means.
Last week I *thought* my hair was grey;
That life had reach'd the Winter's day: —
But *I am in my teens.*

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IMPROMPTU,

on a View of the Obelisk and of its Figures, at one of the Gates to the Garden at CHISWICK HOUSE.

THIS breathing charm of Sculpture's grace
No ravages of Time deface,
When *Beauty*, that all hearts could love,
No more its radiant eye can move;
Cold in the picture and the bust,
Its life and model, *in the dust*.
How dreadful is the tale that here
Chills with its hovering spectre's fear!
No brighter Poet ever sung:
The bees upon her accent hung;
Her native bloom surpass'd the rose;
Her smile could strings of pearl disclose;
Grace in her step the form improv'd,
Made Envy mute, and Splendour lov'd.
Short was the lovely pageant's day,
And fleet as light it pass'd away.
"But was the Saint for death prepar'd?
Had Pleasure Wisdom's moment spar'd,
Were jewels in the casket laid,
Which neither *time* nor *thieves* invade?"
Muse! if such questions thou shouldst hear,
No answer make—*but with a tear!*

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STINGO FAIR, IN THE NEW ROAD,

on the First of *May*, in front of my House.

At *Stingo Fair*, the First of *May*,
All ages of the Rabble play.
The Children at an orange throw,
But never strike the victor's blow.
In hats of straw, and ribbons blue,
The Girls have — *something else to do* *.
The child that is unborn † can tell,
That without book they do it well;
Good-humour is on every face;
An *English* Mob 's a happy race.
But, when the morning shines again,
Mute is the heart-enlivening strain;
The face of Mirth is dull with care,
And Love is chang'd into Despair.
An *emblem* are these Girls and Boys —
A Fair like this — are human joys.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO BATH.

At *Blake's* ‡ was cut the Pedant's hair,
To give the head a fashion'd air.
The turnpike despots made a song,
Of Rules that govern right and wrong;
The first obtruded all his trash,
Exchang'd for current silver cash;

* The burden of a popular song.

† Stolen from "Chevy Chase."

‡ A famous hair-cutter in *Duke-street, St. James's*, whom I shot flying.

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Of course was laugh'd at by the second,
Who gave me *worse* — as duly reckon'd.
Lov'd *Eton*, at the *Montem Hill* *,
Brought scenes to mind—*that paid the bill* †.
At *Maidenhead* the virgin flower
In dreams resum'd its nuptial hour.
At *Reading*, as I drew my cork,
In came the martial *Duke of York;*
Four batter'd steeds the *Atlas* drew,
And swift as wings of lightning flew.
I ask'd what meant this pelting haste;
They said — "it was a *Royal taste.*"
An air that says, or seems to say,
"*Europe is lost* if *I* delay."
At *Newbury*, 't was at *the Pelican*,
I found a rhime that answer'd *Helicon.*

* * * * * *

HAWKSTONE PARK ‡.

The Pilgrim who has travers'd many a scene,
By Hope sustain'd, prophetic and serene,
When, all the perils of the journey past,
The labour of his love is crown'd at last,
Wrapt in mute wonder, though in Error's chain,
Feels a new spirit, and is born again.
Thus, my lov'd *Hawkstone*, when I come to thee,
An opening Paradise on earth I see;
Above the visible diurnal sphere,
The devious path contemplate and revere.

* *Salt Hill*, near *Eton*.

† At the *Windmill*, then one of the very dearest inns upon the *Bath* road.

‡ The beautiful residence of the antient Family of Hill.

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Till, musing on the charm thy scenes bestow,
My thoughts expand, and my conceptions glow;
Spring to thy summits with congenial height,
Or in thy cavern's gloom suspend the light,
With fearless prospect of the solar ray,
Whose temper'd beams the virgin's blush display.
With slow degrees of beautiful surprize,
The scene is open'd, and the curtains rise;
The shadows, half dispers'd with glimmering lights,
Present the mystic Druid's fabled rites.
His wizard spells, enlighten'd, we disdain;
But love the solitude's religious chain.
Remote from all that vain delights can give,
To Contemplation's brighter scene we live;
Till, half-inspir'd, and with hallow'd feet,
We pass the Hermit's venerable seat;
With elevated zeal of strength renew'd,
And led as by a Genius of the Wood.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ANTIENT ABBEY.

MONASTIC fraud can cheat no more,
For *Luther* has unbarr'd the door.
The Abbeys fall — but, in their stead,
A Rector lifts his plodding head;
Inquisitor of hook and scythe,
He notes the victims of his tithe;
His Curate starves — his Patron cheats —
And with devotion drinks or eats;
Or plies the Patriarchal trade,
In planting children with his maid:
His flock no disciplines enthrall,
For he corrects them — *not at all.*
Himself alone *his* Gospel feeds;
And leaves the *Parish* to *the weeds.*

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ON RUNNYMEAD, AS I PASSED OVER IT, APRIL 22, 1810.

(Part of it is used for the *Egham* Race.)

HERE *England's* ancient Barons, firm and bold,
A wholesome lesson to a Sovereign told;
That *Rights* are *free*, and spurn the Tyrant's chain,
That upon *England's* Throne—the *People reign*.

Peers of another stamp, since *they* retir'd,
For new *achievements* have the scene acquir'd;
In the keen science of *the Turf* adept,
At *Races* only have the *Charter* kept;
With dirty Knaves unite the loving hand,
And feel their *Coat of Arms* a rope of sand;
They are no Heroes of a Martial air;
But are as *knowing* as the *boots* they wear.

THE RIVER, A SIMILE.

THE limpid River's brilliant waves
Their lustre hide in desert caves,
And seem the open vales to shun,
As if their terror was the Sun.

In their own purity retir'd,
Unenvy'd pass, though unadmir'd;
The light abjure with no regret,
And cultur'd *Flora's* lap forget.

But still the murmurs that I hear
Explain to the instructed ear,
That, if in caverns *now* they roam,
The *Ocean* is their destin'd home.

Ev'n thus a *Life* that 's *here* obscure
Can immortality ensure;
And cheers its transitory doom
With hopes that fly beyond the tomb.

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THE POPLAR.

On *Turnham Green's* enchanted grove
The Nine their tuneful branches love,
In *Sappho's* * glowing strains;
Her Wit, by Sense and Taste refin'd,
The fugitives and jilts can bind
With unsuspected chains.

The *Laurel*, though *Apollo's* tree,
Is pale, the Rival's crown to see,
And courts the *Poplar's* grace:
The amorous and blooming *Rose*
Around *his waist* † a girdle throws,
And springs to his embrace.

The Muse has bless'd the vocal tree;
And *Sappho's Harp*, that's tun'd for me,
The boughs with music shakes;
To Inspiration — Friendship's claim
Commends her animated flame,
And *mine* — the *Poplar* makes.

Another Inscription to the same Tree.

I love the *Poplar's* trembling leaf:
'Tis *Man!* between his joy and grief,
His fluttering hope and fear;
The lightest breath its wings can move,
It whispers like the note of Love,
And claims the passing tear.

* Mrs. *Moody*, the lady here described by the name of *Sappho*, and of whom more hereafter, had a Poplar screen in front of her villa at *Turnham Green*.

† A Poplar tree, round which a Rose had formed a belt.

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Its numbers can the leaf insure,
Against the wind and rain secure,
It glitters to the Sun:—
Ev'n thus *Humility* is blest,
And children guard the halcyon-rest,
By rustic labour won.

With rapid growth of screen and shade,
Its careful planter is repaid,
Nor covets Elm nor Oak:
'Tis thus embattled hosts can rise
For him that help to want supplies,
And soothes Oppression's yoke.

The *Nightingale*, as *Virgil* sung,
To *Poplar*-boughs devoted hung,
Of all her youth bereft:
A Nightingale the *Poplars* now
Can boast upon their classic bough,
Which *He* must *there* have *left*.

The Poplar to a Birch Tree in the same Row, but which had no Business there.

Intruder, hence!—the Pedant's tool!
Away to culprits lash'd at school!
Nor scare with menac'd pain and grief
The votaries of the Aspen leaf,
That whispers to the note of Love,
And prompts the music of the Dove;
Or tunes the air to *Sappho's* lyre,
Whom Fancy and the Muse inspire.

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On a Willow in front of my Window.

Reclin'd on Pleasure's rosy pillow,
I saw the melancholy *Willow;*
Diffus'd its lank and pendent hair,
Wav'd as the banner of Despair.
But soon the heart-enlivening Muse
In pensive scenes delight renews;
Poetic Fancy took her scope
To *Willows* that enchanted *Pope;*
When, careless of the busy world,
Her sail with *him* the Muse unfurl'd:
I seem to catch *Belinda's* hair,
Nor Criticks fear, nor *Edmund* * spare;
My thoughts of *Death* repel with scorn,
And live again — to Fancy born.

THE ALPINE SIMILE.

The simple Peasant of the *Alpine* steep,
Oft as the Torrents by *Aquarius* made
The Valleys with a new-born Ocean sweep,
Doubts if the Sea itself is more display'd.

But when, descending from the Mountain's height,
His eye the Ocean's boundless realm explores;
Expanding Genius emulates the sight,
Nor deigns to mark the Giant of the shores.

The soul, enraptur'd with an earthly scene,
A *vision* deems it of the *realms above:*
But, soon as *their* delights, and crowns, are seen,
Disdains the pageant, and abjures the love.

* *Edmund Malone,* whom I had ridiculed.

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On a passing View of the Round Castle at Wigmore.

Another Castle is in view,
That once had something else to do,
The tournament's up-lifted lance,
And martial spirit of Romance,
Are into dust and ruin hurl'd—
An emblem of the fading world.

Translation of Gray's Lyric Ode, at the Chartreuse, in Dauphine'.

Majestic Spirit of this gloomy Vale,
Reflected in the stream — propitious hail!
Here in thy native streams — thy ancient groves,
As Fancy with illumin'd vision roves
On devious cliffs around the summits pil'd,
The roaring torrents, and the deserts wild.
More present — more conspicuous the God,
Than where his glittering pavements we have trod.
Hail! — if in pious orisons to thee
I pray for holy rest, from passion free;
But, if those envy'd shades, to silence dear,
I *must* abandon for another sphere;
If, toss'd in billows my ill-fated youth
Abjures by force the lov'd abodes of Truth;
At least, in Age, by follies unreprov'd,
May the sad Pilgrim, from the world remov'd,
In solitudes like these, with sacred fire,
His glowing visions of the Muse inspire;
Above the tumults of the vulgar throng,
To thee devote his elevated song.

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POEMS OF PUBLIC RESPECT,

OR

PERSONAL REGARD.

TO HIS FRIEND,
ON LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE*.

FRIENDSHIP, ever young and hale,
Glows with unremitted fire;
Never shall *Oblivion's* gale,
Never *Envy's* chilling air,
Blast its fruit, its flower impair:
Never shall its labours tire.

Seas and *mountains* may divide,
Worldly cares may disunite,
Those whom *Youth*, in vernal pride,
Careless of the future day,
Touch'd with sympathetic ray;
Yet shall *Memory's* glass delight.

* I wrote these verses *forty years ago*. G. H. 1804.

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Hers the fond and sweet regret,
Brooding o'er the vision past,
Where the lov'd companions met—
Where, in social converse mild,
Welcome toil the hours beguil'd,
Never limp'd, or flew too fast.

Such were those delightful days
When to thee I gave my soul:
Thee, belov'd of honest Praise *,
Lov'd of Science †, Fate ordains,
Truth ‡ to pour in *glowing strains* ‡;
Me—in *waves of Strife* § to roll.

IN HONOUR TO GENERAL ELLIOT.

A Rhapsody, in the manner of SHAKESPEARE.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice cry, "Fear no more!
Be dareful, bold, and vigilant in arms.
Genius of *Britain!* thine Avenger hail
With spirit like his own! let not his feet
Be *noiseless* or inaudible—though 'lated
Since *Calpe's* trophies memoriz'd his fame,
The 'vantage and the curtesy of daring,
That he seems rapt withal!—Herald him thus
Into the Royal sight! Enkindled there,
Cherish his fame, till it shall cleave to th' mould
(With use's aid) in that rich mansionry
Of honours deep and broad! Oh, champion him!

* He had all the University honours and prizes.
† He was remarkable for his philosophical attainments.
‡ He was intended for Holy Orders.
§ The Law.

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To th' swelling acts of youth in life's decline
By fair probation with availing praise.
I' th' fitful fever of the People's love
Nor change nor envy reach him—Night's black agents
Their venom pour in vain! Giddy opinion
Run backward never interdicting *him*
Whom late it minion'd!"

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Though *Age* and *Solitude* profound
In chains of ice the Muse had bound,
Their weight shall cling no more.
Years have been level'd in a theme
That rolls in a commanding stream,
Till Fame shall count no more.

Youth at thy wand, romantic Chief,
Has with its fruit outstript the leaf,
Before the ripening claim!
Why may not Hermits in their cell
Against the beard of snow rebel,
And put their staff to shame?

For in Life's book who marks the page,
When the oppress'd his arm engage,
Or elevate his lay?
Young in the sacred theme alone,
Who deigns to ask if youth is flown,
Or tells the hair that 's grey?

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UNDER A BUST OF LORD CAMELFORD,
WHO DIED IN 1793.

FAREWELL, accomplish'd mind, and worth rever'd!
In all "*the charities of life*" endear'd!
The *Arts* in thee have lost their zealous guide,
And *Senates* heard thee with a *Nation's* pride:
A *loyal subject*, but the *Regal trust*
With spirit claiming, and severely just:
How kind a *master*, let afflictions tell,
That rudely utter what they feel so well!
How generous a *parent*, who shall speak,
If Nature's eloquence itself is weak!
If *Imogen**, by love in vain caress'd,
Feeds the mute anguish in her filial breast!
And bold *Arviragus* †, with heart sincere,
Abjures relief, nor hides the manly tear!
The *Husband lives*, in glowing thoughts enshrin'd,
The temple of a consecrating mind,
Whose cheering lamp forbids thee to expire,
And renovates to love the deathless fire.
But, oh! the hapless *Friend*‡ whom thou hast left
A Pilgrim in the world—of thee bereft!
Above the converse of inferior souls,
He pants for thee, as Time's dull orbit rolls;
Nor *liberty* enjoys — though *Britain* 's free,
Nor *life* — *but in the memory of thee.*

* His daughter, Lady *Grenville*, just married.

† Lord *Camelford* the son, then a Naval Officer. He died in 1804, when the title became extinct.

‡ The Writer of the Inscription.

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On the Death and Character of Earl Camden.

Acute perception, clear and manly sense,
With spirit arm'd, and grac'd with eloquence,
The *Patriot* * in a Robe *Judicial* found,
And public spirit in the Senate † crown'd,
When *Camden* liv'd, the Magistrate endear'd,
The Orator entrusted ‡ and rever'd :—
But, oh! what Muse can emulate the bower
That fed the wreaths of Social Wisdom's hour?
The charm that Reason, Taste, and Wit combin'd,
In graces of a captivating mind!
The *arts* § and the *affections* §, hand in hand,
That made the scene of leisure Fairy-land.
The vision is no more; and, clos'd in sleep,
Resigns to Love its privilege to weep:
Nor wakes but in the phantoms of regret,
Stung with despair, but hopeless to forget.

ADMIRAL GELL;

An Angel of Goodness, but a great Swearer.

If matchless *Toby*, nothing loth,
Could swear a military oath,
Which Mercy's Angel, hovering near,
Could hide from Justice with a tear,

* The *Judgements* upon the side of *Mr. Wilkes.*

† His victory over *Thurlow, Kenyon,* and all the Judges, upon the debate of Mr. *Fox's* Bill, which gave the Juries a right of examining a Seditious Libel. He was then 75 years of age, and a Cabinet Minister.

‡ This was the peculiar beauty of his eloquence: it *seemed,* as it *was,* the natural and flowing current of his honest opinion.

§ He was a connoisseur in all the fine arts, and was a patron of them. His family affections were playfully interesting.

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Why for these expletives of *Gell*
Should Bishops doom the pains of *Hell?*
Perhaps, if Bishops heard him swear,
Like fretful quills they 'd lift the hair: —
But, if they heard the rest apart,
The sense, the virtue, and the heart,
They 'd swear like troopers half the day,
To do it in the—*Gellian way.*

TO ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

Whom I had visited in *Shropshire.*

HAIL, Friend, and guide of this enchanted grove,
Whose grateful charms reveal thy taste and love!
At whose command their streams the currents break,
And floating mirrors glide upon the lake;
With Fairy chance the shifted scene is view'd
From careless paths by Nature's feet pursued,
While sportive Echo bids her caves around
The falling rivulet's complaint resound;
A temple worthy of *Palladian* hands
The sylvan bank's declivity commands:
The naked cliff, pre-eminently rude,
With a romantic terror crowns the wood.
These are thy *pupils*, though of Nature *born*;
Thy Muse they worship, and thy taste adorn.
These, from the Senate and the Court remov'd,
Be *thy* attractions, of the just approv'd:
The moral grace, and brilliant, though serene,
Domestic charms, that emulate the scene!
Be thine immortal *Plato's* blest retreat,
Be thine Religion's unpolluted seat!
Hands to relieve, example to amend,
The *word* a *bond*, the *heart* that loves its *Friend.*

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AS *, ESQ.

alth,
lth;

eart.
revere,
tear!
its bliss,
nful kiss;
prayer.

ORKS OF MRS. MONTAGU.

lers, old or new,
Montagu —
n every vein —
e, and *Montaigne*.
sportive grace
lf replace:
d, we forget
name commands regret:
s *Congreve's* wit,
ridan would fit.
her taste and genius dare
r cause against *Voltaire*,—
ent ever more acute?
e its Hero better suit?
nginus we renew;
Sublime h ncil drew.

* Now S *ndas*, Baronet.

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TO LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON,

RECOMMENDING MR. BRIDGES FOR A LIVING,

He was betrothed to Miss *Eyre*, of *Reading*. I had just left them both, and their Parents.

I SAW the Virgin for the torch prepar'd,
I saw the love her vestal bosom shar'd.
Still by *Minerva's* maiden arts detain'd,
Nor yet in *Hymen's* golden fetters chain'd,
Penurious fortunes, to discretion join'd,
With trembling hopes her modest wishes bind.
There *was* a time when Love's impatient Boy
To thee could whisper notes of heedless joy;
But thine was Genius to Ambition born,
The surest pledge of *Amalthea's* horn.
Less bold and sanguine are the Lovers here,
For hope too modest, though disdaining fear.
To thee with homage due the Parents kneel,
To thee whose breast a Parent's love can feel,—
They want no lavish, no corrupting wealth,
But competence for blessings and for health;
Nor unprotected is the fervent plea —
The *seal* is virtue—the *address* to *thee*.

TO THE REV. MR. BENSON,

A very eloquent Preacher at *Tunbridge Wells*.

THE *Attic Scene* may disappear,
Since *Cumberland* the sword preferr'd:
But, a *St. Paul* in *Benson* heard,
We have another *Athens* here.

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TO DAVID DUNDAS*, ESQ.

TUTELARY Guide of Health,
Banker of its precious wealth;
Rich in treasures of an art
That repays the feeling heart.
Friend of Life, its claim revere,
Due to Love's imploring tear!
Love, that, hopeless of its bliss,
Wafts unseen the mournful kiss;
But, litigious in despair,
Folds the altar with its prayer.

ON THE LETTERS AND WORKS OF MRS. MONTAGU.

OF the mind's wonders, old or new,
Give *me* the pen of *Montagu* —
Rich in all styles — in every vein —
A *Cowper*, *Stanhope*, and *Montaigne*.
Her comic ease and sportive grace
Can *Sévigné* herself replace:
By *her* enlighten'd, we forget
That *Wortley's* name commands regret:
Her dialogue has *Congreve's* wit,
The cap a *Sheridan* would fit.
But, when her taste and genius dare
To fight their cause against *Voltaire*,—
Was judgment ever more acute?
Could praise its Hero better suit?
In her *Longinus* we renew;
She's the *Sublime* her pencil drew.

* Now Sir *David Dundas*, Baronet.

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Or, when ascending in its claims,
With *Carter*, *Beattie*, or with *Kaimes*,
Her vision takes a higher cast,
The Reasoner is by none surpass'd.
So *Tully*, *Rome's* enlightening sun,
Was all the Orators in one;
And *Cæsar* had a Native's word
In all the Languages he heard.

WRITTEN TO A LADY IN FRANCE, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION *, AND WRITTEN FROM SWITZERLAND.

CHARMING SEX, whose wit and beauty
Love attends with *pleasing duty*,
Envy not the rugged *Swiss*,
Who is proud, and braves the kiss!
Let him still be cold and free!
Mine the chain—but held by thee.

VERSES TO MISS WILLIAMS;

Addressed by her grateful Admirer and Friend, whose Opinion she consulted upon her Ode "To Poesy."

THE Nymph whom these enchanting strains address
Her lov'd companion's voice enraptur'd hears—
The Nymph whose charms the field † of Nature dress,
And whose wild beauty is of other years ‡.

* Miss *Williams*. To this Lady, and not to Miss *Seward*, the Sonnet in p. 15 should have been addressed. She was a Patriot, and had expressed her envy of her *Swiss* Friends, because they enjoyed their liberties.

† *Thomson*. See the Ode.

‡ *Ossian*. See the Ode.

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From *Conway's* flood *, or hallow'd *Shakespeare's*
tomb *,
Or *Ludlow's* towers †, that inspiration breathe,
She comes—to animate ‡ thy Winter's gloom,
And grace thy temples with her brightest wreath.

Sweet is thy Muse, though plaintive is her tone,
Since Love his myrtle to the cypress turn'd;
But Melody has made the tear her own,
And heaven-born Genius in the Song has mourn'd.

Alas! that Fortune, with her fingers rude,
Should pluck thy leaf before the mellowing day,
Though purest Faith, by sufferings unsubdued,
Hath wrapt thy sorrows in her glowing ray.

Though every moral tie and social charm
With graceful zeal thy heart and life adorn; —
Though tears are thine, which Prudence can disarm,
When others tell thee of the piercing thorn:

But happier omens in *her* vision bright
The Muse for thee discerning shall proclaim;
There views thee firm upon the mountain's height,
Thy laurels there entwin'd in *England's* fame.

No more the selfish heart shall wound thy peace,
With cold neglect, or Envy's biting sneer: —
Nor shall the "alter'd eye" of proud Caprice
Insult the meek expostulating tear.

The wise and good shall consecrate thy lay;
The generous heart shall bleed for thy distress;
Expand thy virtues to the cheering day,
Mature thy talents, and thy feelings bless.

* See the Ode.

† The Masque of *Comus* was acted in the Castle.

‡ Another allusion to the Ode.

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WRITTEN IN THE FIRST BLANK LEAF OF THE "CELTIC REMAINS BY THE REV. E. DAVIES."

THE Sage whose hand this volume wrote
Had no proud quarters in his coat:
From peasants he deriv'd his birth,
But sprung to light on *British* earth;
No heir-loom was to him consign'd,
But a well-born unspotted mind—
A talent that his Nature lov'd,
And Fortune's ripening sun improv'd.

TO MISS GLASSE.

Oh, never be *improv'd* by art!
Or change the music of the heart,
For Skill's mechanic powers!
Be thine, with Nature's glowing cheek,
The soul that in the voice can speak,
And charm the listening hours!
Let others make the hearer *stare*,
With flights of grace that spurn *the air*,
That Nature cannot reach:
To thee may no *such* wreaths belong,—
But melody that loves the song,
And gives the tune of speech.

TO MISS GRAY,

SOLICITING HER CHARITY.

I ASK of you, the *comic belle*,
Though *tears* are not *in fashion*,
From *you*, that *laugh*, and laugh *so well*,
The sorrows of compassion.

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It 's no improvident request,
Nor you misunde ood;
The heart that 's open to the jest
Is merciful and good.

TO MY FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR, RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

WHO COMPLAINED OF HIS OLD AGE.

In the Manner of SHAKESPEARE.

THOU talk'st of age;—but thine 's a lusty winter,
For thou didst never thy pure blood inflame
With hot rebellious liquors; kindly therefore
Is Age to thee, and on its playful scroll
The characters of living gold appear.
Apt are thy words, and sweet is thy discourse,
But in fair limits of becoming wit
That never seeks occasion of its mirth,
Nor shuns it when it comes. Ev'n aged ears
Are truant at thy tales, and younger hearings
With a mute wonder seem possess'd: — the hours
Are dancing round thee — and observance due,
That *should* accompany old age, in troops
Watches thy honey'd sentences;—for honour'd
Are none like thee, or with such 'tendance follow'd:—
Happier as Parents, none.—Can this be Age?
Or, being so, is 't not a comforter?

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TO MR. CAMBRIDGE;

In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.

WE do commend your "*Barbary**:"—the words
Domestic to thee serve thy will—as 't please
Thyself, pronounce their office. Oh, the pearl
That I in thee possess!—A jewel 'tis
Of such a lustre as if twenty seas
Had all their sands of pearl, and rocks of gold:
Rain blessings on thee! for the kindest man
The best conditioned, most unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies!—a friend to keep
Under one's own life's-key!—no comrade thou
New-hatch'd—unfledg'd—but thy adoption tried,
And I will grapple thee with hoops of steel
Ev'n to my soul. In prodigality
Of Nature thou art form'd; and the wide world
Hath not thy fellow:—thou art learn'd, a Poet,
A most rare speaker, and thy training such
That thou may'st furnish others; never seek
For aid but in thyself!—The mind's best graces
Are in that inventory. Never yet
(But in their warp for me) have thy affections
More sway'd than reason, or thy Satire's play
Made any fear thee. But Report's false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; and *his* volumes run
With idle scent and with disordered gust
Upon thy treadings:—thousand scapes of wit
Are father'd upon thee, &c. &c.

* Some wit upon that word.

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I used very often to ask Mr. CAMBRIDGE the News of the Town, when I came directly from thence, and passed his *Twickenham* door in the way to my Villa. This habit arose from a very just impression, that he knew more of such topicks than I did, having more avidity for them, and living so near the Gossip's Fairy-land, which is *Richmond*. We often bantered one another upon this habit; and I made four *Latin* verses upon it, attempting (however imperfectly) to make them resemble the Epigrams of *Martial*, and acquainting *him* that I had found them in that celebrated Poet, with a reference to the book and the number. He was deceived, and said at first that he remembered them; but afterwards detected and forgave the deceit.—I had sent the following as an *English* version of the *Latin* by me. There again I was fortunate, as he commended me for being so much *like* the *Original*.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.—"*Deciano salutem.*"

VIX *Româ* egressus villæ novus advena, ruris
Vicini Dominum, te "*quid in urbe?*" rogo.
Tu, novitatis amans, *Româ*, si *Tibura* mutes,
Per nos, "de villâ quæ nova," disce, "tuâ."

To Mr. CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN the mare to your villa has just brought me down,
I interrogate you, 'What 's the news of the town?'
To my chambers * if *you* for variety go,
Learn of *me* 'how *your* peas and your cucumbers grow!'

THE VALE OF YEARS.

To Mr. CAMBRIDGE, who dated "*Vale of Years.*"

THE "*Vale of Years*"—no date for *you*:
Which is the eldest of the two?
Repuls'd and baffled in my scent,
Ev'n *I* can play with my descent:

* I had then chambers at *Lincoln's Inn*.

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But *you*, with spirit, grace, and skill,
Can fly *across* and *round* the Hill;
No precipice with toil assail,
But ever distant from THE VALE.
Your intellect as bright and clear
As *Murray's* in his *eightieth** year;
You are the *Titian*† *of the mind*,
Whose colours never have declin'd;
In you *Saint Evremond*‡ appears,
Whom sense adorns, and wit endears;
A *Fontenelle* § in grace of youth,
Poetic taste, and moral truth;
As ready and as *debonnaire*,
Though a *good* Christian, as *Voltaire*;
But, older still than all of these,
You interest, reform, and please:—
A *Bard*, a *Moralist*, and *Sage*,
As old—as the *Augustan age*.

ON A GIFT OF SHEEP TO MR. CAMBRIDGE.

MY little flock, your Shepherd hail!
Feed in his consecrated vale!
Admetus's fam'd sheep you follow,
And are to pass before *Apollo*.

* Mr. *Cambridge* was then full 80 years of age (Lord *Mansfield* at the same age), and three or four years after, it was unimpaired.

† Here there is a double coincidence. The colours of *Titian* are still fresh, and seem as if Time could never touch them. Some of his best pictures were painted after he was 90 years of age.

‡ He died at 96.

§ This prodigy of talents and virtue reached a full century, and was never more brilliant than a few moments before his death.—"*Voila*," said he, "la premiere mort que je vois;" and, when asked if he suffered, he answered, "*Je ne sens qu'une difficulté d'être.*"

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ON RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

BLUSH, ribald Wit, and Folly's wasted life,
In guilty revels, or envenom'd strife!
Ye Hypocrites, and Pedants, disappear!
Ye vain and selfish beasts—oh, come not here!

The mind that once inform'd this hallow'd clay,
With *Attic* wreaths of social wit could play:
But moral Wisdom gave the Satire birth —
'Twas *Plato's* fancy, and *Socratic* mirth.

Still by the *decent Graces* * un-reprov'd,
It was *their* smile that all the *Muses* lov'd:
It was *their* spirit that was Friendship's right,
The judgment's prompter, and the heart's delight.

TO A CELEBRATED WIT,

WHO HAD CHALKSTONES IN HIS FEET.

YOU love a simile;—why then have at you:
You are in Scripture the *Assyrian* Statue;
Of *you*, with equal truth, it may be said,
The *feet* are *clay*, but *golden* is the *head*.

TO RICHARD CUMBERLAND †, ESQ.

Colonel of a Legion at *Tunbridge Wells*.

"WAKE from its rest the comic lyre!
Put breath into its dormant fire!
Call into life *Menander's* vein!
And *Britain's Terence* crown again!

* *Horace.*

† This is a copy, with some variations, of a Poem printed in the "Illustrations of Literary History," vol. III. p. 831.

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" Resign the amorous *myrtle's* hue!
No more the *rose* of youth renew!
Though evergreen thy age appears,
And smiles avert the destin'd years!

" Thee, ever sure of public fame,
Her gales invite, her transports claim;
The Muses to their Lover blest
Allow no interval of rest."

When *Britain's* Genius thus complain'd,
Mars th' ill-tim'd appeal disdain'd:
The nodding crest *his* plume arrays,
A sword the Veteran's thigh displays.

With sanguine flame the vesture glows,
The arts of Peace their lustre close:
Thalia's playful notes are dumb,
Scar'd at the fulminating drum.

Thy Patriot Bands their Leader boast,
And thou art *lov'd* of all the host;
The Hero in thy form appears,
Unfetter'd by the chain of years.

'Tis past;—the Victor's wreath is ours:
With Peace return the laughing hours;
And *Cumberland's* dramatic page,
The mirrour of a living Stage.

With Satire—from the Muse a theft
(Whose rifled stores have nothing left)
His fertile wit's enchanting strain
Has built an *Athens* here again.

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SPEAK!

TO LADY ALBINIA CUMBERLAND, AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

Of cheats that Beauty's quivering shade
Has ever to the eye convey'd,
Just view'd—and then to disappear,
As inmates of another sphere—
These tempting forms perplex the most,
For ever seen, for ever lost—
Like *Banquo*, seem to fill my chair;
But, question'd, vanish into air.
Love in their trust has left his throne,
The Sister-graces are their own.
Is homage thus to be confin'd?
Can Beauty leave unblest the mind?
Their whisper'd breath I never heard,
Or caught by theft a passing word.
But one appear'd at nearer view
The Parent of the other two;
And *said*, though *mute*, with *speaking air*,
"Surpass me, Daughters, if you dare!"
"*Speak, to be seen!*" has well been said;
The voice remains when *you* are fled.
Speak! to these Tyrants I exclaim,
And give the raptur'd *ear* its claim!
A *Hobart* and a *Cumberland*
Can eloquence and wit command:
Speak! and the perfect charm complete,
Where mind and form in beauty meet!

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THE DEAF SAPPHO.

Mrs. Burt is Mrs. William Cumberland's Mother. — She is very deaf, and makes use occasionally of her trumpet. She *was* a capital Musician; she is accomplished, and writes Poetry. Her daughter is the best player *on the Harp* in *England*.

When *Burt* the voice acutely heard,
And Wisdom noted Folly's word,
Her pen, satirical and keen,
Lash'd with its ridicule the scene.
Her taste — a mistress of its art —
Oppress'd her kind and feeling heart.

Though at her wit the ideots bled,
She had *their* twinges in her *head*.
Apollo, for her health afraid,
Flew, as a *Turton* *, to her aid;
He whisper'd something in her ear,
Which none but *Mrs. Burt* could hear.

That whisper had a potent spell,
The bane of gossips to repel;
No more she *heard* their idle prate,
It found a barrier at the gate:—
But at his Votary's desire
He left his *trumpet*, *pens*, and *lyre*.

The first enabled her to hear,
If Sense had claims upon her ear:
The *second* were to *her* a Muse,
Dipt in her own *Castalian* dews:
The *lyre*, though once at *her* command,
She gave to matchless *Cumberland*.

* This is local — he lived in the neighbourhood.

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ON THE PERFORMANCE OF MRS. WILLIAM CUMBERLAND UPON THE HARP, ACCOMPANIED BY HER VOICE,

in a Song written by *Richard Cumberland*, Esq. her Father-in-law, upon her Infant Child, and set by her.

WHAT spell unseen can thus inspire
The Minstrel's animated lyre?
'Tis bright *Cecilia's* hand:—
Or is it *Sappho's* melting lay,
Which thus can sing, and thus can play?
Or is it *Cumberland*?

"*The little Nurseling*" * solves the doubt;
The secret 's told; the murder 's out;
For *Nature* is at hand:
No *borrow'd* feelings, tricks of art,
Can thus do honour to *the heart*,
It must be *Cumberland*.

That air was from *the Mother's* breast;
Parental joy the chords imprest,
At *sacred* † Love's command:
His tender impulse tun'd the note,
Whose words *another Parent* wrote;
But he was *Cumberland*.

Away, ye *Billingtons!* despair
To emulate this touching air,
To reach the Fairy-land!
With genius virtue must unite,
Affections pure with talents bright —
And *then* 'tis *Cumberland*.

* Part of the Song.
† Alluding to the Altar of Marriage.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. W. P.

THOUGH bless'd with talents, wit, and fame,
Though public spirit loves thy name—
Though *Britain*, led by thee, unfurl'd
Her proudest banners to the world,—
Though Eloquence, to Wisdom join'd,
Moulds to thy will a Nation's mind:—
I covet not thy just renown,
Thy civic wreaths, and laurel'd crown:
Thy eloquence may keep its flowers,
Thy sense and wit their matchless powers;
The World's applause enenvy'd share—
If not a Favourite of the Fair!

THE EVERGREEN;

To an accomplished Friend, who was not YOUNG.

OF all the leaves that charm the view,
And glow with *Nature's* living hue,
That *have* been, or that *will* be seen,
Commend me to the *Evergreen!*

Of all the *Beauties*, dark or fair,
With dimpled cheeks or graceful air,
From sixty back to seventeen,
Commend me to the *Evergreen!*

Of all the *Wits* in *Selwyn's** days,
When *Stanhope** could a *Walpole** praise,
When *Foote** and *Garrick** blest the scene,
Commend me to the *Evergreen!*

* These were contemporaries;—none of them died young, they retained their wit unimpaired.

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Of all the Muses that have sung,
When harps were old, but *they* were young,—
Of all the boughs o'er *Hippocrene* *,
Commend me to the *Evergreen!*

Of all the hearts that Friendship's tone
In chords of Love has made its own,
Behind the Poplar's † fading screen,
Commend me to the *Evergreen!*

These Verses produced a very animated and poetical Dispute between two accomplished Ladies and me.—I addressed them both in the following lines:

With *Evergreen* when Ladies quarrel,
'Tis mutiny against the Laurel,—
Grace of the Hero *they* admire,
And prompter of *their* Poet's fire!
Nay—though surpassing all belief—
They overlook the Myrtle's leaf!
Perennial charm of Beauty's crown,
Of Pleasure's wreath, and Love's renown!

To a Lady, who drew my Portrait.

By her *talent* a secret will *Celia* discover,
As the picture will *speak*—it will *say* that *I love her.*

* A celebrated Fountain in *Thessaly*, at which the Nine filled their *tea-kettle.*

† Alluding to a fan of *Lombardy* poplars in front of *her* villa.

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ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN BY THE FIRST PAINTER OF HIS AGE.

HERE confess'd is Beauty's Queen,
Though her living bloom 's unseen :—
Here the wit that is not heard,
Still is relish'd and preferr'd :—
Here, from Envy's pique enrag'd,
Worth is ever disengag'd : —
Ye that *Stella* never knew,
Her *immortal spirit* view !

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

OH, ever gracious, wise, and good,
On Earth an Angel's pattern view'd !
Was ever in the path of life
So dear a Parent, Friend, and Wife ?
The mirrour and the soul of truth,
With cheerful smile and grace of youth ;
Though perfect in the moral school,
No harsh dispenser of the rule,
But sweetly merciful, and friend
Of those who deviate or offend ;
A mind with faultless judgment stor'd,
The wisdom fear'd, the heart ador'd:
In patriarchal age endear'd,
Belov'd, admir'd, and rever'd ;
Of all her faculties possess'd,
And with a loving circle bless'd.

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THE FILIAL MUSE.

My heart with joy, no *Indian* slave,
Its filial tribute proudly gave:
The Muse appear'd, and whisper'd *thus*:
"A Mother's rights are debts to *us*.
If jealous of the Poet's fame,
Still cherish the maternal claim,
Nor blush the feelings to display,
Which *Cowper* shar'd with *Pope* and *Gray*."

On being asked a Portrait of the Angel-Mother, and my own.

A negative the difference teaches
Of *George* compar'd with *Jenny*;
She has no wit, *she* makes no speeches—
He never has—a *guinea*.

His Autumn is the *first of May*;
Nor prudes nor duns can bind him:
From Law to Girls he runs away,
And leaves Accompts behind him.

Her Winter's head is clear and bright
As in the days of youth;
Perceptions keen, with spirits light,
And words the seal of truth.

Œconomy (Affection's guide)
Is *her* prevailing spell *:
But *she* no *Pegasus* can ride,
And cannot *laugh* so well.

* Though liberal in the noblest of all shapes, and for the kindest of all purposes, her *œconomy* made her averse to *little presents*, but especially when made by her children to her.

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Her wisdom is in Mercy's train,
From cold indifference clear;
She loves the heart that flies her chain,
Recover'd by a tear.

Jane, as her *Son* is *under age*,
Could wish that *he* was *older*:
His prayer is Time's *inverted* page,
That long his arms may *fold her*.

Like boy and girl they often pout,
By turns they kiss and rail:
But still their lamp is never out,
Its light is never pale.

A COMIC JEU D'ESPRIT,

On presenting a Set of Books to my incomparable Mother.

When I was young, I lov'd the Misses,
And made them presents for their kisses:
But now my *ruin* is—*a Mother*;
And who can boast of such another?
I pelt her with my gifts,—in vain —
Sure (at the best) of her disdain;
By her moralities am cross'd,
And whipp'd for that *offence*—the *cost*.
Yet, were such gifts each day repeated,
This Angel-Mother would be cheated:
Her gifts to me, at every hour,
For *drops* like these return a *shower*.

FILIAL "ETRENNES" — NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING.

Ye Guardian Angels, who discover
How dearly all her children love her,
Oh, listen to the filial prayer,
And shield her *with a mother's care!*

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To *charm* as long as *health* endures,
The power is her's, the gift is yours:
Grant, for 'tis all that we implore,
Her life—till *she* is *lov'd no more.*

THE INVISIBLE COLUMN.

An Urn fell down suddenly at Mrs. HARDINGE's Villa in *Kent* *, and was broke in its fall, a few days before Captain HARDINGE took the *Atalante*.—The Pedestal remained.

AN Urn, upon a summit plac'd,
Was a mere implement of taste:
No parrot's ashes it contain'd,
Or linnet's early doom arraign'd,
Like other expletives on earth
In Beauty center'd all its worth,
An empty charm, a barren grace,
And the usurper of its place.
But nothing is on earth ensur'd:
The pedestal its crown abjur'd.
The urn, detach'd, like whirlwinds roll'd,
And, by the chisel uncontroll'd,
Its form disjointed by the way
Broke into mutilated clay.
A Rock the pedestal remain'd,
And, proudly firm, its root sustain'd:
I listen'd, and I heard its voice:
"A Naval Pillar is my choice,
Prophetic are my views to Fame,
And *mine* shall be *the Hero's* name."

* See before, p. 76.

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No sooner had the voice been heard
Than Courage and Renown concurr'd
Upon *this pedestal* to raise
A Pillar stamp'd with *Hardinge's* praise—
A wreath domesticated here,
To native rights and blessings dear.
" But where 's the Pillar all the while?"
(Said Fame with a satiric smile):
With jealous anger, Love replies,
" No Column *here* for *him* shall rise,
'Tis the impertinence of Art:—"

* * * * * * *

PROPHECY;

BY THE SIBYL OF THE POPLARS*.

THE *Sword*†, protector of heroic fame,
Shall rouse the ear supine with *Hardinge's* name;
Shall guard from Time's obliterating dust,
And that dread shelf where sacred honours rust;
Shall speed the ship where modest *Hope* is bound,
Till, for the latent wish, more *guns* are found:
Then Glory's brightest flag shall fix the sight,
And crown Ambition with—*its blue or white:*
Annals remote the splendid gift shall trace,
Nor find a blot that shall its fame disgrace;
Compell'd by Duty, it shall boldly dare;
Compell'd by Mercy, it shall *nobly spare.*
Attemper'd thus, it dignifies the side,
And makes the Hero's boast—an *honest pride,*—
Attemper'd thus, will shine in *Hardinge's* hand,
Since his the power to give it this command.

* Mrs. *Moody.*

† Which had been presented to Captain *G. N. Hardinge.*

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THE SWORD;

Addressed to Captain GEORGE NICHOLAS HARDINGE.

LET frantic Sibyls augur hostile skill,
And tell of millions *this* bright Sword *shall kill;*
With voice prophetic bid the Muse prepare
Her incens'd praise—for *phantoms in the air!*
The *Poplar Sibyl* other zeal inspires,
Averse to War and its avenging fires,
Averse to Warriors and their desperate feats,
She with a milder glow the trophy greets;
Yet, with address, and well-divining art,
Adapts her language to the *Hero's* heart,
Then may her leaves by no rude winds be tost,
Nor, like her Sisters, be for ever lost.

TO MRS. HARDINGE;

With an accurate and beautiful Drawing of the Sword.

ACCEPT, for *thou* art generous and brave,
The Sword, that Courage won, that *Britain* gave!
From *thee,* both enterprize and laurel sprung;
By *thee* to Honour's field the arms were strung;
In *thy* example was the Hero found;
By *thee* his fame was built, his wreaths were bound,
Proud of thy love, and studious of thy worth,
His ripening genius claim'd a second birth.
In thee were trac'd his proud contempt of art,
His patient valour, and his feeling heart.

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But let him share the beams of *Nelson's* fame,
Or join the *Syrian Hero's* deathless name;
With tears of joy his grateful heart shall own,
That you have still the undivided throne.

WRITTEN AT WEST COWES, 1804,

On a Visit there to my Sister-in-law, and in allusion to another Tour of that Scenery under ill-fated auspices.

IN thee, Adversity, I 'm bless'd,
By thee enchanted, not oppress'd;
If all thy shafts resemble these,
Dear is their pain—their tortures please.
When last these wonders I explor'd,
My heart in vain its rod implor'd;
The vassal then of Beauty's reign,
It felt the insult of her chain,
And by caprice was kept in awe
The victim of a Tyrant's Law.
'Tis past—nor pride nor spleen remain,
Or pleasure of inflicting pain;
The heart all fetters can remove
But those which *Nature* puts on *Love.*
Young in a wedded Brother's joy,
I catch again the amorous boy;
Crown'd with his wreath, my age disown,
In *his Elysium* trace my own,
Wake to new life the nuptial hour,
New-trim its lamp, new-dress its bower;
My *own* around *his* blessings twine,
And proudly feel *his* transports *mine.*

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TO LADY HARDINGE; ON TASTE.

Dear *Mary*, tell me, if you think
(Whatever be its waste of ink)
That sense of right, and fear of wrong,
Have reconcil'd the weak and strong?
Or is it not, by all embrac'd,
A sense of pleasure, and of *Taste*,
That either makes the social heart
Its own *Elysian* dream impart,
Or bids the vicious, uncontroul'd,
The banner of their crimes unfold?
The Husband beats and kicks his wife—
'Tis want of *Taste* for wedded life.
Another, obstinately just,
Clings to the partner of his trust,
And thinks her, grey or in a wig,
Superior to the best *Intrigue*.
The man that cheats me in a horse
Delights in feeling no remorse:
But he whose honour is complete,
Had rather starve than be a cheat;
Because no interest or treasure,
That's not his due, can give him *pleasure*.
The girl, with dreams to mischief urging,
Has a *dislike* to be a virgin;
The vestal aunt, with stockings blue,
To Love *prefers*—her dram, and pew.
Nor *thine*, sweet *Mary*, is a *merit*,
That your *politeness* you inherit
From *Absalom*, that passing well
Could steal the hearts of *Israel*.

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Nor *thine*, to mount on Virtue's throne
For some perfections of your own.
The *native* charm that stamp'd your beauty
Has made your *pleasure* of your *duty*;
The *whim*, that your *affections chuse*
Their own bright *sun-beams* * to diffuse;
And, though pre-eminently good,
You *cannot* help it if you *would*;
As *playful* as the *careless* mind,
But still correct, and still refin'd,
In all the courteous boons you give,
A second life you seem to live:
Your friend in blessing you deceive,
And more than you bestow receive.

TO MY NIECE, IN HER TEENS.

Oh, *Fanny!* could my heart suspect
That *Age* thy feelings would correct,
Would make thee *cold* and *wise*;—
I 'd wish—that, ere the doom were past,
The day before it—were the last
That open'd *Fanny's* eyes.

But *Nature* smiles—and blames the fear
That *she* can ever disappear,
By Innocence caress'd:
Her beam is like the *parting* ray
That gilds the *shadows* of the day,
And crowns the *bed of rest.*

* We called her the *Sun-beam.*

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The genial spirit, *Fancy's* child,
So brightly gay, and sweetly wild,
  Abjures the touch of Art.
It is the Evergreen of Youth,
Unfading as the light of Truth,
  And planted in the heart.

ON MY NIECE'S PORTRAIT.

The lovely Nature's form and glass
  A subtle thief by art has caught:
Before us in their shadows pass
  The genial smile and graceful thought.

The heart of gold its lustre throws,
  The eyes with soft affections beam;
Reflected is the living rose,
  The new-born hope, and Fancy's dream.

But Poets have prophetic eyes,
  The future is at their command;
Above the Painter they can rise,
  For Time itself is in their hand.

Come, Artist! and the picture shade
  With all the Winter's gloom of years!
Mark well the wreck that storms have made,
  Nor hide the wrinkles or the tears!

Then shall the Angel's temper smile;
  The heart its vernal glow shall feel;
The taste shall breathe its youthful style,
  And *Love* the wings of *Time* shall steal.

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TO MATILDA AND EMILY-JANE,

TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS *,
DAUGHTERS OF MY COUSIN FRANCES.

WERE young *Paris* again to determine his prize,
And were you to solicit by tempting his eyes,
In a fit of despair, at the puzzling view,
He 'd have taken the apple—*and cut it in two.*

TO LADY MATILDA STEWART,

BEAUTY, Innocence, and Youth,
Hear the sacred voice of Truth!
Hope 's a cheat, and Pleasure flies —
To be lov'd is Nature's prize.
You are from a Parent sprung,
Who had beauty, and was young—
Rich in talents, grac'd with art,
But her aim was at the heart.
She disclaim'd the wreath she won—
All her pride was—to have none.
She had gifts for young and old,
Never stately, never cold;
Perdita, whom *Shakespeare* drew,
She could every day renew.
Mark the gems that still adorn
Skirts and shadows of the morn.

* The sixth and seventh daughters of *Robert Stewart*, then Earl (now Marquis) of *Londonderry*, by his second Lady, *Frances* daughter of the first Lord *Camden*.

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Where is Time, that can deface
Love's enchanting air and grace,
Charms that, animating her,
Drop the tell-tale Register,
And in *Autumn's gloom* can play
With a *vernal* sun-beam's ray?
You are lov'd—and are desir'd;
You have gifts that are inspir'd:
Ere it falls, oh, catch her spirit,
And the robe *she* wears inherit!
You shall answer for the cost,
If her mantle should be lost.
Could I ever chance to hear
You are lost in Pride's career;
Or, in Fashion's leaden sleep,
Dare not laugh, and scorn to weep;
Toss in air that graceful head,
And in chains of ice are led:—
I shall say, but through a tear,
"*Fanny's Daughter is not here.*"

LADY EMILY-JANE STEWART,
SISTER OF MATILDA.

IF *Matilda's* gentle mind
Was in Beauty's veil enshrin'd:
If her smile no Art reprov'd:
If her pride was to be lov'd:
If, as open as the day,
With endearment she could play:
If her blush was Nature's hue,
And the heart its captive drew:

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In the race that *Fanny* bore,
Love and Praise have room for more,
Whose hereditary arms
Are of *Emily* the charms.
For *Thalia* she could sit,
When her spirits flow in *wit*,
Bright with animated ease;
Envied gift, that still can please.
To the *harp* in Beauty's hand
Genius prompts the lov'd command;
Emily is *then* a Muse,
Wrapt in *Heaven's* inspiring views.
In her eye the note can speak,
It has breath upon her cheek.
On the *hand* that struck the lyre
With electric spirit's fire,
Nature's breathing life has thrown
Grace and freedom like her own.
Touch'd as in a magic dream
Is the portrait's vary'd theme,
And the light of beauty's ray
On the shifted wreath can play.
Oh, that I can learn from *her*
A resemblance to confer
On a portrait which the Muse
Pants to catch, and fears to lose!
Then herself—and Love the guide,
In a copy should reside,
That should emulate her fame,
And be *known* without a *name*.
But the charm and spirit there
To delineate I despair;
She must on the colours breathe,
Guide the hand, and bless the wreath.

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Tell us, Nature, is it meant
We should lose what *you* have sent?
Can it throw its pearls away
On the follies of the day?
Can its pride with scorn reprove
Such a destiny to Love?
Can its temper, and its heart,
Learn the discipline of Art?
Or, as *when* its plume shall bend,
Change its habit and its friend?
Shall the dissipated hour
Crush the mind, or shake its power?
Fear, be dumb!—it cannot be:
Emily! I 'm sure of thee.
Native is the *filial* pride
In a Genius and a Guide,
Who in spirit, grace, or worth,
Is—*the Fairy of the Birth.*

On Lady Matilda Stewart's Marriage.

Last in these favour'd ranks of *Hymen's* train
Matilda wears the myrtle's hallow'd chain.
Perhaps a Hermit's musing visions fail
To bind in Zephyr's hand the Summer's gale;
Else he could promise to so match'd a pair
Love at the heart, and spirits light as air.
I warn'd her against pride;—but when like this,
It is the Fairy's wand of nuptial bliss—
Pride in the rank that Love has made his own,
For sense and virtue are a scepter'd throne.
But listen, dear *Matilda*, once again
To the old Hermit's monitory vein:

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Oh, live to vindicate the lip that smil'd
When it could proudly call thee *Fanny's Child* * ;
May that inspiring name its bloom renew,
And " *Fanny's daughter*" be *Matilda's* too;
A lov'd resemblance from oblivion free,
In *copies* to be *made*—by *Love and thee.*

TO THE COUNTESS OF LONDONDERRY:

ON THE DEATH OF SEVERAL OF HER CHILDREN.

STAR of beauty, wit, and grace!
How thy lustre is decay'd!
Parent of a dazzling race,
How thy filial blossoms fade!

Cold are their enchanting *forms*,
Minds with sparkling treasure stor'd—
Swept by Nature's pelting storms,
Fleeting blooms, and shades deplor'd.

Thee, to life condemn'd, I mourn;
Thee, but not the vernal flower—
From its thorns in mercy torn,
Rose of an *unfading* bower.

Bless the dead, with whom enshrin'd
Is the hope that smiles on fate—
Hope, that in the joys *they* find,
Bliss of theirs, for *thee* can wait.

* I wrote some verses to her when she was in town four or five years ago, advising her to resemble *Fanny*, as I called her, my first cousin *Frances*, Countess of *Londonderry*. See p. 122. They concluded with a menace in case of her pride:

I shall say, but with a tear,
Fanny's Daughter is not here.

She was the last of seven daughters in the date of her marriage.

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They are witnesses for *thee*,
To the hearts by thee caress'd—
Sacred is the filial plea;
They are heard; and *thou art* bless'd.

TO MRS. ******,

Who blamed my Verses for being too short in the Measure.

If *Laura's* * charms could smile upon the Muse,
Its proudest current should *her* fame diffuse;
Could *her* example to the verse be lent,
Of grace and beauty, in their *bright extent* †,
An ample volume then should fill the song,
The melody sustain, the note prolong;
Then should the Poet of his theme be vain,
Speed the wing'd horse, and throw aside the rein:
For *she* is all that wisdom can desire,
The heart can cherish, and the taste admire;
In *her* the virtues, and with graceful strife,
Can emulate the Parent and the Wife:
Love in *her* friendship has renew'd his birth,
Springs from the heart, and smiles upon its worth.
But *could* the Muse, a rival of its *theme*,
Flow with a deep, yet animated stream,
She 'd blush to find that Nature could be Fame,
Abjure the picture, and the wreath disclaim,
Before *her* graces could be half admir'd
Would of the *lengthen'd verse* herself be tir'd.

* Her poetical name in her teens. † She is very tall.

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To a Lady of Poetical Talents, with a Gift of Petrarch.

The Bard yet lives, though centuries have roll'd
Upon his hallow'd urn—he lives in verse,
Immortal; and the tale that *he* has told
Congenial spirits to *their* love rehearse.

In *you* his numbers, brilliant, smooth, and clear,
Flow with enchanting melody along:
But more varieties of thought appear,
And goodness of the heart improves the song.

TO MRS. MOODY,

On her Praise of my Verse, in Verse of her own.

Friendship offer'd me her praise —
Bright, though partial, were the lays.
"None but *Sappho*," I exclaim'd,
"*Could* for such a gift be nam'd:"
"Well," she answer'd, "you have guess'd,
She alone the picture bless'd;
But, when *you* were on the shelf,
Took the likeness—from herself.
You have known her flattering smile,
And the charm that 's in her style —
The seductions of her Muse,
And her Fancy's glowing hues:
These alone on *you* confer
Praise that *none* withheld from *her*."

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IMPROMPTU,

After dining in Company with Lady SARAH NAPIER, at her Age of 65, and blind. I had not seen her for just Half a Century, and had left her a dazzling Beauty in her Teens.

In her dimpled *smile* are seen
Traces of the *Cyprian* Queen;
In her *voice* a note is heard
Sweet as Night's enchanting Bird.
Art from Nature took the file
Us'd in polishing her *style*;
Nor has Genius, Wit, and Sense,
Parted from her *eloquence*;
Wing'd as light is every note
Which her youthful pencil wrote,
Nor has *Memory* a page
For the dull records of Age;
All is there as brightly neat
As a dancing Grace's feet.
But a charm above the rest
Is the *unsuspecting breast*;
There, above *Deffand* * to rise,
Though resembled in their eyes;
There, and with *perennial* flowers,
Time has chain'd his feather'd hours.

* *Madame Du Deffand*, the celebrated *bel esprit* of *Paris*, was jealous and peevish. Lady *Sarah* knew her well, and so described her to me.

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TO THE SUN.

after seeing Lady SARAH NAPIER blind.

PARENT of the visual ray,
To her bosom shift the day:
" *There plant eyes*" * that may renew
Those which Beauty's mirrour knew;
Beams, that in the shade repos'd,
Their meridian light have clos'd!
Give her spirits gently gay,
That with *Time* and *years* can play:
Napier can be never blind
In the vision of the mind.

TO VOLTAIRE,

WITH A LAUREL-BRANCH FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB.

In the Name of the *Margravine*, Sister of the *King of Prussia*.

AT *Virgil's* tomb a sacred Laurel grew,
Nor sleep nor age its glowing verdure knew;
With undiminish'd leaf, and bough complete,
It guarded, as it grac'd, the hallow'd seat.
I touch'd it with my hand, and rested there,
Play'd with my hope, and rally'd my despair;
When from the tomb's recess a voice I heard—
" Approach," it said, " for thou art here preferr'd;
Thou art the Sister of my destin'd Heir,
Whose martial brows the wreath of glory wear:
This Laurel is for *him* — to *thee* 'tis *lent* —
It is *Apollo's gift*, and *my consent*.

* *Milton's* Songs of himself.

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ON THE DOWAGER LADY *****.

THE form that moulders here in earth
Was a rich pearl in Beauty's worth;
Nor ever had the cestus grac'd
A love more spotless, pure, and chaste.
Nor barren was the nuptial bed
On which the Loves their flowers had spread,
A miracle of infant grace
The raptur'd Mother could embrace.
But Heaven, whose favourites most are tried,
Smote, and the little charmer died.
Religion to the Mourner spoke—
She bore the agonizing stroke.
But more probation was at hand,
By Wisdom for the suffering plann'd:
The Husband of her soul's free choice,
Dear to her love's unprompted voice,
In early manhood's ripening glow,
Struck by the deep and thundering blow,
A victim of distemper's rage,
Felt the infirmities of age.
But she, though born to be admir'd,
And with a social heart inspir'd,
With scorn her privilege reprov'd,
And was the nurse of him she lov'd.
Still, to make all defamers dumb,
Another trial was to come:
With pain the Muse that note could raise
Above the reach of human praise;
But for the living she can feel,
And therefore must the tale conceal.

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On hearing that an opulent Relation of mine had acted a very noble Part.

To J. C. P. Esq.

Yes, *now*, indeed, thy *wealth* 's *confess'd*,
And few *such* treasure have possess'd;
The coin as brilliant as 'tis pure,
The heap from waste of time secure.
The heart of sterling ore is thine,
The vein is rich that feeds the mine,
Renews the current as it flows,
And still with radiant lustre glows.
The offer'd gift—the debt abjur'd,—
Are precious loans in Heaven ensur'd;
Their profit is the Angel's dream,
Joy at the heart, and self-esteem.
The feelings that can Heaven supply
Are gems that *India* cannot buy;
They are "*above the scepter'd sway* *,"
And beams of a celestial ray.

On the Beauty, musical Talents, and fascinating Manners, of Miss Mortellari.

Is it your wish to feast your ear?
The *Syren's* melting note is here.—
You, that in fancy could embrace
A model of enchanting *grace*,
With pride examine *these* contours!
The vision breathes; its life is yours:

* *Shakespeare.*

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But more than *Fancy* ever knew,
Or *Guido's* pencil ever drew,
Or Muse can reach, or thought supply,
The heaven in *Mortellari's* eye.
A Seraph there — but all the while
'Tis *Love* that animates her *smile*, —
Plays with each curl that skirts her cheek,
Or in her passing blush can speak.
Thus with its panoply of charms
Her *Queen* the *soul of Beauty* arms;
Nor leaves at rest a single gem
That 's plac'd upon her diadem;
Nor Heaven itself the chain reproves,
That binds *the Virtues* and *the Loves*.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading a Discourse by Sir WILLIAM JONES, in which he reprobated Anatomical Experiments upon Insects and Birds.

THOUGH deep in *Persic* and *Arabian* lore,
Though *Science* in *her* lap this Favourite bore;
Though Fancy lov'd him; though his life unblam'd
Was by the Muses and the Virtues claim'd: —
Pale at no jewels of this envy'd crown,
I leave them to their lustre and renown:
But covet all the rays that could impart
A gentle spirit and a feeling heart!
Whose note could prompt the Philosophic Chair,
" Life to the Insect, and for Birds the Air."
When all the tongues that *he* possess'd are mute
(As *Tully's* eloquence, or *Sappho's* lute) —
The music of that whisper'd note shall breathe
A new-born life into his fading wreath.

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TO ANDREA DORIA.

HERO and Citizen of prouder name
Than ever yet the valorous achiev'd;
Or those of brighter eminence receiv'd
That emulated *Greek* and *Roman* fame
With *Cato's* death, or *Solon's* milder claim
On Time's award, whom Pagan worlds believ'd
(Oh, happy ignorance, and well deceiv'd!)
The living sparks of an æthereal flame!
But what are those illustrious names to thine,
That for the Patriot's blessing left a King
Who lov'd thee, and whose friendship still was dear;
Then wav'd applause, and power's extended wing,
Nor would accept a wreath from public fear!

ENVY. TO WILLIAM P——, ESQ.

WITH calm, though fascinated eye,
The landscape here by me survey'd;
With *Tempe* though its beauties vie,
No *Envy* could my heart invade.

Upon a bed of down I lay,
Apartments travers'd with delight;
Saw Taste command, and Wealth obey;
Then felt my *heart* — but all was right.

Yet *Envy* came: — Wilt thou forgive?
I envy'd *thee* — IN POWER HUMANE;
Commanding all that breathe to live,
The shelter'd guest of *thy* domain.

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I saw the *hare* too safe to fear;
The game was at my horse's feet;
No tyrant of the field is here:
But *Peace* and *Mercy* guard the Seat.

I *envy'd* here the *Angel's* hand,
Whose timely aid the roots can boil;
Cheer the rude features of the land,
And make the lips around him smile.

I *envy'd* thee — "*A village blest*,"
That glows in Labour's ruddy health;
Whose tears with grateful joy attest
The *Man of Ross* with *India's* wealth.

Unenvy'd be the ample trust,
In thy commercial hand secure;
But still be *envy'd* (if thou must),
Hail'd as the *Banker of the Poor*.

To *covet* here so blest a mind,
Is it, or *can* it be a sin;
Where *Love* to *Envy* can be join'd,
Whatever 's lost — the *heart* must *win*.

The Decalogue at sins like *these*
Announces no up-lifted spear;
Or, if the Law we must appease,
The Angels plead — and with a tear.

ON MEETING MRS. ABINGTON,

AT A FRIEND'S, AT DINNER.

"It is *Euphrosyne*," I said,
"By all the Loves and Graces led,"
When o'er the animated stage
A second *Oldfield's* youthful age

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With *taste* and *wit* a form combin'd
As fleet and graceful as the *mind;*
An eye as brilliant as the jest
That Fancy's playful note impress'd,
The air and spirit could impart,
That rose above the wings of Art,
When *Genius* on the Comic throne
Made the enchanting Nymph his own;
When *Shakespeare's* mirrour brighter shone;
When *Beatrice* was *Abington.*
But these delights could only cheer
The distant eye, the distant ear.
I envy'd those her love caress'd,
The dear companion, friend, and guest:
With blissful chance the social hour
Unveils to me her brightest power;
A thousand charms are brought in view
Of a more interesting hue:
The jest refin'd, though prompt its birth,
The charm of ease and polish'd mirth;
A soften'd lustre gilds the scene,
As bright as day, but more serene;
The *shades* of *Genius* are inspir'd,
And, less diffus'd, are more desir'd;
No more coquetting with her fame,
Without Ambition's restless aim,
To the selected few confin'd,
Her glowing spirits cheer the mind.
Thalia's Pupil has rebell'd;
The *Muse* by *Nature* is excell'd:
And Comic Art admits at last,
That *she* 's by *Abington* surpass'd.

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On Miss Pope's admired Performance of the Duenna, Nov. 30, 1801.

How true to Nature's charm! how brightly just!
It is the Syren's voice, approv'd by Taste:—
The soul of *Clive* it wakens from the dust,
With joy that such a wreath her tomb has grac'd.

Ev'n *Garrick* smiles from his *Elysian* throne—
Smiles, without pique, or half-suspended blame!
And Comic Genius, to the Virtues known,
In *Pritchard's* love adopts a Rival's name.

TO MRS. INCHBALD.

Mrs. *Inchbald* lodged in the house recently inhabited by an insane Nobleman.—Mrs. *Moody*, who lived upon the same Green, sent her this Impromptu.

"Superior *Wits* to *madness* are allied,
And thin partitions their conceits divide *"
The house in which a *Madman* breath'd his last:
By these analogies thy lot is cast;
For *Lunacy* were those apartments fit,
Now Genius owns them tenanted by *Wit*.

* Great wits to madness surely are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Pope.

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To Adversity, unmerited and proud; addressed to F. H. Esq.

Thee to Solitude retir'd,
Still rever'd and still admir'd;
Thee, a votary of thine,
Independence, could enshrine—
Gave to thee on hallow'd ground
Meditation's thought profound;
Gave an intellect as bright
As the gem that courts the light;
And the gift, by *Learning* grac'd,
Upon *Freedom's* altar plac'd.
Thine shall be the living dust
Of the eloquent and just,
Whom a despot, weak and blind,
For the common earth design'd,
Pearl of ********'s manly tear,
In the elevated sphere
Which his conscious worth could find
In a self-erected mind,
Far above the Tyrant's nod,
Or Oppression's goading rod.
When, from baffled insult free,
Honour lifted him to thee,
Wrapt in Life's unenvy'd shade,
But with spirit undismay'd,
There he found a second birth,
Bless'd in science, chear'd in worth,
On a mountain which the gale
Had not courage to assail.

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On the accomplished and admired James H. Esq. M.P. &c. &c.

Accomplish'd wit, and graceful ease,
That made ev'n Satire's lightning please —
Of all that Fashion's wreath could boast
In this bright spirit shone the most —
With an exterior *worse than plain*,
Of no descent or titles vain,
He carry'd birth and rank before him;
He made the lovely sex adore him: —
With laughter at the serious world
His playful bolts at random hurl'd,
But, mirth and whim their own defence,
The reins were held by taste and sense:
For no severe discretion fam'd,
But still the charter was unblam'd:
He died — and for his parting hour
The Fates reserv'd their brightest flower:
Invok'd, the heaven-born spirit came,
And *Friendship* was on earth his name,
Adopted Love* his offspring blest,
The Parent smil'd, and sunk to rest.

* This alludes to an anecdote of exalted benevolence in his friend who closed his eyes.

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TIME;

ON LEAVING CASTELLA, THE SEAT OF MRS. TRAHERNE, AND OF HER BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

I lost my Watch, and gave myself credit for throwing it away.

WHEN Time the lov'd *Castella's Ariel* flew,
Nor sleep nor interval Enchantment knew,
The saddled horse delusion's charm reprov'd,
MY WATCH the error of my feelings prov'd.
"Superfluous intruder," I exclaim'd,
"By Taste rejected, and by Love disclaim'd;
Officious mirrour of the fading joy,
No more the visionary scene destroy,
Against imperial *Fancy's* throne rebel,
Or thy abhorr'd and baneful secrets tell.
Away to Misery, and cheer its doom,
Or bid the '*hope deferr'd*' its light resume:
But never tell the happy, *they* must part,
Or undeceive the reckoning of the heart.
Inquisitor, farewell! be thine despair—
For me the gale of hope, the vernal air:
A Memory that calculates like thee
Is form'd of elements too cold for me;
Nor, when I visit next *Castella's* bower,
Shall I of thee demand the passing hour,
Nor, when the genial Spring *Lantrissant* greets,
And *Cambria's* Judge again the Sheriff meets,
Shall *my* records a note of thee permit,
Whose vain rebuke 'tis nobler to forget;
Thy restless wing Affection's golden chain
Shall bind with Fancy, and with joy detain."
I said, and quitted that *Elysian* scene;
But, when its Angels could no more be seen,

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The cheat inverted—I again its prey,
The minute was an hour, the hour a day.
'Twas then I hop'd that Fancy was deceiv'd;
The voice of Truth I courted and believ'd;
" But vain the hope, for not in days or hours
Can Time suspend or animate his powers;
And, though he lingers in the barren waste,
Or wing'd as lightning in the realms of taste,
His oracle no witness can impart,
Nor speaks to feeling minds but in the heart."
I said, and, piqued at subtle Pain's delay,
Threw the dull implement of Time away.

ON SOPHIA CARR, INDISPOSED.

Love demands that precious flower,
Let *Hygeia* guard the bower;
Light again the rosy hue,
And the lily's claim subdue!
Beauty can the charm repay
With its animating ray;
Smiles that *Hebe* would adorn,
Tresses of the radiant morn.
Beauty is the gem of *Health*,
It is Nature's precious wealth—
Beauty that, if *sight* were *blind*,
Still would charm in *Sophy's* mind.

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To a Painter of a beautiful, graceful, and accomplished Woman.

In the ray that her eyes to your colours may give
Beauty's exquisite model again seems to live:
But the charm is imperfect that glows in her cheek,
As the *form* cannot *move*, and the *lips* cannot *speak*.

TO YOUNG ROBERT C——, A DIVINE.

As for you, Mr. *Bob*,
Who with Deans hob or nob,
Or with gentlemen-sinners
Take a circle of dinners,
And leave Psalms in the lurch
When you go to your Church *—
Like a buck, hunt and shoot—
Wear a tight-sitting boot—
Play, as you and as *we* know,
All the game at *casino* †—
Dance and kick up your heels
With Miss ********‡ in reels—
Ride a short little hack
To Lord *Pembroke* and back—
I foresee that you 'll dish-up
Quite an elegant Bishop.

* No Psalms at his Church.
† We had accused him of cheating.
‡ A most lovely girl, with not quite so lovely a name.

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TO PHIL. DEARE, ESQ.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1805.

Two months are past, and close the rear
Of envy'd *Britain's Christian* * year,
Since *wind and rain* † their victim threw
Where *Honour*, *Love*, and *Wisdom* grew,
Whose charter of unfading merit
The Daughters and the Sons inherit,
An heir-loom of the noblest race
That *Virtue's King at Arms* can grace.
Two little months for ever bless'd!
What ample store have *they* compress'd!
High spirit jealous of its birth,
And proud of consecrated worth;
Arm'd with an elevated soul
Above Adversity's ‡ controul,
But glowing with as fond a heart
As the lov'd infant could impart;
A zeal § that for its cherish'd neighbour
Took no account of rest and labour,
But sprung with renovated haste,
And with new smiles new service grac'd.
If these, oh, Time! are plants of *yours*;
If *Age* the *second month* ensures;

* Not affected by the *Gallic* trumperies in their New Calendar.

† A violent storm in October last forced me into Mr. *Deare's* house.

‡ When they were first known to me, they had recently suffered a domestic loss of the most affecting nature:—it was a loss which they deeply felt, but they bore it with Christian fortitude.

§ It is incredible what exertions of generous friendship I owe to Mr. *Deare*.

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Proceed! I'll fear not months to come,
Nor years that spin the vital sum;
'Tis *Love* that 's proof against caprice —
It *cannot fade*, and *must increase*.

ON THE HON. ——— ———.

WHAT an Orator is here!
Master of the public ear!
From the morning to the night
He is all the world's delight!
All that has been said or sung
Is at home in *******'s tongue!
Like a book his ample store —
Like a book—*ne'er read before!*

TO A DOMESTIC CHARMER AND FRIEND.

THE Muses of the *New-year's Gift*
No eagle's wing for thee can lift:
Simplicity in thee has join'd
Her winning charms, her gentle mind;
Love in thy heart, with Beauty's aid,
An *Ariel's* character has made.

IMPROMPTU, TO MADAME DE SEVIGNE,—IN ELYSIUM.

FROM other leaves their glowing hues are fled,
The bough disowns them, for the leaves are dead:
But thine alone the Winter have defy'd,
And they are *green*, as in the Summer's pride.

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TO C. G. ESQ.

BY WAY OF THANKS FOR HIS PRAISE OF MY *VERS DE SOCIETE*.

THE MOUSE AND THE RAT.

A *Mouse* one day, in frolic chat,
Was *tickled* by a cunning *Rat*,
Whose *tail* and whiskers (dress'd at Court)
The Mouse would pull in rustic sport.
"*My* little Play-fellow," said he,
"*You* nibble corn as well as me;
Your *tail* is long, your neck is *fat*—
Sure you were born to be a *Rat*.
That hole deserves a Nation's thanks;
Come, share with *me* the River's banks!
It *rather* seems for *Mice* a *whim*—
But I 've no doubt that you could *swim*."
The *Mouse*, though vain as *Mouse* could be,
With *both* his eyes began to see;
His *Judge* despairing to recover,
Smoak'd the fine speeches of his *Lover*.
"*My Lord*," said *Mus*, "you'd *court* me well,
If I had any *votes* to *sell*;
With grace your tongue its arms can wield,
You are of *Rats* the *Chesterfield*;
Perhaps the mischief 's in your head
Of *Nell* in *Lady Love-rule's* bed;
Or you intend the silly jay
In borrow'd plumage to array;
Or, as the corn-provision 's dear,
Have thoughts of snipping off an ear:
Or you may turn *King's Evidence*,
And save *your* neck at *my* expence:

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Denounce me at *Grimalkin's forum*,
And lay the Felon-mouse before 'em;
I 'm told (but *that* is by the bye)
That you 're a Ministerial * Spy.
I am a poor *insolvent* Mouse,
And *Rats* desert the falling house.
But now I *see* what you 'd be at —
In other words, *I smell a Rat*.
Armidas with *Rinaldos* play:
But *Mice* are *Prudes*, and run away.

MRS. MOODY AND MRS. INCHBALD BECAME FRIENDS IN ONE DAY, UPON TURNHAM-GREEN.

No Rival Beauties here with jealous pride
The tyrant of the world their slave divide;
No *Jersey* or *Fitzherbert* here we find,
By turns embrac'd, or shifted, and resign'd;
No *Pitt* and *Fox*, in crowded Senates great,
The laurels of their eloquence debate;
No *Syrian* Hero, jealous of the *Nile*,
With faint applause, at *Nelson's* feats can smile:
At once the two *Elizabeths* are found †
In Friendship's wreath on consecrated ground.
A vein like theirs all jealousy refuses
There 's no competitor between the Muses.

* He *was* in *Lord Grenville's* office.
† They were both *Elizabeths*.

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TO THE SIX GRACES,

IN THEIR CLASSICAL DESHABILLE, TWO AT A WINDOW IN GLOUCESTER-PLACE.

In charms unveil'd, resistless Fair,
Your innocent *Actæon* spare!
That mischief hide whose form and hue
Not Age itself can safely view.
No more *Elysium* there present,
If *sight* the passion must content!
Put out my *eyes!* and then I 'm free:
Or let me *touch*, if I 'm to *see!*

TO MRS. JOYCE P——, JAN. 1, 1810.

How dull is Time's new journey here!
How uniform each opening year!
What are its presents? Tell me, *Joyce*—
Gifts ready-made for *Hobson's choice!*
It found thee with endearments grac'd,
With sense, with manners, and with taste;
A *form* that shifting sands have spar'd;
A *mind perennial*, unimpair'd;
A *heart*, for better worlds design'd,
In malice deaf, to censure blind;
A *temper*, cheerful as the ray
That lifts the curtain of the day:
It *found* thee lov'd by all the good;
And what it *found* it has *renew'd;*—
It neither adds, nor takes away:
I have no compliments to pay.

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TO MRS. CATHARINE P——, JAN. 1, 1810.

To a Poetic Spirit's ear
I never hail the new-born year;
For in *Parnassus*, we are told,
The Ladies never can be old.
You 'll tell me that you cannot sleep,
And that your eyes their vigils keep;
But in your Fancy's waking dreams
Are tuneful groves and purling streams;
The form of *Lovibond** appears,
And *Woodson* pelts you with his tears;
The venerable *Handel* chides
Your censure of the *visual guides*†;
And blessings from the lips you fed
Are the Physicians of your bed.
Your Village Minstrel‡ can impart
The musick of his grateful heart;
Nor does it make your bargain worse
That a lov'd *Sister* is your nurse.
You are no stern *Petruchio's Kate*,
For *Cynthia's* brother is your mate;
Nor all the Russias ever knew
A *Catharine* so lov'd as *you*;
Though *teens* are past, you 're still *a belle*,
And your true name is "*Kitty Fell.*"

* An accomplished Poet, who was enamoured of *Catharine P.*
† She has weak sight. ‡ *Kent*, of *Hampton.*

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TO MY COUSIN FRANCES,

COUNTESS OF LONDONDERRY.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

BE never told, perennial Flower,
That blasting winds are aim'd at thee,
Time has its favourites in the bower,
And *they* are from the tempest free.

Bright as in May, when Zephyrs blew,
In thee are *Flora's* jewels crown'd,—
Their bloom retains the *vernal* hue,
Their scents perfume the vale around.

TO MY TWO UNMARRIED SISTERS.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

YEARS, do your worst, and spare not *me;*
For pride and spirits are no more:—
The wind has bent a Summer's tree,
And shatter'd leaves the wreck deplore.

The beams of *Hope,* in *youth* array'd,
Have sunk in gloom *their* hallow'd fire;
The Muse and Fancy are decay'd,
Nor one uplifted thought inspire.

But *you* have left me an *estate,*
That feeds the avarice of *Taste:*—
By Sisters of the *vernal* date,
As *in my teens,* I 'm still embrac'd.

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Their sprightly sense, and glowing pen,
Make Winter's frost a Summer's day,
Atone for perfidies of men,
And with a bury'd Hermit play.

TO MRS. I. WOODGATE, MY NIECE.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

New in the *date* is *Fanny's* year,
No *other novelties* appear:
Bright as the current's mirrour flows,
Bliss at the heart familiar grows.
On her *belov'd* the new-born sun
Has a new birth of taste begun:
A thousand charms unheeded flew,
A thousand more to-day are new.
He *thought* he *could not* love her *more*,
When his proud lips their tribute swore;
But in the charm of Time's delay
His *minute* is a New-year's day.

TO MRS. CATH. AND MRS. JOYCE P——.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

IF "*pouts* in love can love renew,"
December clos'd with not a few;
This opening year dispels them all,
And *Youth* returns at *Friendship's* call.
The bile has left its *Milbourne* shed,
And left no terror as it fled;
Joyce has no swimmings in the head,
And *Kate* an *Elzevir* has read.

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The memory its *tear* forgets,
And she has bury'd all *regrets;*
And can at will her joy revive,
Till *beaux* and flirts in troops arrive.
A summer's beam in Autumn glows,
Age is in colours like *the rose;*
And *Friendship* met me on the way,
Coquetting thus with *New-year's day:*
"When this young century was come,
The last resign'd its annual sum,
And at the peeping light of morn,
You and your friends again were born.
"*You* are eleven years of age,
And wild as birds that broke the cage;
No romping girls like *Joyce* and *Kate,*
Unless at school when pair'd in state.
"At *Blindman's Buff* their fame is known;
At slipper-hunting they 're your own:
Dear innocents! no *harm* they mean,
If kiss'd, or kissing, they are seen.
"But *years will* come, and joy will fly;
You 'll be a *rake,* when *they* are *sly:*
At present it 's the first of *May,*
And you as vernal as the day."
I took the Sibyl at her word,
And found the note of Time absurd;
Across my favourite green I *ran,*
Without a pain that whisper'd *man.*
My nice young flirts, *you* must not flinch
At every tumble, or a pinch:
Eleven should have careless feet —
'Tis not of age to be discreet.

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A MADAME DE ST. L———T.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

(C'est l'Hermite qui parle.)

Age has been call'd "*a Vale of Years;*"
Life, at the best, a *Vale of Tears;*
Love, as *December* nights advance,
At least has parted with romance;
But *St. L———t* a charm has found
That Spring has to the Winter bound:
Upon his furrow'd cheek a tear
No more has clos'd the passing year.
For this, *her* gift—a Fairy's boon—
Is my commission from the Moon;
Prophetic is the potent spell—
I am its Wizard, and *foretell:*
The REGENT, by an Act of State,
Shall *E****d's* trophies reinstate;
Though it 's half-impious to complain
When *Love* 's in the domestic reign.
But in the sun, or in the shade,
Your planet shall be undecay'd;
And you shall *both together sing,*
With pride of heart, on Pleasure's wing:
A turf shall mark the Hermit's bed,
On which no tear that Love can shed
Shall reach in fame, that never dies,
The pearl from *Julia's* brilliant eyes.

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TO MRS. MOODY, OF TURNHAM GREEN.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

AGAIN we live; and *Spring* is at the heart,
Though *Winter* opens the returning year—
'Tis *Friendship* that a sun-beam can impart,
Whose glowing shadows like the morn appear.
She, by no mirrour of *the date* perplex'd,
Feels not a chord of harmony unstrung,—
Calls the *past* year a *witness* for the *next*,
And prompts "*the note of Time*," that *she* is *young*.

TO A LADY,

[CALLED "ATTICA," FROM HER TALENTS.]

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

THAT *News* to *listening* ears were told
At *Athens*—the report is old;
And it 's no despicable sport
For *Athens*, at the *Fountain-Court*.

But *is* it *news*, were I to say
That we are come *to New-year's day?*—
Facts upon oath a witness giving,
Depos'd and sign'd "*that he was living*."

In *France* the *New-year's day Etrenne*
Was *claim'd* by ladies from the men;
But all of these, recorded yet,
Have more of *gallantry* than *wit*.

Yet *something must* "*be sung or said*,"
Gallant, poetic, and well-bred:
Though *verse unborn* the day shall rue,
Yet, like its theme, it may be *new*.

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Truth is for prose; but *Fame*, that *lies*,
Can its own pedestal surprize:
Love has a bandage for *his friends*,
And *makes* the charm that he *commends*.

Be it *your* praise, that you are dull;
That not a single flower you cull
Of those in Wit's *Arcadian* field,
Which Fancy and the Muses yield.

That you 're as tame a household cat
As ever in the chimney sat;
Have no conception of a jest,
And read no *French* that can be guess'd;

That you 're a dab at your accounts,
And style for management renounce;
Like an old nurse your gossip write,
And have no talents—but for spite.

May these bright ornaments of yours
Be such as year on year insures!
And, whether on the land or sea,
Laugh at the Court, but smile on me!

TO MRS. ———.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

I—that am Genius of *the Lake*,
Would fain old *Neptune's* trident shake:
Medicinal at *my* command,
His wave should gently kiss the land.
Won to a *Nereid's* drooping frame,
Whose *youthful* charm could altars claim;
When she was all that Love could boast,
Upon that wave's enchanted coast;

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When glowing Health, and Beauty's pride,
In bonds of Pleasure were allied.
But Health and Youth have taken flight;
The *Nereid* is a mortal quite;
Can feel, upon the bed of Pain,
A persecuting Tyrant's chain;
To Solitude and years resign'd,
Her *shifted graces* crown *the mind.*
With patient Hope, again to thee,
Salubrious wave, she bends the knee.
Upon thy animated shore
Her spirits cheer! her smile restore!
Chace from her side the dart of pain,
And melt the iron of her chain!
With health in thy endearments play,
And bless the morning-star of day
That opens through the Winter's tear
To Hope and Love the new-born year.

TO MRS. ——.

ETRENNE,—Jan. 1, 1811.

ELIZA!—till the *heart* is cold,
Love, such as *mine*, is never *old*;
'Tis thine, as in its youthful days,
When Passion bound the wreath of Praise;
And gave its animated scope,
To Fancy's dream, too proud for Hope.
No *feature*'s chang'd;—and such a *form*
Could an old Hermit's bosom warm,

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Or change — for so the fable* ran —
A wither'd hag — into a man.
But if *those* charms were all decay'd,
Were *those* bright orbs eclips'd in shade,
The lustre of that glowing *heart*
Would a meridian sun impart;
And, mellow'd by the rays of *Truth*,
Would smile upon its *truant, Youth.*

TO MRS. ———.

Jan. 1, 1812.

'Tis now the *twelfth* ill-fated year,
Since from *your* presence I was banish'd;
And yet—the fact, I think, is clear,
That *my* affection has not vanish'd.

When absent you can smile on me,
Away fly all the Hermit's wrinkles;
The eye of *age* you *then* should see,
How *youthfully* its pleasure twinkles!

When that lov'd hand, and flowing style,
Assur'd me last that you were better;—
You 'll not believe me, and will smile,
I kiss'd, and through a tear, the letter.

When of your sufferings you complain,
The rhime, tho' just, no more can please me;
For sympathy attracts the pain,
My temper 's lost, and feathers teaze me.

But who can tell the Hermit's bliss,
The only joy that 's worth possessing,
When Fairies drop unseen the kiss,
And you accept their wafted blessing?

* Vertumnus and Pomona.

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With clear, but unsuspected view,
I soothe your pillow, and revere it,
Fond as when *Hymen* laugh'd and flew;
If 'tis *not Love, 'tis very near it.*

TO MRS. CATHARINE P——.

Jan. 1, 1812.

THOUGH *Lovibond,* sweet Bard, is yours no more,
And fled the tear that could the song adore;
Your sense and wit, the music of the mind,
Are gems that Love and Virtue left behind.
Though with imperfect vision you can *see,*
You 're as *quick-scented* as an *Attic* bee;
You sip with taste the Summer's tempting flower,
In classic beds of sweet *Arcadia's* bower, —
But find, and blushing for the wings that roam,
Your cup of honey better fill'd at home.

To LADY HARDINGE.

Jan. 1, 1813.

To *covet* an appropriate bliss,
The Decalogue has made a sin;
But envy at a *common* kiss
Makes a poor guilt, not worth a pin.
Mine 's an offence that Kings might share,
It reaches Envy's proudest height;
A Sun-beam the inspiring Fair,
And Love my envy'd Brother's right.

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TO MRS. JOYCE P——.

Jan. 1, 1813.

THOUGH *you* are not as *yet* a maiden *aunt*,
I am, alas! too safe as a *Gallant*.
In *Friendship* I have spirits ever young,
With unexampled vigour they are strung:
But *you* are nice, and catch the *Palace air*
From its *deaf Stanhopes**, *Thomas*, and *Fauquere*.
"*Your Agent?*" will *the Governor*† consent?
Or *Cook*‡ forget the sums that I have spent?
"*Your Confessor?*" 'twill never do, my dear;
I keep a *sieve* in waiting at my ear.
"*Your Jester?*" No, 'tis coarse, and worries *Kitty*,
Her *Lovibond* was classical and witty.
Thus failing *three*, dread quarter of a dozen,
Hope smiles upon a *fourth*—I 'll be

YOUR COUSIN.

* *Lord Chesterfield* was deaf as a post, and in years, but celebrated for his graces and his wit.—The other two *Gentlemen* resemble him in all these particulars.

† Her footman is so called, as the amiable and graceful *despot* of the house.

‡ I heard her say to the coachman, through his trumpet, for he too is deaf, "I am told he is poor, besides being so *wicked in other ways*."

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TO GOVERNOR JACKSON,

WITH A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT OF A CROWN IN SILVER.

Jan. 1, 1813.

ACCEPT a gift:—you must not frown;—
It 's not a *Buonaparte's crown*,
But one that Friendship and the heart
For *you*, that boil *their* eggs, impart,
Whose butter'd cakes or toasted roll
Can make me *feel* myself a *coal*
As bright as in the parlour grate,
By *Joyce* approv'd, but not * by *Kate*,—
Whose open gate, and spreading face,
Denote a hospitable grace,—
But whose attention to my boots †
A *virgin*, though a rider, suits:
Farewell!—had I of *crowns* a vein—
Duke of the Hive! and King of Spain!

* It is the *only* point in which they differ; and it is always determined by the *Governor* in *act*—not in *words*, first by a *look*, then by the *poker*, inserted or withheld.

† His mode of *insinuating* that I have *dirty boots* by a manual tender of the mat, which commits a gentle rape on the feet as they pass—no Palace delicacy ever equalled.

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To a Lady, the Writer's accomplished and poetical Friend.

Etrenne,—Jan. 1, 1814.

The times are chang'd;—*Apollo's* wealth
Melts into *recipes* for health *;
And *Pæon* is the name alone
By which the *Cynthian* God is known:
Poetic Zephyrs hither bring,
Though Winter † frowns, a wreath of Spring.
Not for myself I ask the boon,
My vernal age is in *the Moon*,
But for the *Partner of my Lay* ‡
I court *the Sun's* averted ray.
Breathe your soft gales on *Sappho's* bed,
Your *opiate balms* § around her shed,
Her cup of health with nectar fill,
And pain with sweet oblivion kill,
Chace from her life, as year from year,
Through fields of air the passing tear.
Apollo, tune the rescued lyre,
Claim the deserter from your choir,
Till rivals of *your* sway are flown,
And the dear tenant is your own;
Propitiate listening Time's delay,
Nor let *Hygeia's* pinion stray;
My genius and my guide restore,
Till I inhale your breath no more:
Then may the turf to Fame be dear,
And live in a "*melodious tear* ||."

* She was just recovering from a severe illness.
† It was a Winter of almost unparalleled severity.
‡ We often corresponded in verse.
§ Her illness was *painful*.
|| *Milton's Lycidas.*

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POEMS ON RELIGIOUS

AND

MORAL SUBJECTS.

HABAKKUK*.

HEARD ye?—or was it Fancy's ear,
The birth of sound-creating fear?
Or was it Heaven's up-lifted rod,
That spoke in thunder from its God?
Avenging Lord! whom none withstand,
Redeem, and spare a guilty land!

'Tis thine, on spirits in dismay
To shed the heart's enliv'ning ray;
Change for the laurel a defeat,
And sound the conquering foe's retreat;
His pride with panick to alarm,
And give the weak a Giant's arm.

* See Mr. *Nicholas Hardinge's Latin* Poems, p. 11.

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The God, unveil'd on *Paran's* height,
Was girt with streams of blazing light:
Him, every sea, and every shore,
Leap'd from their stations to adore;
The valley rose upon the hill,
And, suppliant, confess'd his will.

Before him, *Plague* and *Famine* came,
Death, and the *Fever's* piercing flame;
Upon his feet, as their attire,
Were sandals of æthereal fire;
We saw his arm with lightning glow,
We saw him bend his fatal bow.

The tents of *Cushan* were dismay'd,
And *Midian's* curtain fear betray'd.
The coward-host of *Egypt* fled:—
Their standards fell, their captains bled.
The *Horse and Rider*, struck by thee,
Were plung'd into the raging sea.

'Twas at the nod that built the earth,
And measur'd with his arm its girth—
'Twas he that quell'd, and with a look,
The Nations that his thunder shook;
The mountains nodded from their cloud,
And stubborn rocks with homage bow'd.

By *him* the rivers are detain'd,
And limits of the sea ordain'd:—
His chariot-wheel the billows cleft;
At *his* command their seat they left,
And through the centre of the main
His armies trod the solid plain.

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The mountains trembled at the sight;
The over-flowing Ocean's height
Uplifted an applauding hand,
And pour'd its heaps upon the land;
The Sun was fix'd; the moon, at rest,
His dread Omnipotence confess'd.

But at the light *his* armour shed,
When fire its radiant lustre fed,
As at a signal, they arose,
And mark'd his desolated foes:
By *his* elect in triumph claim'd,
Upon their crimson banners flam'd.

Against the Sea was God enrag'd,
When thus its fury he assuag'd: —
Could Nature his bar'd arm provoke
To such a faith-surpassing yoke,
When billows, cleft asunder, fled,
And made a rampart of their bed?

Or was it not that Guilt and Pride
Should feel the arm which they defy'd?
Though as a whirlwind they had sprung,
And shouted from their impious tongue,
In Heaven's abode a listening ear
To Hope and Faith is ever near.

I heard him; — and my leaping heart
No more its current would impart;
Pale were my lips, and quivering shook;
Suspended will its hope forsook;
To *Him*, in wild and speechless dread,
My desolated spirit fled.

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Though fig-trees push their bloom no more,
Though vines their absent fruits deplore,
Though olives droop, and fields decay,
Nor flocks nor herds their wealth display:
Yet is my joy at rest on high,
Assur'd of a Redeemer's eye.

There is my sword, and there my shield,
The sword that pious arms can wield:—
Safe against myriads of the foe,
From devious cliffs I look below,
And leave the baffled chace behind,
Fleet as the arrow, or the hind.

CHARITY,

A Paraphrase from *St. Paul's* First Epistle to the *Corinthians*, chap. xiii.

The wicked boast their vain deceits;
But I have still a heart that beats
On thy eternal throne,
That holy thoughts with flame inspire:
Oh, Charity! the votive lyre
Ascends to thee alone.

In vain, had I an Angel's tongue,
Celestial strains by me were sung,
With zeal and rapture crown'd;
Apart from thee, my boasted fame
Is but the echo of a name,
The cymbal's tinkling sound.

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Or what avails it, if I soar?
The dark abyss if I explore,
And view the scenes unborn?
Unless the heart like thee could love,
An idle dream the mist would prove,
And vanish ere the morn.

Could faith of mine the mountain shake,
And where the rock no force could break
If currents were to rise;
Could I re-animate the dust,
And life infuse into the bust,
How vain the envy'd prize!

If all my heritage of lands,
With all the labour of my hands,
Were treasures for the poor;
For Christian zeal were I to burn,
Or patience upon crosses learn,
What wreaths could I ensure?

Unless, in pity shed on me,
A ray were to descend from thee,
And make the temper bless'd!
Unless thy sister, *Peace*, would come,
And make the *heart* a *constant* home,
How vain is all the rest!

As morning's beam dispels the shade,
Whose mantle had the night array'd,
Is *Envy* chac'd by thee;
Revenge and *Malice* — lost in air,
And victims of their own despair,
Away like shadows flee.

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Foe to the vicious — not enrag'd!
From selfish objects disengag'd!
From no proud summits hurl'd!
From all ambition's glare exempt!
And, with a dignify'd contempt,
Superior to the world!

In judgment thou art never blind,
Or to remission disinclin'd,
If tears of Nature plead;
Thy faith, in *mercy* to believe,
Thy joy, the converts to receive,
And bind the wounds that bleed.

Prophetic light will bar the door,
The gift of tongues will be no more,
And miracles will end:
But *Charity*, in youth divine,
Susceptible of no decline,
To no decay shall bend.

Here faint the mirrour, dim the view;
But the Reveal'd *his* brightest hue
Will dart on earth and skies:
The *Sun*, too distant for access,
No more shall dreams and visions bless,
But cheer familiar eyes.

Of all the gems that grace the heart,
And Virtue's cheering light impart,
There is not one like thee:
Their lustre fades, their beams decay,
The dust of years, and swept away,
But thine from death are free.

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PARAPHRASE OF A PSALM.

Let us praise the Lord, my soul,
To the harp that He inspir'd!
Nor, till day shall cease to roll,
Of the endless theme be tir'd!

Let us *fear*, and *love* him still,
For his mercy, and his power!
Nor of life a moment spill,
Careless of the mortal hour.

Let us not in *man* confide!
Nor in *his* imperial throne!
Kings are crippled in their pride,
And their *breath* is not *their own!*

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

When the Virgin bore a child,
Man to God was reconcil'd:
Righteousness and Love could meet
At an Infant Saviour's feet:
Mercy was Religion's part,
And the Temple was the heart;
Poverty had breath to live,
And Resentments to forgive:
Love to enemies could roam,
Never absent from its home;
And the wounded heart could melt
For the hand whose blow it felt.

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Had Redemption told no more,
Well might Kings the Child adore,
And Philosophy disclaim
All its impious Learning's fame.
But above the reach of thought
Was the miracle it wrought;
When, in panting after death,
At the naked spirit's breath,
To avert the penal rod,
It reveal'd a SAVIOUR GOD!

HYMN,

ON THE MIRACULOUS RECOVERY OF A DEAR PARENT.

Jan. 1798.

OH, *thou* whose gale of chilling breath
Can freeze the veins benumb'd in death!
And *thou* whose mercy can reveal
The power to save—the balms that heal!
Accept on thy celestial throne
The hearts that flew to thee alone,
When ghastly terror glar'd around,
And smote the desolated ground,
Presenting, as in storms, thy face
To a devoted helpless race.
Accept the joy that words degrade,
In wonder lost, and breathless made!
Be thy uplifted arm ador'd
For a dear Parent's life restor'd:
A life that, emulating, strove,
To follow the Redeemer's love:
On the calm evening of her day
Let smiling Health resume her sway!

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ON CARE OF THE FUTURE.

Ah! what avails it, proud majestic tree,
That I had made this ornament of thee,
Where never herd, nor shepherd's foot impress'd
The soil that nurs'd thee, and thy youth caress'd,

If, at the impulse of the raging storm,
Thy shatter'd arms the litter'd earth deform;—
And, reft of all its grace, derision's prey,
Thy naked bark lives only in decay?

Alas! in thee I calculated wealth,
Fruit of thy vigour, and luxuriant health!
Mortality is here in all her scope:—
Ambition, *Youth*, *Credulity*, and *Hope*.

AGAINST THE RAGE OF DUELLING.

Sword of Religion, the defence of *right*,
The *Patriot's* courage, and the *Hero's* might,
Why dost thou waste those precious drops of life
In savage feuds of despicable strife?

No lion against lion arm'd we find,
Against the tiger they are friends combin'd:
Is man for shadows, and with man, to fight—
Mercy his hope, divinity his right?

Perish, who first the polish'd murder claim'd,
With *Honour's* plea by counterfeits defam'd!
Thee to the rape of *Passion Folly* bore!
The *name* of *courage* prostitute no more!

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THE SORROWS OF AGE.

Age with freezing hand in vain
Chills *impassion'd Love* to rest;
Grief is *youthful* in its *pain*,
There no *Winter* could be guess'd.

Active is the fever's breath,
Subtle foe to Life's repose;
And the ling'ring hand of Death
Will not yet the eyelids close.

Time, if you can *so return*,
Strike, and speed the destin'd blow;
Give my ashes to the urn,
On my *tears* your mantle throw.

TO THE DEAD.

WHERE is your treasure *now*?—and where is Fame?
Your gems, your sceptre's pride, your beauty's claim,
Inhabitants of dust, and shades of breath!
What *now* imports the race that you had run?
The herald's trophies, or the laurels won?
Your *name* perhaps *may* tell us of—*your death.*

TO A LADY,

WITH DRAWINGS OF HOPE, FAITH, AND CHARITY.

Faith is *Love's credit* — *Hope* the Lover's *guest*,
But *Charity* alone—*does all the rest.*

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TIME AND DEATH.

HERE *Time* upheld me: there oppos'd was Death,
Whose dart was menac'd at a rebel's breath;
"What phantom there," he said, "though wrinkled years
Bend him to earth, a vital form appears?

"Why dost *thou* guard him thus, *injurious Time*?
As if his day was in its vernal prime?
How long is he to live?—or is he never
The soul's bright spirit from its chain to sever?"

Time answer'd, "*He* is not a *vulgar* prey!
The Muses court him, and it 's their delay."
Death shook his dart no more; it left his hand:
He was disarm'd, and it was Time's command.

SUICIDE.

WHEN, by a sudden act of guilt,
The hands of men their blood have spilt,
We pierce with stakes the murder'd frame,
And cover it with marks of shame;
But overlook the Suicide
Of a miscalculated pride,
Which courts the mist that clouds the day,
And throws the light of joy away;
Nor deem the character impair'd,
Of lingering death-beds ill-prepar'd;
Nor brand the dissipated mind,
Which is to all reflection blind;
And, as if piqued at life's delay,
Kills with impertinence the day!

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MERCY.

It is a god-like task to intercede,
The weak to raise, and close the wounds that bleed:
Not all the virtues Nature ever gave,
That want a heart the perishing to save,
Can find acceptance at the aweful throne
Of Him who died for culprits to atone.
"*To Heaven a sinner, as to thee,*" exclaim'd
The guilty son — but still his birthright claim'd:
The Father bless'd the title of despair,
Flew to the voice, and crown'd the filial prayer.
When *Joseph* saw in bonds, and at his feet,
The summon'd captives to his judgement-seat,
The *sword and balance* he no longer bore —
They were HIS BROTHERS, and *he ask'd no more.*

A RHAPSODY ON THE SOUL.

What is it, that, when life 's to part,
Invigorates the youthful heart,
And makes Eternity appear
The harvest of the coming year?
It is that enterprizing flame
Which climbs above the body's frame,
And, soaring to its place of birth,
Parts with its fetters in the earth,
Assur'd that *Mercy* will prevail
When all the works of *Time* shall fail.

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TO THE WINDS.

HENCE to your *Æolian* den,
Vanish'd from the haunts of men,
Piercing *North*, and biting *East*,
Never more to be releas'd!
Or, deliver'd from your cave,
Spare the earth, and smite the wave!

Genius of the *Western* gale,
Come with health to cheer the vale!
Soothe me to *Elysian rest*,
With poetic slumbers bless'd:
Visions that in Fancy's ray
Turn the Winter into *May*.

Love to join thee may refuse;
Come with *Friendship* and the *Muse*:
Breathe on life's departing scene
Airs inspiring, though serene!
Fan me with an eagle's wing
Dipp'd in the *Castalian* spring.

TO MEMORY.

AWAY! tormenter of the heart!
No more with unsuspected art
The cup of joy present!
From Love's regret thy mirrour banish,
Bid thy accusing spirits vanish,
Thy subtle fiends relent!

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TO SLEEP.

Oh, Sleep! the balm of labour and of care,
At whose command the bitter passions flee!
Close every eye that *Argus* opens there,
My joy suspending, and averse to thee!

Were I a King, the Herald should proclaim,
"That jealous Care all night should be at home,
That Love and Youth should unmolested roam,
Nor old nor wise the fugitives reclaim."

GRATITUDE.

Bond of pride, and chord of love,
Wreath below, and wing'd above!
Claim upon the feeling heart
For the gems which you impart!
Creditor whom none can pay
But with blessings in the way!

Who is Nature's child accurs'd,
Who of parricides the worst?
'Tis the bankrupt, who forgets
All the heart's unwritten debts,
And the living hell can prove,
Doom'd for him that cannot love.

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TO FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet bloom, that 's ever in its prime,
Superior to the waste of Time,
Your privilege we all approve—
But wish the *secret* known to *Love*.

TO AVARICE.

Avarice! oh, silly passion!
You 're an object of compassion;
You are made of *human* breath:
Have you never heard of *Death?*
Laugh—and swear "that *you* 're alive,
That your health and spirits thrive;"
Stewards are your *men of trust*—
Can you *dare* to think them *just?*
You are *selfish;* and the sample
Is prolific in example.
You have children—go to bed;
They have mischief in their head,—
Mischief that no power of yours
With its terror kills or cures.
You are *prodigal** and *vain;*
'Tis a host in Folly's train.
You 're *gallant,* and with a girl,
Wealth is *Cleopatra's* pearl.

* This may be called *a bull,* as an attribute of my heroine Avarice; but nothing is more common than for avarice, which is the desire of *acquiring* wealth, to be coupled with prodigality in the expenditure of the acquisition.

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Build! and the Gazette 's at hand;
Mortar is a rope of sand.
You are *in the Funds,* perhaps;
Who can save you from their *traps*?
Stung and goaded by Ambition,
You 're a desperate *Politician*;
And, on *public spirit* bent,
Nestle into Parliament;
For a job, or a connexion,
Buy—*a popular election!*
Human folly's *cruel joke* *
Never took a bolder stroke.
If at home, without pursuit,
You are a domestic brute;
And, afraid of knives that carve,
Like an *Elwes* †, you *can starve.*
Ere your last accompt is come
And a cypher is the sum,
Or, the miser's penal doom,
Comic satire brands the tomb,
Buy, with all this gold of thine,
Avarice of a richer mine;
Make your wealth a cheering stream,—
Not a self-indulging dream;
And, your treasure to ensure,
Be the Angel of the Poor:
Tears of joy your life shall grace,
Blessings fold your last embrace,
And, when life shall be no more,
You shall carry all your store,
Coin which *Time* despairs to rust,
Gems that sparkle in the dust.

* ——— "Ludum insolentem
Sævo cum joco." *Horace.*

† A celebrated Miser.

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ON SEEING TWO BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, JUST IN THEIR TEENS, WITH BOOKS IN THEIR HANDS, FROM WHICH THEY WERE ENDEAVOURING TO REPEAT THEIR TASK.

When brooding o'er their task I see them,
Could wishes from their penance free them,
I 'd make them read their little hearts,
Instead of those pedantic arts;
And *study* to be *perfect there* —
Books to the *homely* they can *spare.*

ON THE SIGHT OF A REAPER'S FIELD.

The *Reapers,* when from toil they rest,
With harvest are in Autumn blest;
But, often as the barn they fill,
It is the Peasant's labour still.
The seed *improv'd* is yet the *same,*
That prompts the will, and crowns the aim;
The offspring of each new supply
Feeds to consume, and lives to die.
No elements like these controul
The seed that forms a human soul:
* 'Tis born Corruption's destin'd prey,
Clad in the vesture of decay;
But incorruptible its throne
When off its earthly veil is thrown;
'Tis born a weak and frail machine,
Though heir to Life's eternal scene;

* This and the following lines are adopted from *St. Paul's* eloquent Epistle to the *Corinthians,* which forms a part of the Burial Service.

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In sleep its partner can deceive,
And seems to die when sure to live;
Ascends, with brighter spirit plum'd,
By Nature's tempest unconsum'd,
When the corruptible is gone,
To put its Incorruption on.
And, when this mortal eye shall see
Its robe of Immortality,
Then shall the saying come to pass,
Though faintly seen through earth its glass,
Death, swallow'd up in Victory,
Has made the captive spirit free;
No sting shall that fell scorpion save —
And where is now the conquering grave?

TO GOLD.

DEATH to the *charities of life* *,
That bless the husband and the wife,
Glow in the *parent's* liberal heart,
And prompt the generous *lover's* part,
Make *brothers feel* themselves allied,
And crown the *filial* duty's pride;
With bonds on which the *soul* depends
Unite the unsuspected *friends;*
Abjure the selfish *miser's* hoard,
And spread with joy the festive board!
Thou cankering pest of Beauty's flower,
And serpent of *Armida's* bower!
Inflaming and perfidious Gold,
That scorns by Honour to be rul'd!
For thee Affection disappears,
And Mercy hides her face in tears.

* *Milton.*

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Hence—to the caves of blasted earth,
And close the dens that gave thee birth!
No more the cup of joy pollute,
Crush the wild harp, and break the lute!
No more from youth's precarious flowers
Withhold the animating showers!
No more for toys that youth engage
Deny the comforts due to age;
Or with averted Friendship's eye
To "*hope deferr'd*" relief supply!
No more, degrading, as you lift
The victim of a tyrant's gift,
With hard conditions make your sport,
And brand the wretch that you support!
As the *Philistian* for his mirth
Made *Sampson* prostitute his worth,
And, for Oppression's bitter scoff,
Took the old Hero's fetters off.

Oh, let us hear the voice again
Of sweet *Content's* angelic strain!
The charm of *competency* ours!
Why envy us the laughing hours?
Why, in *Ambition's* form, create
The jealous heart's envenom'd hate?
What pride for want of sleep can pay,
Or make it noble to betray?

All *India* be reserv'd for thee:
Arcadia be the realm for me!
Be *mine* the hearts that Peace approve,
And mine the cheering notes of Love!
But not of thee—'tis of the Muse,
I 'd borrow her enraptur'd views;
Her dreams, that with affliction play,
And make *her* year *a Summer's day.*

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TO THE SAME.

Gold, before the dazzled eyes,
Cheats the world, appears, and flies;
Near or distant from the view,
Him let other dupes pursue.

I, apart from all his chains,
Blow into the air his pains;
Take the harp into my hand,
And *Elysian* dreams command.

Once I courted *him* — but *he*
Then despis'd and laugh'd at me;
Now his arts on me are tried—
They are baffled, *he*'s defied.

Come, perfidious Gold! and see
What my heart prefers to thee!
Not a chord that strung the lyre
Thee shall worship, or desire.

Love depreciates all thy worth:
He whom thou wouldst chain to earth,
He whom thou wouldst buy to cheat,
Spurns thy jewels at his feet.

Thou, in Pleasure's venal train,
Beauty's altar canst profane;
Thine is bought and perjur'd bliss,
Hymen's mercenary kiss.

Fly to the *Pactolian* shore;
There, alone, thyself adore!
Mine the harp and *Cyprian* Dove —
Short repast, and *years of love*.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE ROSE;

ON THE FAMINE OF 1800.

With me, enlighten'd *Rose*, examine
The real cause of *Britain's* famine:
'Tis not, believe me, in the corn,
Which amply fills the copious horn;
It is not in the reaper's hand,
Accus'd of pocketing his land;
Or in the system of device,
By middle men, to raise their price;
Nor is it in the rich, who buy,
With length of purse, the full supply.
Shall *we*, though Judges, fume and storm,
Extirpate only to reform?
The markets, by an odious name,
Abolish first, and then defame?
Or shall we find in *Pitt* and War
The secret we are looking for?
Is it in *Meynell's* hunting stable,
Or upon *Pharaoh's* raffling table?
Perhaps *Newmarket* is the sinner!
Perhaps 'tis an Election-dinner!
What lame decypherers are these,
To puzzle fools, and statesmen teaze!
As well suppose it in the liquors
That flush the non-residing Vicars,
Or in the female cost of dress,
Which in *Eve's* time could scarce be less!

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TIME PAST AND FUTURE.

A VISION.

I LOOK'D on *Time*, whose days were *past*,
The persecutor fell at last:
Amid the ruins he had made
Himself upon the earth was laid.

Sprung from *his* ashes came to light
Another Time, with colours bright,
The *Time* that 's *present:* but, alas!
Youth, like an ideot, held his glass.

I saw his banners, in their pride,
'Whelm'd into dark oblivion's tide—
I heard him on the bed of death
Call on *the future* for his breath.

"Where *is* the future?" I exclaim'd,
With passion for its charms inflam'd;
Mute was the dissipated spell—
The vision clos'd, *the curtain fell.*

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

YESTERDAY! oh, Time's abuse!
Death alone can *thee* produce,
Thy existence we disclaim,
When it first receives its name:
The survivor is *To-day*—
So wert thou call'd, *Yesterday;*
And, as rolls the wheel of sorrow,
He will have *thy* name *To-morrow.*

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TO-DAY.

Now *the day* begins to rise,
Man's inestimable prize;
All *the past* its death receives,
And the opening *future* lives:
Come, *To-day!* I 'll cling to *thee;*
Pitch thy *Arab's* tent with me!
What is *Yesterday* review'd?
Empty as *To-morrow's* good.

TO-MORROW.

Last intrudes *To-morrow's* gloom,
Stern with his imperious doom;
Tells me of the day that flies;
Never lives, but never dies:
Born when it shuts up the night,
Perishing before 'tis light;
Fancy's child, and Folly's queen,
Lov'd and fear'd, *but still unseen.*

SOLITUDE.

Ye Zephyrs, groves, and fountains, hill and shade,
The weary'd spirit's renovating aid;
With *you* my fortune pants to be retir'd,
And at your image is with hope inspir'd.

Your inmates are *the wise*:—a wreck implores
Your smiling havens, and your peaceful shores;
To the afflicted heart that cannot rest,
In *your* deep silence, comfort is address'd.

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Here *Innocence* with Poverty can dwell,
The day that's welcome, and its calm farewell;
Here stripp'd is Pleasure of the robe that charm'd,
And Peace the *King of Terror* has disarm'd.

HOPE.

HAPPINESS, by all pursued,
In the heart alone resides;
Though appearances delude,
Feelings are the surest guides. —
Hurried joy repents at leisure,
Hope œconomizes pleasure.

TO CONFIDENCE.

AWAY, perfidious charmer, fly;
Nor dupe the follies of the heart!
Without *reserve* all friendships die,
And Love itself has folds of Art.

My secret faults at once I told,
And bar'd my unsuspecting breast;
In gay security was bold,
And partial ears with joy address'd.

In ambush there a serpent lay,
With shaft unseen he took his aim;
Credulity was doom'd his prey,
And biting Wit the serpent's name.

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Had cold Mistrust the tale conceal'd,
Affection would have chain'd Esteem;
But against Folly's tale reveal'd,
I arm'd the unrelenting theme.

The genial faith of careless hope,
For an *Arcadian* scene design'd,
In *Tempe's Vale* finds ample scope,
But not an inch of *Chloe's* mind.

BELSHAZZAR, AND THE HAND;

From the Italian of C. J. Fragoni.

The *hand* which tempers to its will the doom
Of change that is to come — amid the bowls
And cups of gold, and shouts that pierce the room,
Its thunder on the guilty banquet rolls:
It writes upon the wall, "*Belshazzar, die!*
Assyria's impious King shall breathe no more:"
His plumes and garlands in disorder fly,
And groans resound on Pride's unhallow'd floor.
Pale is the feverish coward's quivering cheek,
And scar'd the heart, contemplating the hour
Of desolating Fiends that Heav'n obey:
Exterminating thus, a *hand* could *speak*
To that *Assyrian*:—tremble at the power,
Ye tyrants of the earth — and melt away!

CANTICLE IV.

From Isaiah and Jeremiah.

What charm — the Ruler of the World and me
Bears to her *God* the elevated soul?
Ill-fated mortal! — what is *Man* to thee?
A vain support — an impotent controul.

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His glory's fled — his trophies are effac'd,
Marks of the bounding vessel o'er the main;
Or as the arrow's fleeting path is trac'd,
Ere yet the mark its pointed shafts attain.

Immortal Wisdom from its thunder speaks;
"Oh, child of Man! what bitter fruits are thine!
What fury pours that blood upon thy cheeks,
What hopes deferr'd their agonies refine!

The food that *I* present is Angels' fare,
Nor is it serv'd as diet of the earth.
Approach, if thou wouldst live — a feast is there,
Of precious flavour — and of matchless worth."

Oh, Wisdom, it was thy creating word
That o'er the Universe its mantle spread;
Was in the midst of Ocean's billows heard,
And made the earth sustain her ample bed.

A word — and, as it spoke, the Heaven appear'd,
The Constellations beam'd at thy command;
Her spirit's birth Eternity rever'd,
And what am I, in such a Master's hand?

The Son, bright image of *his Parent*, came;
For *Man* he left his Everlasting Throne;
Came, as of human birth, in Mercy's name,
Affliction cheer'd, and made *the Poor* his own.

Man to a poison'd fountain bends the knee,
Till the unhallow'd stream his lips deplore;
But, when the Cup of Life is held by thee,
No *drop* 's unblest — and thirst is felt no more.

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ANTHEM;

Set to Music, and performed at *Queen Street* Chapel, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, by the Choristers from *St. Paul's*, and Master *Welsh*, for the Benefit of the Philanthropic Society.

RECITATIVE *(accompanied)*.

A Redeemer gave the word —
By applauding Angels heard.

CHORUS.

A *Son of God his* mantle throws,
The lightning sleeps — the waves repose.
Unhallow'd forms of *Guilt* and *Fear*,
Like melting shadows, disappear.

AIR.

No more shall *Infamy* and *Scorn*
Pollute the guilty *Parent's blood*;
No more shall blast the opening bud,
Nor chill the lustre of the morn.
With glowing hearts the *Little Race*,
In efforts rude of breathless joy,
Their infant-orisons employ,
And catch the *fervent* beams of Grace.

AIR and CHORUS.

O, Parent of the Fatherless!
Redeem *thy* offspring — save, and bless!
Here Nature's wreck has found a shore;
Despair shall tempt the deep no more.
Their little flock shall *Angels* rear;
The *Sun* dispels the Shepherd's fear:
On *Heaven's* bright altar *Love* shall rest,
Philanthropy!—thy work is *blest*.

CHORUS.

'Tis *here* Philanthropy is blest,
On *this* bright altar Love shall rest.

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THE ANGELS AND THE FIENDS.

Love, impassion'd with delight,
Claims to earthly *Heaven* the right;
Love in fury can excel,
Then it is the Lovers' *Hell.*

Jealousy calls *Love* her *Brother;*
Both attest their *Cyprian* Mother.
Such to the *Angelic Host,*
Is the tie that *Fiends* can boast.

TEMPER.

If a *Pagan* I could be,
And my choice of Gods were free;
Temper should be one of mine,
Whose impenetrable shrine
Could be seated in my heart,
Never thence one hour to part.
But, if *Pagan* I should kneel,
Hope's ambition I should feel —
That a *heart besides my own*
Shar'd with *me* this *altar's throne;*
And, asserting Beauty's claim,
Bore the lov'd *Eliza's* name.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet bloom! that 's ever in your prime,
Superior to the waste of Time,
Your privilege we all approve,
But wish the *secret* known to *Love.*

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FRIENDSHIP.

She alone is never chang'd,
Never like events derang'd:
Her's the sympathizing tear,
Her's the joys that *mine* endear.

She with fire unimpair'd
Is for age itself prepar'd;
Marks with pity its defects,
And the wither'd bough protects.

FRIENDSHIP, TIME, AND LOVE.

A new-born spirit wakes the rhyme,
Nor Wisdom can its theme reprove,
'Tis *Friendship* in the arms of *Time*,
And resting on the wings of *Love*.

OLD FRIENDS.

I have heard of old *Friends* that Experience approv'd,
And of *hearts* that *must* wait if they hope to be lov'd;
It's the fiction of Courts—for in Liberty's chace
I discover'd that Friendship had Novelty's grace,
That *her* eloquent *eye* was the charter of *Truth*,
And that AGES were bound in the wreath of her YOUTH.

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TO JEALOUSY.

GRACE, or Fury of the mind!
Well experienc'd, ill defin'd!
Come, with moral feelings bless'd,
Friendship's inmate, Virtue's guest!
Bring to Love's contested field
Panoply of sword and shield;
Smile at favourites who have err'd,
But resent the *chilling word!*
Give to Fancy all her scope,
Self-assur'd, and proud in hope,
That *your lov'd* in vain can roam
From the *heart* that is their *home.*
On the *Zephyr's* pinion sail;
Never trust the Northern gale!
Make the subject of thy fear
Not the disaffected ear;
Not the rambling eye or taste
When the new-born *Daphne*'s chac'd;
But the genius of the heart,
Which from thee must never part!
Thine is Love's imperial claim
To an undivided flame,
Never on a *selfish* throne
Making the belov'd his own.
Thou must guard his image too
With a never-sleeping view;
Unaveng'd no treason pass,
Caught in thy discerning glass;
Nor the passions overlook,
Which are blots in Friendship's book;

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But, if *truants* from the chain,
Lead them with a gentle rein!
Drop the sword, and bind the sheath
In pacific Beauty's wreath,
Which can tempt the wandering lover,
And the fugitive recover!
Though inquisitor and spy,
Thou art Honour's firm ally;
Thine are spirits of the just,
And the champions of their trust.
Nothing subtle, nothing dark,
Is for *their* unerring mark;
Nor has earth a realm so wide
As the circle of their pride,
Which, to Love's reward or shame,
Chills the hope, or guides the aim.
Come, and be a dart like this!
Pledge and covenant of bliss!
Diffidence and fears refine,
To the Dove a Serpent join;
Truth's impressive stamp revere,
Self-examiner severe;
Till the *lover* and the *lov'd*
In the ordeal flame are prov'd!

TIME.

Time, as the full of years was nam'd,
Who all his life in journeys pass'd,
Came to a River, and exclaim'd,
"On me an eye of pity cast.
Alas! that *I* should be delay'd,
Who count each moment as it flies:
A boat, in charitable aid,
Before the pelting storms arise!"

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Love, on the River's bank oppos'd,
With many a dancing Nymph appear'd:
All to relieve him interpos'd,
Each trimm'd the boat that Pleasure steer'd.

Love, gaily paddling to the shore,
Came where the good old creature stood;
With gentle force the captive bore,
And stemm'd with art the rising flood.

His oar with grace the infant plied,
And cheer'd his toil with playful rhyme.
"You see," the little boatman cried,
That Love 's the Ferryman of Time."

But soon, fatigued, he pull'd no more;
Alas! 'twas ever his defect!
He gave the passenger his oar,
And felt his wanton spirit check'd.

"Where now," quoth Time, "is *Cupid's* arm;
Too gay to fear, too weak to last?
Mine is the song, and mine the charm;
'Tis Time that pulls—'twas Love that pass'd."

DESPAIR.

THE sympathizing Muse to feather'd grief
In a *melodious tear* * imparts relief.
But, when *Despair* the bosom has oppress'd,
And leaves the heart no interval of rest,
In vain the Bard or Minstrel we implore:
Mute is their spirit, and is heard no more.

* *Milton.*

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JOY.

WHY does not Joy its favourites *kill*?
To *live* and breathe, when Joy is fled,
A doom inflicts, more painful still
Than torments that can reach *the dead*.

LOVE AND PRAISE.

Let Satire with her venom'd sting
Give pain to all that meet her wing,
Disturb their nights, and cloud their days:
Be mine the cup of *Love and Praise*.

Be ever banish'd from delight
The curse of being in the right:
Be mine endearment's partial rays,
Be *my* Reviewers *Love and Praise*.

PLEASURES OF PAIN.

'TIS *true*, that *me*, with roses crown'd,
The tear of Sympathy has found,
And been at once obey'd:
That Pleasure's light, and Beauty's flower,
Have sunk—when pale Misfortune's hour
Implor'd Compassion's aid.

'Tis *true*, that in the *moral grief*
I never ask'd or wish'd relief,
Nor envy'd playful ease:
But *Love* the miracle has wrought,
And *Love* the feeling bosom taught
How dearly *Pain* can *please*!

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OLD AGE.

Oh, how blest are the old, if they bear without spleen
The delights of the gay, and success of the mean!
If, despairing of more, and of good that can last,
They can wait for the sequel, and smile at the past!
If their breast is a calm, which no passions invade;
If their loves are serene, and repose in the shade!
But, above all the rest of their wreath and their joys,
The benevolent mind which their leisure employs,
If they read and reflect—for the learn'd and the wise
Are awake to Distress, are at home to its cries—
Then with wreaths of the Muse and of Genius can play,
Till they fancy themselves are as brilliant as they.

IMITATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES,

WRITTEN BY SIR THOMAS MORE,
UPON THE PORTRAITS OF ERASMUS AND OF EGYDIUS
IN THE SAME PICTURE.

Erasmus and *Egydius*, Twins in Love,
As all the Virtues and the Muses prove,
Like the two Stars of *Leda's* mystic flame,
Congenial spirits into being came.
In local habits to a distance thrown,
My heart is not as near them as their own;
The Painter lends me *his* protecting aid,
By Genius cherish'd, and by Love convey'd.
The absent thus united arts endear;
The *mind* is in *the pen*, the *form is here*.

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ELEGIAC POEMS,

INSCRIPTIONS, EPITAPHS, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TABLET,

IN HONOUR TO

THOMAS PAPILLON *, ESQ.

If *public virtue* can a race adorn,
What child of *Howard* is more *nobly* born
Than he, that for his Ancestor can boast
A *Judge* † impartial, though at *Freedom's* post?
A *Merchant* that, in wealth by Commerce wrought,
Was never guilty of a selfish thought?
A *pious* victim of the chastening rod;
Stern to himself, but humble to his God?
Firm, though oppress'd, against the Tyrant Man;
To hearts that bled, *the good Samaritan?*
A *Moralist*, the champion of his trust;
Friend of the good, and *Parent* of the just?
These are the birth-right — these demand the care,—
And are the jewels of his Fortune's Heir.

* See the "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," vol. V. p. 470.

† See in the State Trials the proceedings against Lord *Shaftesbury* before the Grand Jury.

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But, Reader, *thou* hast claims upon the mine,
For *thou* canst make the generous heir-looms *thine*.
Religion of these treasures was the key —
Be a *Good Christian* — and 'tis held by thee.

ON LORD NELSON'S DEATH.

The wreaths of Conquest on their Champion's head,
Gustavus breath'd his last on Glory's bed;
The God of Battles was the Hero's Guide,
Embalm'd his name, and blest him when he died.
As bright in Council as in War, *Turenne*,
Pre-eminent above the race of men,
The cherish'd Idol of his Country, fell;
A Nation's anguish rung the Hero's knell.
The adverse Legions — an embattled Host —
Mourn'd the sublime example they had lost;
Were proud its glowing lustre to endear,
And grac'd their Model with a Rival's tear.
Congenial was the deathless Honour's prize,
That clos'd in Fame an *English* Warrior's eyes,
When gallant *Wolfe* the shout of Conquest heard,
Fell as he liv'd — and rais'd the parting word.
But *Nelson* — who shall breathe to air the rest,
Imprison'd in the agonizing breast?
By not a whisper'd Muse it can be sung;
It fills the pensive heart — and chains the tongue.
Bath'd is the Hero's laurel in its tears,
And such a Victory defeat appears.

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ATTEMPT AT A VERSION OF LADY LONDONDERRY'S LETTER TO LORD CASTLEREAGH, UPON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON, INTO RHYME.

TRIUMPHANT are the tears; and Sorrow's pride
Was *Britain's* glory, when her Champion died;
Him still they mourn, till Conquest they forget,
And they are like the Hero they regret.
But is it not miscalculated grief,
If Reason's voice be heard for its relief?
No future death such laurels could attain,
Doom of a lingering bed's inglorious pain.
For now his brightest path is to begin;
He gave his life, a deathless wreath to win;
And left a model of Heroic worth,
To that proud Element which gave it birth;
A legacy of emulating love,
That *Britain's* Genius could alone improve;
In such a Death no sting is to be found,
Eternal Victory his grave has crown'd.

INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE PEDESTAL OF

MARQUIS CORNWALLIS,

Inflexible and steady courage,
A sacred fidelity in political trust,
Purity and singleness of heart—
A temper the mirrour of that purity,
A reflecting and well-disciplined judgment
in the most arduous conflicts;
A dignified simplicity of manners,

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and the most elevated sense of honour;
every public virtue and spirit,
every gentle and graceful affection,
made him universally
admired, revered, and beloved;
The Ornament of his Country and the Age;
A Model to Posterity.

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Moody *.

Can *Verse*, that with *Invention* plays,
That Fancy guides, and Wit betrays,

* See before, p. 128. She died Dec. 10, 1814, at an advanced age, but young to the last in her faculties, brilliant as they were.—Blessed with genius by Nature, she took up at an early age a passion for taste in Literature, for Poetical ingenuity, for wit, and for the charm of style, whether in Verse or in Prose: a passion which formed the innocent happiness of her life, and sustained itself against the weight of years.—But it was no barren impulse; for she acquired in her own talents the distinction which in others had interested her youthful attachment and preference: her Muse, in *jeux d'esprit*, and what are called *vers de société*, was gracefully animated by wit, in elegant and flowing numbers. But her Prose was above all power to admire it enough.—Her Letters to numerous correspondents had a variety of talent in that branch of written eloquence, which has been seldom equalled in our language by either sex. They reminded her friends of Madame *de Sévigné:* she had, like her, the talent so well described by *Horace Walpole*, as the magic of *his* favourite, that "of spreading leaf-gold over all her subjects." Whatever she wrote, whether serious or comic, was original, flowing, and beautiful, polished off-hand by taste and good sense.—To a husband who deserved her, she was an admirable wife. He is himself a person of excellent capacity, improved by no common share of learning and of critical discernment.—She was loved and revered by her ser-

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Catch the *bereav'd* * survivor's tear,
That falls upon the tablet here!

A *Husband* — but his breath would fail,
Before the sigh half told its tale —
Clung to the heart he felt his own,
And lives — to *Memory alone* †.

There, in the solitary bower,
The heart recalls its vanish'd hour,
Which Time on Zephyr's ‡ pinions bore,
Till years conniv'd at rest no more ‡.

There, in a cabinet enshrin'd,
The jewels of a polish'd mind,
In all the lustre of their hue,
Are never absent from his view.

That playful note of sparkling Wit,
As on her lips can vibrate yet;
That sympathizing tear again
Wakes to the call and breath of Pain.

vants: their interest was her own; their attachment was filial, and their gratitude enthusiasm.—She was pious at heart; not in the exterior alone, but in the conduct and spirit of her life—in every social and moral virtue. — The unshaken constancy of all her affections was a most interesting feature of her character: in that view, her loss will be so deeply felt that even Time, the merciful comforter, will be interposed in vain. — But may not the Mourners hope to meet her again, where Death shall part them no more? — *Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXIV. part* ii. *p.* 613.

* This affecting word is applied in Scripture to the venerable Patriarch *Jacob*.

† The Rev. *Christopher-Lake Moody*, LL. D. F. S. A. did not long survive his amiable consort. He died Dec. 20, 1815, æt. 62; highly esteemed for his private virtues, his social qualities, his literary acquirements, and his native talents.

‡ This alludes to the felicity of their intercourse, and the advanced age of her life.

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That glowing pen, Affection's pride,
The wand of Genius for its guide,
Lives in the mirrour * unimpair'd,
Which Time has left, and years have spar'd.

"No more," said Love, "a wreath pursue,
Which, like the tear, is ever new,
And fills the heart—expressions fail—
The Painter hides them in a veil †."

But *Friendship*, with intrepid claim,
Shall consecrate *Eliza's* name;
And through "*the vesture of decay* ‡"
Oblivion shall resign its prey.

Though steep'd in tears, the myrtle wreath
Shall on these hallow'd relicks breathe,
And Fame shall tell with pride of heart
That *she* has the immortal part.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MOODY.

No more that flowing pen, by Taste inspir'd,
Renews the *Sevigné* whom *France* admir'd;
Mute is the song, and cold is now the heart,
Whose tone was envy'd—not enslav'd—by art;
Nor female worth to all its graces just,
Nor Love's regret, shall animate the dust.

* In allusion to her Letters.

† In allusion to the veil of *Timanthes*, who, in despair to paint the Father's grief at *Iphigenia's* death, covered his face, and by that image painted it the best.

‡ *Shakespeare.*

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Were Pagans to dispose of these remains,
They 'd waft them to their own *Elysian* plains,
To shades of Genius would her spirit join,
And make the image, like its wreaths, divine.
By *us* the soul is from her chain remov'd,
Her talents ripen'd, and her gifts improv'd;
So *Laura's* Bard his early theme abjur'd,
Reform'd the Lover, and the Saint ensur'd.

INSCRIPTION

ON A TABLET ERECTED IN HONOUR TO

THE HON. GENERAL WILLIAM HERVEY.

"*To Him that sent him*" the Disciple 's gone;
The task is finish'd, and the wreath is won.
A Saviour calls him to his bright abode;
Faith was the guide, and Charity the road;
Nor only food and raiment's warmth he gave,
But strung the labouring arm — from vice to save.
By him the old were cheer'd, the infant prais'd,
And many a soul from gloom to light was rais'd.
The Pilgrim a Redeemer's path has trod,
And sleeps — but in "the bosom of his God."
Heaven's Angel upon Earth to Heaven is flown,
To God's elect, and spirits like his own.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MUNSTER,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 90.

No trace of a departing sun —
The night 's far spent — the task is done;
A soul in princely virtues cast
With Heaven's own wreath is crown'd at last:
And yet *one* loss it *may* deplore, —
For others it can live no more.

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EPITAPH ON LORD HUGH SEYMOUR,

who was buried, at his own request, in the same Tomb with his Wife. She died a few months before him.

PARTED once — the Fair and Brave
Meet again — but in their grave —
She was Nature's brightest flower,
Struck before its drooping hour.
He was *Britain's* Naval pride;
Young — but old in *fame*, he died —
Of domestic * bliss depriv'd,
Still for *Britain* he surviv'd: —
Love — but with a Patriot's tear,
Mourns, *and consecrates them* here.

INSCRIPTION.

To the memory of THOMAS EDWARDES †, M. A.
Archdeacon of *Brecon*, and Vicar of *Clyro*,
in the County of *Brecon*.
He had no other *titles* or *offices* in the Church;
but the absence of additional preferment,
or of station more exalted,
from *his* humble sphere, had no effect

* He had lost his Wife, the most admired Beauty of the age, Lady *Horatia-Anne Seymour*, daughter of Earl *Waldegrave* by the Dutchess of *Gloucester*, then Countess *Waldegrave*.

† Mr. *Edwardes* was collated to the Archdeaconry of *Brecon* in 1763, and died Jan. 21, 1804. He published, "Pity upon the Poor, a Sermon preached June 30, 1801, in *St. Mary's* Church, *Brecon*, at the Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Charitable Fund at that Archdeaconry."

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upon the elevated *character* which he bore in
the world,
or upon the calm dignity of his mind and spirit;
unfading, as well as inherent, honours,
which no acquisitions of rank and fortune could
embellish, or could emulate.
He had the unexampled felicity of being admired,
and beloved, by the enlightened Scholar,
and by the unletter'd Peasant.
His talents for Literature were acute, and brilliant;
his Learning was polished, and sound.
His *manners* were gracefully adorned,
yet playfully captivating.
His *heart* was the *mirrour* of social, moral, and
Christian virtues.
He had no Children,
but was an adopted Father of the Poor.
None ever preached with more eloquence
the "Gospel of *Peace*" and of "*Good-will to men.*"
No *example* ever gave more efficacy and life
to that Heaven-born injunction.
Enemies he never had, as on *his* part he was
Enemy to none.
His *Friends* despair as much to commend
as to replace him.
What his Widow's feelings were,
who survived him for a very short period,
and *who deserved him*
(she cannot be commended more),
may be conjectured, but never can be expressed.
In his last moments this humble Christian,
though a pattern of goodness,
abjured the hope, and even the wish,
of posthumous fame.

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He knew that he should live in the hearts
of those whom he loved;
and he panted for no brighter honours.
Nay, he carried his matchless humility still further:
he deprecated all memorials of him.
But his injunctions have been disobey'd:
that his life may be renewed upon this marble at least,
as a model of beneficent humanity,
and of moral virtue —
that it may impress a very useful
as well as correct opinion upon the world.
Reader! be assured, in contemplating the honours
paid by all ranks of men who knew him
to this excellent man,
that purity of heart, simplicity of honour,
and benevolence of spirit, are the noblest,
and the most interesting features
of the human character.

On the Death of Archdeacon Edwardes.

Shall *He*, whom Wisdom grac'd, and Virtue lov'd,
By Learning cherish'd, and by Taste approv'd,
Whom blessings lost, and grateful tears deplor'd,
With no fond sculpture be to life restor'd?
"*With none*"—the Muse replied; "for in *the heart*
Is jealous fear with such a theme to part:
Not for the chisel of the *Parian* stone,
A tear that silent feelings make their own.
View *Clyro's* peasants at the cottage door,
You need not *ask* 'if *Edwardes* breathes no more?'
Nor in the circle which his bounty fill'd,
Wish a more honour'd sepulchre to build,
Than glowing tablets of the good and just,
Who in *their* bosom have enshrin'd the dust."

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ANOTHER, ON THE SAME EVENT;

Alluding to the Circumstance of the Visit that he received a little before his Death from an intimate Friend, Mrs. P. who was a most *beautiful Woman.*

THE hand of Death his parting soul disarms:
He dies, in Virtue's love—in Beauty's arms:
Descending Angels consecrate the tear,
And *they* accept him—*from an Angel here.*

EPITAPH ON GEORGE HUMPHREY,

A VERY ACCOMPLISHED AND PROMISING YOUTH, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

He was the Son of the Rev. Mr. *Humphrey,* Vicar of *Seal,* near *Sevenoaks,* in *Kent.*

A *Parent* speaks:—"My Sons, this marble view!
And with your own your Brother's life renew.
With talents gifted, and with arts improv'd,
His blushes grac'd the Science that he lov'd:
From *duty's* path his *genius* never stray'd;
His *temper* bless'd the guides that he *obey'd:*
No turbulence of *passions,* foe to rest,
Could stir the calm of his unsully'd breast;
Though on the verge of *man* his parting breath,
He died—in purity—an *infant's* death.

A GENERAL EPITAPH.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHERE are the banners now, that Pride unfurl'd?
Where now the Kings, and Masters of the World?
Imperious Death away their pageants bore,
And wrote this title, "*We are all no more!*"

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On a false Report of Lord Dysart's Death.

The rumour of a *good* man's death
Sounds like a *Virtue's* parting breath.
The tears on *Dysart's* urn deplore
His *generous heart* that beats no more.
But *Fortune* is of *Mercy's* train:
He lives, and we are bless'd again.

ON ELIZABETH VAUGHAN,

A GOOD-HEARTED AND PLEASANT OLD WOMAN.

Revere and bless, whoe'er thou art,
If thine is Friendship's glowing heart,
The shade that 's consecrated here,
And spare to memory a tear!

I ask of thee no cultur'd mind,
Or sense profound, or wit refin'd,
But simple Nature's cheering smile,
And Love that 's innocent of guile.

The social temper's vernal ray,
That gleams upon the Winter's day;
Religion of no gloomy sect,
The manners free, the life correct.

If thou canst bring me gifts like *these*,
I care not who can others please:
Nor *Muse* nor *Genius* I implore—
Her gentle spirit claims no more.

EPITAPH ON MALESHERBES.

He rested calm upon the distant shore,
Nor deign'd his own reverses to deplore;
But flew, the Saint and Martyr to defend—
Religion's Advocate, and Virtue's friend.

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On Lady Georgiana Canning's dangerous Illness, 1804.

And thus can storms of thine reprove,
Oh, God of Peace, of Hope, and Love!
Can this be life, that so can fade?
Breath — of the vernal dews afraid!
'Twas *yesterday* that *Stella's* bloom
Dispell'd all images of gloom,
With spirits of the new-born day,
And fearless of the night's decay;
That Nature, innocent of guile,
Was crown'd with Beauty's radiant smile,
With blushes that surpass'd the rose
When first its bright vermillion glows:
When Love prepar'd the nuptial bower,
And bless'd the consecrated hour.
To-day the vision breathes *no more*,
And friends the lingering dart implore:
'Tis Beauty's wreck; the billows rise,
The rudder 's lost, and *Stella dies* *.

ON AN HOUR-GLASS,

WHICH A DYING LOVER DIRECTED HIS FRIENDS TO FILL WITH HIS ASHES PULVERIZED.

Mark the pure crystal that contains
All that of *Strephon's* love remains;
Dust—in whose emblem is express'd
That Love must never hope to rest.

* She was the fourth daughter to *the Earl of Londonderry*. The illness was a consumption; I had seen her two years before, —a miracle of beauty, and the picture of health. She was born April 23, 1756; married in 1803 to *George Canning*, Esq. of *Garvagh, Londonderry*; and died Nov. 17, 1804.

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EPITAPH ON MISS MARIA CARR *,

Daughter of the Rev. COULSON CARR, Vicar of *Ealing*.

HERE, by the consecrating heart enshrin'd,
Repose an Angel's form, an Angel's mind,
Peace, Hope, and Love, the guardians of her sleep,
Around the hallow'd shade their vigils keep,
Till, parted from its "*vesture of decay* †,"
The night of death shall meet the living day:
Ye Sisters, Brothers, Parents, weep no more—
Look up, and the departed Saint adore!

When Youth and Joy their playful circle trod,
The soul was pure, and ripen'd for its God;
But when from Beauty's cheek the roses fled,
And thorns usurp'd the pillows of the bed,
Oh! what a gem her innocence appear'd!
The fading scene—what bright affections cheer'd!
Though Death his arrows at the victim shook,
How sweet the manners! how sublime the look!
With anguish tortur'd, with disease consum'd,
Her patience conquer'd, and her spirit bloom'd;
Though panting Nature felt its tone oppress'd,
The bosom was at peace, the heart at rest:
With grateful eyes the debt of love she paid,
And bless'd the offer'd boon, the wish obey'd:
When scarce her lips could move, her voice be heard,
Endearment's tribute was the parting word,
And left a radiant smile: to Heaven she rose,
To her own harmony, her bless'd repose;
Where Innocence and Love united reign,
Maria lives, and is *herself* again.

* She died of a consumption, in 1798, at the age of nineteen. A more beautiful creature was never seen; but so lovely was her mind, that she must have enchanted all who knew her intimately if her features had been plain. † *Shakespeare.*

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EPITAPH ON LIEUT. EDWARD CARR,

(SON OF THE REV. COULSON CARR,)

who died in the Naval Service abroad, in 1802, in his 21st year.

TO DEATH.

" *Insatiate Archer! could not* ONE *suffice**,"
Though Love and Beauty were the arrow's prize!
When all the charms a matchless form combin'd
Were but faint shadows of the Angel's mind†?
Nor *yet* couldst thou relent, when playful years
Were clos'd in anguish, and were lost in tears—
When Hope's gay spirit, innocently wild,
Fled as it *kiss'd*, and perish'd *as it smil'd*?
A gallant youth, by martial spirit grac'd,
By honour cherish'd, by the heart embrac'd,
Love's pride and wreath, as *Brother*, *Friend*, and *Son*,
Is a *third* laurel which thy arm has won‡.
Spare, King of Terrors! from thy ample store
At least have mercy *here*, and strike no more!
Avenge the poor, and moralize the tomb,
With falling *Pride*, Ambition's penal doom!
For guilty banquets be thy shafts decreed!
Go to the *selfish* heart, and make it bleed!
Here sacred be the mark that Virtue bore,
When the *destroying Angel pass'd the door* §.

* *Young's* " Night Thoughts."

† See before, p. 208.

‡ His brother *(Coulson Carr)*, died in 1799, of a contagious fever, at the age of 13.

§ *Exodus*, chap. 12.—This allusion adverts to the contagious and pestilential maladies which robbed Mr. *Carr* of his children. It points also at another son, then in the *West Indies*.

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TO MISS C. CARR.

Forgive the Muse, that with her cheering voice
Invites "*the House of Mourning*" to rejoice!
Forgive the harp, that with its nuptial strains
From a dear Brother's urn thy love detains!
Forgive the wreath its colour of the rose,
That blooms for thee where Spring its mantle throws:
Nor deem it insult on a Sister's grief,
Nor shun with Sorrow's pride the heart's relief.
"*The Teacher Death**" to filial worth has taught
A nuptial prospect in a pensive thought:
Though charms adorn thee, is the gem ensur'd?
Has Beauty her *precarious* lot abjur'd?
To thee will *Youth eternal* garlands bring?
For thee has Fortune chain'd the Zephyr's wing?

* * * * * *

ON MRS. TROWER'S DEATH.

How few, alas! on earth possess
The love that Angels guide and bless!
The gentle sweetness, charm, and grace,
Which the mind's beauty lends the face!
With such a consecrated air
The parting smile could soothe despair,
Till Faith, whose wings to Heaven can soar,
Points at the gem that fades no more.

* *Pope.*

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TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. CATHARINE BASSET *.

THE social and the moral Virtues here
Glow in their ashes, and survive the tear:
They live not in the monuments of art,
But stamp their breathing image on the heart,
There Memory, with Hope's enlivening ray,
Parts from the soul its vesture of decay;
Like that ascending spirit wings her flight
From earth and sorrow to the Realms of Light.
But *we* have claims upon the good and just:
Example is their prompter in the dust.
That hovering Angel of the relicks here
To honest Fame the mirrour shall endear.
No modern arts her graceful ease refin'd —
It was the current of a gifted mind.
Her gentle sway, to Love and Friendship known,
Was in that circle an imperial throne.
Prompt at the silent plea of the distress'd,
Her blessings were as mute at the request;
And, the *maternal* office to impart,
A *vestal* matron had a parent's heart: —
That aweful trust her feelings could ensure,
When Love's adopted children were — *the Poor.*
But of their pride *these* honours to disarm,
Religion was the wreath, and bound the charm;
With Christian hopes, Redemption for their guide,
As on the bosom of her God, she died.

* Daughter of the late Rev. *John Basset*, Prebendary of *Landaff*. She died at *Cardiffe*, in June 1810, aged 64.

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PILATRE.

Balloons were the topics one day at *Cardiffe;* and, at the Table of the Judges, attended by the Counsel, the death of *Pilâtre de Rosiere* was represented by Mr. *William Nicholl*, then *Attorney General*, and a very ingenious man, as follows: — He said, that both of the two Aëronauts fell *two thousand feet;* that one of them perished immediately;—that the other moved after he touched the earth, and was heard to say—"*Mon Dieu.*"

Pilâtre fell two thousand feet;
His limbs, when stripp'd, were black and blue.
It has been said, "He was not *sweet;*"—
But *Nicholl heard* him cry—"*Mon Dieu.*"

The air, as such, through which he fell,
On Death's account, a cypher threw;
The mouth, if shut, and guarded well,
Could leave him breath to say—*Mon Dieu.*

'Twas *not* the air that broke his head,
Though faster than *he* wish'd it flew;
And, falling on a feather-bed,
He might have *sung* the words—*Mon Dieu.*

A case in point, of neutral air,
From cats the same reporter knew;
From equal height *they* fell—with care,
And jump'd, as well as *cried—Mon dieu.*

From *Dover Cliff* to *Dover Sand*,
That *Glo'ster* fell—no problem grew:
The Duke, with judgment, kiss'd the land,
And said, in time, the words—*Mon Dieu.*

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When thrown from the *Tarpeian* rock,
The culprit, had he known his cue,
Prepar'd below to meet the shock,
In *Latin* would have said—*Mon Dieu.*

The *Lover's Leap,* no more the test
Of hopeless passion's flame I view;
'Tis all a fudge,—the leap 's a jest,
And a *new love* is the—*Mon Dieu!*

The Bard that, *plung'd in endless night* *,
Could have reform'd the wizard crew;
Like parachutes had wing'd his flight,
If chang'd his curses to—*Mon Dieu!*

But still 'twould make the vision clearer,
When facts are wonderful, though true—
If a long bow were lent *the hearer,*
Lest *he* should *stare,* and cry—*Mon Dieu!*

On the Death of a most beautiful young Woman, in Child-bed.

Are these propitious *Hymen's* fruits?
Must Beauty feel the shafts of Death?
When Spring the tender blossom shoots,
Why darts the South his tainted breath?

Extinguish'd is the torch of Love—
Near the cold urn these ashes fill:
In anguish mourns the *Cyprian* Dove,
And *Flora's* tears their odour spill.

* *Gray's* "Bard." See the Ode.

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The youthful Brides are struck with fear,
When Love has crown'd the nuptial bed;
In *Stella's* fate their own they hear,
And willows in the wreath are spread.

But let them smile, and be secure!
Since *Death* from *Love* these trophies bore:
His *pride* must *other* Nymphs ensure;
He 's gone to rest—*and strikes no more.*

EPITAPH ON MISS D———.

THE gentlest bosom Virtue ever sway'd,
And Virtue in a lovely form array'd,
Is wrapt in mouldering earth, and silent gloom,
Till Saints redeem *their* Sister from the tomb.
Flow, precious tears!—the soothing hand attest,
That spar'd the feelings of the heart it bless'd!
Record, bright Faith, a pure and spotless mind,
In hope unweary'd, and in pain resign'd!
But most, ye melting sympathies, deplore
Two undivided hearts *, that beat no more!
The lamp of *Hymen* waited for its hour,
And smiling Angels had prepar'd the bower;
When both at once, in blooming Nature's pride,
Felt the envenom'd arrow at their side:
Yet weep no more! it is their night of rest—
The Morning-star shall find them wak'd, and bless'd.

* Miss *D.* was to have been married soon. Her future husband and herself died of a contagious fever. She survived him a very few days.

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ELEGY.

Ah! where is Time, whose day was young,
When *Lucia* danc'd, when *Emma* sung;
When Love and Friendship grac'd the bower
With a new wreath for every hour?

The Syren Pleasure took her aim,
The Fiends of Discord blew their flame:
The Passions rul'd, the Virtues fled,
Pale as the rose of *Hymen's* bed:

Capricious Fame the signal knew,
Turn'd like a jilt, and backward flew:
Ambition droop'd, her streamers fell,
And Mischief bound the lurking spell:

The Furies of Detraction born,
Base Obloquy, envenom'd Scorn;
And subtle Fiction pierc'd the name
With curses loud, or bitter shame.

EPITAPH.

Here lies who lov'd his glass, and sung, and play'd:
The Muse with Love and Fancy he caress'd;
Was in the lap of Joy and Beauty laid,
By Wit enliven'd, and with feelings blest:
Adversity, with cheerful spirit brav'd —
Nor felt a moment's pain unless to find,
That many an hour his arm no friend had sav'd,
His love no mistress in its chains could bind.

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EPITAPH.

DON'T believe the dull fiction—that *Emma lies here;*
She has risen from Earth on the wings of a **Dove.**
In the Angel we saw till her twentieth year,
Not a beauty is lost by the Angel above.

WILL AND BET*.

WHEN Summer's genial days are gone,
And Winter puts her livery on;
Of all the Suns that ever set,
Be mine, ye Fates, like *Will* and *Bet.*

There *was* a time, though now 'tis past,
When *she* in Beauty's mould was cast;
Her eye still beams — a dimple yet
Recalls the envy'd smile of *Bet.*

The time has been — it is no more —
That *Will* a Wrestler's † figure bore:
Nor yet he 's bent with age — and still
There is an air that graces *Will.*

* At *Park Place*, near *Henley-upon-Thames*, now the seat of Lord *Malmsbury*, in the loveliest of all situations, commanding views of the *Thames*, is a beautiful cottage, built and furnished by the late Marshal *Conway*. *Will* and *Bet* were its *Darby* and *Joan*. They were old servants of General *Conway;* and they had every comfort that age could hope or wish conferred upon them by him. Both were chatty, but never too free; and it made one happy to contemplate *their* enjoyments. I passed a day at this cottage on cold provisions from the inn. — These good creatures waited upon me; and I wrote this little Poem to their honour. It has the fidelity of a portrait.

† He intimated (but with a becoming modesty) that when young he had been much admired as a Wrestler.

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A loving heart survives in both,
And years have crown'd the nuptial oath;
She to this day is *William's* pet,
As *he* the idol is of *Bet.*

A competence of rustic fare
In this delightful cot they share:
Their grateful hearts no boon forget,
Your smiles *are paid* by *Will* and *Bet.*

No fame that *Conway* has achiev'd
A wreath so brilliant has receiv'd,
As when his *name* can spread the net
For pride of heart in *Will* and *Bet.*

'Yes, it was *here,*' said *Will,* 'he *sat:*'—
'There, *Will!*' said he, 'lay down my hat!
Though out of place — we must not fret,
But laugh and chat with *you and Bet.*'

'In all that *bears the shape of men* *,
We have not seen *his like* * again:
For him the poor man's tears are *wet*†—
They lov'd him — just as I love *Bet.*

'Your Honour sees in this old girl
A wife that is the husband's pearl;
But here no *dainties* you can get,
The *heart is all* in *Will and Bet.*'

It is not age that here declines,
And ploughs the cheek in furrow'd lines;
But *Peace* and *Conscience, out of debt,*
That play with *Time* in *Will and Bet.*

* Two passages in *Shakespeare,* quoted *unconsciously.*
† *Shakespeare* again — "Are those tears *wet?*" *Lear.*

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OVER WILL AND BET *,

UPON A TURF NEAR THE COTTAGE AT PARK PLACE.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives."
Death itself could not part them.

To Fate the universal debt
Is paid at last by *Will* and *Bet*.
At *William's* paralytic side,
With Christian hope the Matron died.
Hope, that again, with lighter feet,
Their youth renew'd, the pair would meet:
Will took the hint † — resign'd his breath —
And smil'd upon the hand of Death ‡.

UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

From the French.

THE fiends that envy'd my illustrious fate,
At length have pour'd on me their venom'd hate:
My life a *shadow*, though its *breath* is left,
Of *Henry's* animating love bereft,
He, on whom Nature's proudest gifts were spread,
Lies number'd in the myriads of the dead.
What night so dark as the funereal gloom
In which Despair envelopes *Henry's* tomb.

* Whose happiness and whose amiable character Mr. *Hardinge* had witnessed some years before, and had hitched into rhyme at their cottage. See p. 216.

† He had a paralytic seizure.

‡ *Bet's* attendance upon him near her death. He survived her but a few days.

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THE MASTER'S ELEGY,

OVER A DEPARTED SERVANT.

THOUGH it was *Edward's* fault alone,
That saddles fail'd, and I was thrown;
Though seldom he has kept his word,
Or Truth to Falsehood has preferr'd;
Though, in the memory of Time,
Our tablets never yet could chime;
Though like a ruffian he would scold,
When of neglect or folly told;
Though Disobedience, bold and proud,
For penal judgement cry'd aloud:
The heart, alas! was born to feel,
Before the head its doom could seal.
It may give sentence — and it must,
Against the Judge, for *being just.*
If *Ned* was rude, it is not clear,
That *I* was never *too severe:*
If *He* could *lie* — though Truth 's a jewel,
It *may* have been *too harsh* and *cruel:*
His virtues cross me in my way,
And rise in all their stern array.
Besides — in *age* I should remember,
It *has* been May, though *now* December.
There was a time when Love and Zeal
On Toil impress'd *their* glowing seal.
The Morn was bright, and gay the Noon,
Then is a Servant's *honey-moon;*
But separation is a curse,
And "*better*" should redeem the *worse.*
His *faults* are scatter'd in their flight;
His *worth* for ever in my sight.

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Except in girts—a better groom
Is not alive in *Edward's* room:
To *me* sometimes he has been tart,
But still my horses won his heart:
A *sans-culottes*, perhaps, he 'd have me,
But like an Angel he could *shave me.*
For many an hour he 'd not be seen;
But, when he came, I saw him clean;
He read my letters on the table,
Which in decyphering made him able.
To Lawyers, Taylors, Cooks, and Jews,
He took and *sent* my *billets-doux.*
He told me that I could not ride,
But *he* display'd the horseman's pride.
Though he could write, he could not spell;
But none have drest my hair so well:
Though now and then he 'd laugh at me,
'Twas my indulgence made him free.
He was, too, sharp as a debater,
But an incomparable waiter.
In short, a little more observant,
He would have been a charming Servant.

EPITAPH.

Here lies whom courtesy a *Woman* call'd,
In durance of a petticoat enthrall'd;
But *she*, asserting *Nature's* genial plan,
Was in *the sex of intellect*—a *Man.*
Her daring spirit was above restraint,
Forgave the Sinner—and provok'd the Saint:
In eloquence a *Fox*—and keen as *Pitt*,
She temper'd Satire's edge with comic wit;

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Oppression's foe, the helpless to defend,
Inflexible as enemy or friend.
She rul'd the circle with imperial pride,
And made her will the undisputed guide;
Was of no Church but that which Nature built,
Nor prayers nor blessings on the altar spilt.
On *man* she had *opinions* * of her own,
Which made her *passive*—upon *Hymen's throne*,
But was in *theory* a charter'd rake,
With *feelings* cold as *Iceland's* frozen lake.
Her *taste* was conflict; she of course *oppos'd*
The fact averr'd, the sentiment propos'd.
She laugh'd at bliss that soft endearments prove,
Nor ever dreamt of sympathy in love;
With graceful ease *protection* could impart,
But never touch'd one fibre of the heart.
A *Russian* Pioneer her limbs defin'd,
Herculean were the sinews of her mind;
Her independent genius, bold and free,
To knave and fool could never bend the knee.
"*Just her conceptions, natural and great* †,"
Spoke their own language, and with sterling weight;
For arts and learning she abjur'd the taste,
Nor on the *tinkling* Muse a thought could waste;
Yet priz'd the vein that *Sappho*‡ could inspire,
And blew the gifted *Yorick's* § classic fire;
Explor'd each character, and through it saw,
Nor spar'd the *Court*, the *Sceptre*, and the *Law*.
In short, the mind's *Linnæus* to perplex,
A sudden whim of Nature—*chang'd the sex.*

* She imparted them to me, and I *dare not* repeat them.

† A line from *Churchill*.

‡ A female Poet of genius and of taste, and one of Mrs. ——'s favourites.

§ A very original and clever man.

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An Address to the Tomb of Charles Fox, buried in Westminster Abbey Oct. 10, 1806; —written on the Day of his Funeral.

Così fuggendo, il mondo seco volve,
Nè mai si posa nè s'arresta o torna
Fin che v'ha ricondotti in poca polve.
E non pur quel di fuori il tempo solve
Ma le vostr' eloquenze, e i vostri ingegni.

Petrarca.

And is this all of that accomplish'd mind?
His Country's pride, and friend of human-kind?
This mournful pageant that surrounds the bier?—
Phantoms of grief that rise and disappear?
Shall Death involve in his unfathom'd gloom
The virtues that aspire beyond the tomb?
Though in this Gothic pile's illustrious shade
With Kings and Heroes Death his bed has made,
Are sculptur'd honours all that *Fox* may claim?
Shall urns and busts alone transmit his name?
Can monuments from Time's oblivion save?
These are the glowworm's lustre on the grave!
Genius! in whom the dead repose their trust,
The Sainted Guardian of the sleeping dust,
Thine be the task, for thine 's the Muse's fire,
To guide the chisel, or to wake the lyre!
Thine to illumine the Historian's page,
And bid thy Heroes live through every age!
Here shall the Muse her glowing wreath sustain,
For him that spurn'd Ambition's *venal* chain,
Won from the Rival Senator applause,
And charm'd the listening world in Freedom's cause!

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Enlighten'd Statesman, of exalted mind!
Philanthropist, embracing all mankind!
Guide of the weak, and friend of the oppress'd!
The advocate of Peace, by honour bless'd!
Let such bright annals, wing'd by hallow'd Fame,
Bear to remotest worlds this *honour'd name!*
And, when memorials of a texture frail,
With all the sentinels of Time, shall fail,
Though Time himself upon the watch could sleep,
Eternity the sacred charge will keep.

ON THE NEW-YEAR;

TO AN ADMIRED FRIEND OF THE OTHER SEX *.

Another year on Friendship's book
With steadfast eye begins to look;
The heart, with pride of honest pleasure,
Explores the jewels of its treasure,
Finds not a lustre to condemn,
And glows at each unfading gem.
Sure they are pictures, I exclaim,
That from a *Titian's* pencil came,
Which years with mellow tints improve,
And with whose evening Time 's in love.
The ardent bosom's glowing zeal,
And polish'd honour's brilliant seal;
The commerce of enchanting verse,
And partial judgment, Fancy's nurse,
Enlivening dreams of youthful joy,
Which no records of birth destroy.

* *Mrs. Moody.* See before, p. 160.

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Blush, idiot *Love!* and, vanquish'd, own
The guards of thy inferior throne!
'Tis *Friendship* that, in league with Time,
Shall above all *the Passions* climb,
And, firm as adamant, sustain
The champions of her blissful reign.

A RHAPSODY ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

July 1804.

The Sun was bright, the form unseen,
An *Ariel* whisper'd, "*All is best:*
Nor pale thy cheek, nor figure lean,
With a gay spirit thou art bless'd.

"Ascend the hill, and look around;
Compare the lustre and the shade!
Recall the past, that smil'd or frown'd;
With Reason's touch the colours aid!

"The wreath has droop'd, the world is lost,
The nuptial joy has broke its chain;
By Fortune's minions thou art cross'd,
And reft of all her pageant's train.

"'Tis *one* impression of the change:—
But other pictures are at hand,
With a bird's freedom thou canst range,
And see the tempest from the land.

"When Fortune hail'd thee, all were friends,
Whose love the *gift* or *feast* could buy:
But, when Distress the victim bends,
Averted is the Courtier's eye.

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"Suspicion poison'd Fortune's joy,
'*They love my purse*,' could then be said;
But fear of treason they destroy
Who bind the wound, and lift the head.

"If thou hast virtues that are priz'd
When they are level'd in the shade,
The homage cannot be *disguis'd*,
And by no *sycophant* be paid.

"The cares of life, that passions waste,
Leave all her peaceful charms behind;
They have no elbow-room for taste,
And for the heart no leisure find."

ON A MOTHER AND A DAUGHTER.

How can Love distinguish *them*—
Flora's branch and parent-stem?
When the *rose-bud* joins the *rose*,
He despairs to interpose.
Beauty's claim, disarming choice,
Reconciles the partial voice;
All the wreaths that *one* shall gain,
Still the other can *retain*:
Each accepts the wreath conferr'd,
When the other is preferr'd.
For competitors of art
What a lesson they impart!
In the task by Fate design'd,
Is the difference confin'd;
One *prepares* to *be a Mother*,
Just as lovely as the other.

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TO AMORET, ON STELLA'S DEATH.

When *Youth* and *Beauty* in their shroud
Awaken a religious fear,
The *King of Terrors* cries aloud,
And claims the moralizing tear.

It is not helpless Nature's grief
That *such* a call from thee demands;
But *Christian* fear, that prompts relief,
And penance of the heart commands.

The dozing morn, the feasting night,
In Beauty's gay and wanton bower,
Doom, with a self-accuser's right,
The solitary culprit's hour.

Oh! check not sorrows bless'd as these
By *Admonition's* hallow'd rod!
Invoke distress, and *fly* from ease
To pain—the messenger from God!

It comes, with mercy on its wing,
To wounded hearts, that bleed with shame,
Reforms them with its penal sting,
And pierces only to *reclaim*.

Not ev'n, dear *Amoret*, in thee
Unclouded is the moral grace,
Nor is the heart from errors free
That glows on that ingenuous face.

What! hast thou *never* danc'd and sung,
With such impatience to excel,
That *pride* upon the accents hung,
And made the footstep move *too well*!

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Has ornament with Beauty's hope
The toilette *never* discompos'd?
In Vanity's unbounded scope,
Till flattering smiles the tumult clos'd?

Has *rival* Spleen's envenom'd gale
Been foreign to the whispering tongue?
Has Envy *never* made thee pale
At *her* success whose knell is rung?

But, these aton'd, is nothing left
That chast'ning Sorrow can reprove?
Shall wasted hours, of good bereft,
Nor penance claim, nor follies prove?

Oh! hear *again* the *Angel's voice*
That in the dance "*your soul requir'd**;"
And cried, "'Tis impious to rejoice,
For *Stella* now has just expir'd."

A POETICAL (BUT RATHER DIFFUSE) ACCOUNT OF THE PARLOUR, IN WHICH IS A PRINT OF GENERAL WOLFE'S DEATH.

WHERE in the gallant Hero's parting breath
A Victor's wreath has crown'd the bed of Death,
Parental blessings and fraternal joy
A Daughter's and a Sister's life employ,
Till *Cupid*, jealous of the parlour's mirth,
Stamps on a lover's claim superior worth.

* New Testament.

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Pale at the laugh, and peevish at the jest,
With envy I contemplate *Charles* the guest;
Make *Fanny's* eye my torture and my theme,
Or muse in visions on the purling stream;
Take aim with *James*, but never kill a bird,
Or patch with *Tom* his clock* that none have heard;
Or in the barn aboard his vessel † sleep,
Ensur'd against the terrors of the deep.
Alas! I rave;—nor *James* nor *Tom* is here;
I call on *Fanny*, but she will not hear:
With *M******* ‡ she divides the senseless joker,
And reads the Gospel of the day with *C***** §;
Writes prayers and sermons till her eyes are dim,
Or sings with *David*|| a *Moravian* Hymn.

ELEGY UPON TWO ELMS;

PARODY ON PART OF THE LYCIDAS IN MILTON.

Where, Sylphs and Fairies, pray were ye
When my two Elms came down, you see?
For neither were ye to be had
Where Poplars make old *Budgen* mad,

* *Tom* has a mechanical genius, and has made, he says, a wooden clock; but the Fairies and he have settled that account between them.

† He has also made a ship, which is much admired, but enjoys a perfect sinecure in the barn.

‡ Miss *Marsham*, Lord *Romney's* sister, a dear friend of Miss *Best*.

§ This was written upon a Sunday. *C***** is a very accomplished Officer, and playful in his general manners; but has a religious turn, and is fond of reading Scripture.

|| Not the King of *Israel*— but the Curate *pro tempore* of *Boxley* Church.

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Nor yet where claret *Franks* inspires,
Nor where old *Dick* to ditch retires.
But, sure enough, I 'm sleeping now,
You could not there have sav'd a bough;
And might as well have supp'd in *Dover*,
When these two Elms fell toppling over.
Nay, what could Love and *Venus* do,
Solicited in vain by *Q.*?
Whom Operatic Belles lament
When they to cherish him are sent;
When, at the rout by *Thomas* made,
With stick upon the courier laid,
The father of those tempting misses
Refus'd his Antiquary kisses!

EPITAPH ON A TOURIST.

At home the Pilgrim never yet could stay,
But pass'd his time upon the King's highway:
His *Arab's* tent and fugitive abode
Are emblems of the tour when life 's the road.

OBLIVION PREFERABLE TO REGRET.

I 've lost the *vision* that as lightning flew—
Oh, could I but have lost its *image* too!
Since happiness *lives* only in *regret*,
Lie still, my heart; and *sleep* till you *forget!*

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FRAGMENTS OF A VISION,

FROM THE ADMIRED LATIN MONODY ON THE DEATH OF A HUNTSMAN, ONE EVAN BY NAME.

YE that *Hubert's* * call attend,
Still the Hunter's guide and friend —
Ye that best the horn can blow,
Which *the Saint* has left below —
Mute be all its cheerful tones!
Give it breath for sighs and groans!
Tell the winds, and echoing shore,
Evan's thrown,—he hunts no more.

* * * * * *

Here, on level ground or slope,
Swift in pace, and keen with hope,
Evan, with his dog and spear,
Hung upon the panting deer;
Early as the morning's dew
Over hills and copses flew;
Wing'd as air, and whirlwind pass'd,
First abroad, and home the last;
Though meridian sunbeams fir'd,
Never slumbering, never tir'd,
Fresh as morn, though day was fled,
Sunk and lost in Ocean's bed.

We, alas! with him no more
Field and thicket shall explore!
Vain the lark's enlivening song —
Evan's night is very long;
His the calm eternal sleep,
Ours the waking doom—to weep,
Oft as *Hubert's* horn shall speak,
Puff'd no more by *Evan's* cheek.

* * * * * *

* *St. Hubert*, the Saint of the Chace.

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A LATIN VERSION OF TWO ELEGANT AND PATHETIC EPITAPHS*, IN ENGLISH, ON TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

I.

Mori parata, cur moretur emori?
Cietur; alis evolat; breve est iter,
Per somnum et umbras, in sinum Dei, *suis.*

II.

Pura nimìs fuit illa ut in hâc tellure moretur;
Spernit humum celeri pennâ, et in astra fugit.
Arrisit velut umbra parentibus orta beatis
Per breve momentum luminis ætherii.
Spes tamen hæc superest; ipsa in penetralia cœli
Sublatum ex oculis lumen, amore, sequi.'

ELEGY ON —— ——, ESQ.

HERE lies an olio of ragouts,
Of collops, fricassées, and stews;
Of *Norfolk* turkeys, *German* ham,
And steaks from the *domestic lamb;*
Of turtle fat, of *Bristol* dories,
(No questions ask'd on Whigs or Tories);
Of *soupe la reine,* and *fricandeaux,*
Of summer bucks, and winter does;
Of all that pays the knife and fork;
Of claret that eludes the cork,
Of *Burgundy, Champaigne,* and *Cape.*
Yours, oh ye worms, is now the rape!
Nor spare the exquisite *liqueurs;*
For *they,* with ********, are yours!
The *good* make life a *constant feast;*
And **** was *this* GOOD man at least.

* They are in *St. Peter's* Church-yard near *Margate.*

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AN ELEGY, IN IMITATION OF GRAY.

THE guard behind the coach had blown his horn,
The Felons* on the roof had clink'd their chains,
When *Campbell's* guest, herself a *Campbell* born,
With graceful jirk to mount the ladder deigns.

A Merchant at her side, who dealt in coals†,
But now, gazetted, in the Bankrupt† line;
Caressing and caress'd she bumps and rolls,
Though *Faith*‡ and *Cotton*‡ at their loss repine.

Their dinner, two and sixpence by the head,
A shilling is the lunch, and sixpence tea,
The heart of *Griskin* for the Felons bled,
Ale was her gift§, compassion was her plea.

When at the *Borough* they at length arriv'd,
Their lingering wheels of *Lad* pursued the *Lane*,
There honours crown'd her, *there* preferments thriv'd,
And *Griskin* is of *Donald's*|| bridal train.

EPITAPH.

Here I bid you all adieu,
I no more am *one* of *you*;
Ideots that are left above,
Dupes to Fortune or to Love!

* Seven felons in chains were placed upon the roof.

† A coal-merchant who had failed sat close to Mrs. *Griskin*.

‡ A *Moravian* Priest and cotton manufacturer were seated on the other side.

§ This is a literal fact.

|| Mr. *M^c^Leod*, of *Geanies*, recently married, sent his *groom* to conduct Mrs. *Griskin* from the *Swan with two Necks* to *Conduit-street*.

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EPITAPH.

WHO'd have dreamt, as I liv'd upon fancy and whim,
Death of me should have thought, when I thought
NOT OF HIM!

EPITAPH ON A VERY HANDSOME, BUT VAIN, UNINTERESTING, AND SELFISH WOMAN.

HERE lies a figure exquisitely made:
Clos'd are the eyes that shone with bright parade:—
The Loves had finish'd each exterior part,
But *Grace* and *Beauty* overlook'd *the Heart.*

EPITAPH ON MISS ——.

HERE an amorous old Miss lies *alone*, but *unwilling*:
In the rent of a Tenant she found a bad shilling;
So, as Love ready-made and the taxes were high,
She resolv'd in the balance of credits to die.

EPITAPH ON A FREE-THINKER.

THE point "if *John* is damn'd or blest,"
Shall never discompose *my* rest;
That it 's not worth a moment's thought;
By *his* indiff'rence *we* are taught.

EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

Pluto wanted a Fury to match his own Three;
And sent off an express, *Hecatissa*, for thee.

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TO G. H. ESQ.

CELEBRATED AS A WRITER OF EPITAPHS.

From the Sexton of *Marybone* Parish.

If you were our Parish-clerk,
The dead who now are in the dark
In sculptur'd rhyme again would breathe,
Adorn'd by your poetic wreath.
For all deceas'd your lines are pat—
We name the head, *you* find the hat.
The Misses elegantly die,
If *their* inscription *you* supply;
And an old maid, if *you* adorn her,
Looks tempting in *a Poet's corner*:
Nor age, nor difference of the sexes,
Your elegiac Muse perplexes;
Creation's bottom, or its top,
Finds *your* accommodating shop—
A *Cupid*, with his bow and arrow,
A Hero, or a little Sparrow.
In short, whatever flesh is clay,
One longs to be as dead as they;
You 're so polite and so genteel,
That equally for all you feel.
As if the journeyman of Time,
You put *his* ashes into rhyme,
Whenever a commodious death
Turns into verse the parted breath;
And you have such a taste for crying,
That we oblige you most in dying;
And you would rather die yourself
Than lay your tombstone on the shelf.
Oh, come then to the parish hearse,
And grace it with funereal verse!
New life on breath's departure shed,
And be the *Laureat of the dead!*

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FILIAL PIETY *.

SIMPLICITY, AFFLICTION'S ELOQUENCE.

NATURE must the pearl endear
Of the *Elegiac* tear;
Feelings can alone inspire
Tones of the pathetic Lyre;
They must form its vital string,
They must guide its ruffled wing,
On a *pedant* mourner's lay,
Ridicule and Satire play.
Wreckt on the sepulchral theme,
Laughter's jest and Folly's dream,
Wit, and Fancy, could not save
Cowley from Oblivion's † grave,
In their *Elegies* entomb'd
Waller ‡ slept, and *Pope* § was doom'd.

* Of this little Collection a few Copies, printed in 1807, were distributed by the Author among his particular Friends. — Three small Poems (already printed in pp. 76. 117. 168) are here repeated, with additions and corrections by the Author.

† See the just and keen satire of *Johnson* upon this quaint, though fanciful Poet. It is not leveled at his *Epitaphs*; but which present as good a mark to ridicule.

‡ See hereafter, p. 255.

§ This charming Poet, who often resembles *Ovid* in simplicity, and in pathetic tenderness, appears, in his *Epitaphs*, to have copied the vicious taste of his fancy, and the puerilities of his wit.

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Art insults the tear no more:
Grief must other aid implore;
And *Simplicity* alone
Sheds the dew, or strikes the tone,
Which to Nature, and the heart,
Love and Sorrow can impart.

ON THE MIRACULOUS AND BLESSED RECOVERY OF

A DEAR MOTHER'S PRECIOUS LIFE

AT AN ADVANCED AGE.

Oh Thou, whose gale, of chilling breath,
Can freeze the veins, benumb'd in death,
And Thou, whose mercy can reveal
The power to save, the balms that heal!
Accept, on thy celestial throne,
The hearts which flew to thee alone,
When ghastly Terror glar'd around,
And smote the desolated ground,
Presenting as in storms thy face,
And gloom to a devoted Race;
Accept the joy, that words degrade,
In wonder lost, and breathless made!
Be thy uplifted arm ador'd,
For life, to Virtue's claim restor'd,
Whose pure and gentle current strove
To follow a *Redeemer's* Love!
Dispel the night, and speed the ray,
Of glowing Health's *Autumnal* day;
Avert the menac'd *Winter's* gloom!
And bid the shaft suspend its doom!

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THE FILIAL PRAYER.

Ye Guardian Angels, who discover
How dearly all her *Children* love her,
Oh, listen to the *Filial* Prayer,
And shield her, with a *Mother's* care!
To charm, as long as breath endures,
The power is hers—the gift is yours;
Grant—for it 's all that we implore—
Her *life*—till she is *lov'd* no more!

THE FILIAL MUSE.

My heart—with joy—no *Indian* slave—
Its *filial* tribute proudly gave;
The *Muses* came, and whisper'd thus;
"A *Mother's* rights are debts to *us*:
If jealous of a Poet's name,
Abjure not the *Maternal* claim;
Nor blush, the feelings to display,
Which *Cowper** shar'd with *Pope** and *Gray**."

On the Recovery of an Angel-Mother.

Again, as for the pious King,
The hours return upon their wing;
Again the sun throws back its ray,
And bids the past resume its day;

* The coincidence between these Poets in the ardour of their affection to their *Mother*, is curious, and pleasing.

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The dial of the number'd years
With life's inverted course appears.
On all that breathe, at every hour,
Divine compassion softens power;
But never yet from such a heart
Averted Fate's approaching dart,
As when it heard the filial strain,
And smil'd, and gave us thee again.

ON THE FALL OF

A BATH URN FROM ITS PEDESTAL*,

MAY, 1805.

All that *breathes*, and all that *lives*,
Are the Heralds of decay:
Art is eloquent, and gives
Hints of death, as well as they:

From its pedestal is torn,
Broke into a mouldering heap,
Sculpture, that a mass had borne,
Like the rock, that stems the deep.

Vain is now its *Grecian* form;
Vain the chisel's flowing art;
Such is *Nature's* pelting storm;
Youth must fly—and *Beauty* part.

These, alone, were Man to lose,
He 'd lament, but he 'd survive;
In expanded hopes and views,
To enjoyment, yet alive.

* It fell at my dear *Mother's* country-seat in *Kent*.

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But the loss he *cannot bear*
Is of Nature's *filial* prize;
And the tears are of *Despair*,
When the *Angel-mother** dies.

THE FILIAL CHOICE.

DEATH!—if, between us, it's the doom,
That *one* shall drop into the tomb,
From *Time's* account *her* spirit free!
But aim the destin'd shaft—at *me!*
Nor from its *filial* shrine remove
The jewel of a *Mother's* love!
She is, of all I lov'd, *the last;*
With prayers to thee, I hold her fast:
The *living death*, fills *me* with dread,
Not the dark "*chamber of the dead*†."
The living death, in such a world,
As me from Hope's gay summits hurl'd,
And made all *other Loves* depart,
In Fortune's gale, that shifts the heart:
One gentle voice the mourner cheer'd;
One soothing arm the helpless rear'd;
One spirit prompted me to *live*,
And gave me courage, to *forgive:*
No sting is on the bed of Death,
If *She* can bless the parting breath.

* This title had been conferred upon my incomparable *Mother*, by me, for several years before we had the misfortune to lose her.
† Proverbs, chap. xxvii.

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On the Beauties of Spring, of the Weather, and of the Scene *, upon the day on which the Angel-Mother expired.

Chill'd is the hope these gales inspire,
The heart repels this vain attire; —
What means the landscape, with its joy,
When *Time* that *spirit* can destroy,
Whose wand of *Genius*, and of Taste,
Cheer'd into life the barren waste,
And made this Fairy-land a bower,
Touch'd by their fascinating power?
To *me*, an insult on my tears,
The Heaven-illumin'd world appears!
Bereft of that enlivening ray,
Which, on *the scene* * it form'd, could play:—
For Love has parted from its breath,
And sunk into the arms of Death †.
No more shall these enchantments find
Their living *sun-beam of the mind*,
Calm as the lucid Queen of Night,
But as the Morning's radiance bright;—
Which never dazzled with its flame,
Nor vanish'd, if the tempest came ‡.

* It was formed into its present beauty, out of the most unpromising materials.—*Her* enterprizing address infused a new, and lovely character into those materials;—never existed a happier image than Lord *Chatham* has animated with *his* eloquence, when he assigned the appropriate epithet of "*prophetic*" to the *eye of Taste*—never existed a happier illustration of it than here.

† This adverts to the calm sleep of her last breath.

‡ An attempt at the character of her affection to those whom it cherished. It was not only unimpaired, but heightened, when adversity alienated *other friends*.

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Yet can I scent the Earth's perfume,
Can see the budding flowret's bloom,
Can feel the Zephyr's passing gale
Breathe on the air its vernal sail;
Nor am I deaf to *Philomel* *,
Whose note can soothe regret so well.
But, *Angel-spirit*, ever dear,
To *thee* I consecrate the tear:
Alas! what glow can *Spring* impart,
When all is *Winter—at the heart?*
And what is *Nature's* charm, to *me*,
Who lost *her* pride in losing *thee?*

INSCRIBED ON A VOTIVE TABLET, AND CONSECRATED WITH FILIAL AFFECTION TO THE MEMORY OF THE

ANGEL-MOTHER,

who was claimed by Heaven May the 17th, 1807.

MUTE is the oracle of Peace and Love;
No more the lips of Eloquence can move;
Clos'd are the eyes, which never dropp'd in vain
A tear of sympathy on Grief and Pain;
The *heart* no more its impulse can obey,
Led by the intellect's æthereal ray.
Now are the energies and cares at rest,
That strung with zeal the *Mother's* glowing breast;
Cares, without *leisure* for a *selfish* thought,
And blessings on the miracles, they wrought:
In Memory alone is *now* enshrin'd
The calculating and sagacious mind,
That made œconomy its bank and wealth,
Gave Temperance a charm, and bloom to Health;—

* That enchanting bird was in full song at this period.

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Invisible to all surrounding eyes,
Till streams of bounty could the heart surprize.
To Heaven, that form'd it, is *her* spirit fled,
Who under sacred banners Honour led
By patient Valour against Fortune steel'd,
With no capitulating fears would yield;
But, when Affliction's piercing arrows came,
Her agonies * with duty overcame,
And liv'd, as by a covenant of trust,
Born to be wise—benevolent—and just.
Nor undistinguish'd by her Judge, and God,
The path by Virtue and Religion trod.
For "*length of days*" the circling wheel has roll'd,
And years almost their century have told,
When, by her "*children's children*" still rever'd,
By service honour'd,—and by Love endear'd,
She gave to Heaven *the task*—for it was *done;*
And smil'd upon the "*race* that she had *run.*"

UPON TEARS,

AND THE INCAPACITY OF SHEDDING THEM WHEN I HAD LOST MY DEAREST MOTHER AT AN ADVANCED PERIOD OF MY OWN LIFE.

I COVET not, though "*full of years,*"
The fugitive and passing tears;
Those light and perishable dews,
Which *Youth* forgets, till it renews.
Mine is *the tear* which *cannot weep*—
The sigh that 's mute—the shaft that 's deep.
Nor would I change these pensive hours
For *April* suns, through *April* showers.

* This alludes to my Father's death. It would have killed her if the Mother's duty had not called her to the energies of life.

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Though anguish of the heart is mine
Despair itself it can refine;
Proud is the elevated grief,
And scorns the insult of relief;
Doom'd a lost jewel to deplore,
Which to the light returns no more;
It lifts the soul, above the earth,
To the pure temple of its birth;
Unites me to a *Saint* above,
And with *Devotion* tempers *Love.*

WRITTEN JUST AFTER THE FUNERAL,

AND WHICH I ATTENDED AS CHIEF MOURNER.

Yes, I have *met* the awful scene,
With Resignation's eye serene;
Could *live*—to see in earth descend
My heart's endear'd, inspiring Friend:
Love, that a *Saint* had left behind,
With Prayer was temper'd, and refin'd.
But I have promis'd, and have *sworn,*
In Sorrow's noblest form to mourn,
Secluded from the gazing eye,
And where intruders cannot spy;
To mourn, as the survivor *show'd,*
At the departure of the good:
Not in those "*trappings*" of Despair,
The sable garb, and scatter'd hair;
But in the tear, "*which passeth show,*"
Affliction's hallow'd use to know;
Lamenting—not, that Pain 's at rest,
And the departed Spirit blest;
But that, when Heaven its inmate calls,
The *model* breaks—the *mirrour* falls.

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TO THE INKSTAND OF THE

ANGEL-MOTHER,

PRESENTED BY TWO LOVED SISTERS TO ME.

DEAR implement of art—combin'd
With spirit of a gifted mind,
When she, whose hand is now at rest,
Thee to its glowing service prest!
I cherish thee—and bless the pen,
Which calls thee into life again.
Oh! could I emulate *her thought!*
Could the rich mine's pure vein be caught!
Her Genius only I 'd implore,
And court the polish'd Muse no more.
To Nature's fountain ever trust,
And lay the Pedant in the dust.—
But of all *heir-looms*, yet enshrin'd
In pearls, and jewels, *of the mind*,
This would the dearest boon impart,
If it could prompt—*her style of heart*;
The gift, that never could enslave,
But threw a charm on all it gave;
The temper'd mercy of advice
That spar'd the *Culprit*—not *the Vice*;
Her eloquence, of truth inspir'd,
And with no *barren* praise admir'd;
Balm of the heart by pain oppress'd,
And moralizing as it bless'd:
It cannot be:—the power is fled,
And lost—as in the Ocean's bed.
But *thou* canst guard thy master's word
Against the pen's vindictive sword;
The piercing wounds of jealous pride,
Or shifted Love, in Fortune's tide;

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Against the petulance of Sneer;
Defaming Sorrow's precious tear;
The bitter conflict, unappeas'd;
The "*hope deferr'd;* the passion teaz'd;
Suspicion's gloom; or Envy's dart;
And the cold rhetorick of Art.
For *such* dishonours *thou* art free;
By whispering—*her* name to me.

ON BEING TOLD, THAT I SHOULD NEVER SEE MY LOST MOTHER AGAIN.

WERE hope to be no longer mine,
"That *Spirits* could with *Spirits* join;
That souls, on earth, to Love endear'd,
In Death had only *disappear'd;*
But, like the Sun, to *rise again,*
With all the virtues in their train;"
Despair would on the bed of Rest
Enfold me in her poison'd vest;
No more I 'd cheapen human breath,
But cherish Life, and flee from Death.
Life can record, and *Love* can paint,
Their breathing image of the *Saint:*
Can hear its oracle impart
Relief, and counsel to the heart;
Can feel the hovering Angel's glow,
When Spirits droop, a ray bestow.
But in what page am I to read
The desolated Mourner's Creed,
"That, when the hand of *Death* can sever
The ties of Love—they part *for ever?*"
Mine shall be no such Faith as this;—
Mine 's the fond hope of Nature's bliss,

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With *her*, in sight—with *her*, in speech—
Whom no infirmities could reach,
Whom years forgot, in *their* delay,
And threw the dart of Time away;
Who as if born for others liv'd;
Nor joy more exquisite receiv'd,
Than to oppose the rising tear,
And waken Hope, or banish Fear.

The *Soul* is after death to rise;
That Heaven-born Spirit never dies:
The *lov'd* on earth in Heaven are blest;
For Heaven is *joy*—it's more than rest.
Love is the essence of the *Soul* *;
They are above the Earth's controul;
One common stream from Heaven † they bore;
And where *is Joy*—when *Love*'s no more?

THE ANGEL-MOTHER'S HEAVEN.

Of all the *Pagan* Creeds, that man
Built on the soul's *Elysian* plan,
The best, for *Pagan* Heaven contriv'd,
Is, that in joy *the man surviv'd*,
And that his pleasures upon earth
Found in the shades their second birth.

Perhaps, in *Christian* views refin'd,
That wreath is for *the Saints* design'd;
Those hallow'd Pilgrims upon earth,
Whose path was bright in *Christian* worth,
May, as *their Heaven's* appropriate joy,
The habits of their life employ.

* The fruit of the spirit is *Love*. *St. Paul.*
† *Love* is *of God*. *St. Paul.*

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Then should I hope, again to see
A *Mother's* glance descend on me—
Again (from a celestial sphere)
Should her angelic spirit hear,
And, guarded by *her* fostering care,
Leave no access, to my despair.

TO AMELIA,

who commended my Filial Tributes to the *Angel-Mother*.

What Saint, or Angel, can reprove
Joy at *her* praise, that 's dear to Love!
A wreath, surpassing all renown—
The Nation's gift—the Hero's crown!
From a pure fountain sprung the charm,
That Hope can bless, and Fear disarm;
For it has made the heart its guide;
Nor ever stray'd from Honour's pride.
Of *her*, my solitude is proud,
Though careless of the fame that 's loud:
No babbling Echos hear the sound;
The air it breathes no wind has found;
The tale no whisper shall impart;
Or trust the secret from the heart.
But impotent is that relief,
Against the *filial* Mourner's grief;
Congenial to *his tear* I deem
The partial note's enchanting theme.
With apathy, in pride of youth,
I 've heard applause, the bane of truth;
Have seen the eloquent surprize
Beam from the mute, but speaking eyes:
But, when a *Mother's* praise I heard,
Love knew the tone, and bless'd the word;

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No diffidence could bar the door,
And pride of joy could sleep no more.
Nor blame the heart, nor chide the Muse,
If in *their* antiquated views,
The wither'd form, that 's *now* in earth
But grac'd the living Parent's worth,
Can *thee* disarm—when through my tears
Thy harp is tun'd—*thy* hand appears;
When praise, by *thee*, to Love address'd,
Is a new thorn, and bane of rest;
From the similitude it bore
To musick—that is heard no more.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

WHERE 's the tear, that shall destroy
Such a theme of *Christian* joy?
Tell me, *who* has clos'd her breath,
But the *Saint*, that wish'd for death!
Heaven's accompt was bright and clear:
It was pain, that linger'd *here*;
Though on Life's Autumnal day
Time had shed no common ray,
Yet the generous feel a pain,
Too angelic to complain:
Secret anguish *they* possess,
Which the selfish cannot guess,
When their *charities* * can say—
"Time, and we,—have "*lost a day*."
But her Shade can Love inspire;
She is bless'd—and *we* admire:

* In the sense which *Milton* gives to the word, as embracing all the duties and sentiments of moral affection.

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Unpresuming, as the earth,
She was *dignified in worth.*
Love, to *Memory* ensur'd,
Pays the debt her *life* abjur'd;
Love has made the wreath his own,
Cherish'd in the heart alone:
Sacred is the mournful trust;
All its pride is to be just;
For, if Truth is to redeem
From Humility its theme,
Bright is Honour's jealous crown,
In the *posthumous renown*,
By the *filial* tribute sav'd—
By the living *Christian* wav'd.

"UNPRESUMING!"

AN EPITHET IN MY DEAR MOTHER'S CHARACTER,

as it was drawn by one of her Female Relations*, in a most eloquent Letter upon the subject of her Death.

ANGELS;—catch the hallow'd word
By an *Angel's* voice conferr'd;
Wreath appropriate, and correct;
Homage by no flatteries deck'd!
"*Unpresuming!*" never yet
So deserv'd an epithet;
With an intellect allied,
That would fill a Saint with pride,
And with such unspotted worth,
As accompanies the birth
Of elected Spirits here,
Born to a celestial sphere,

* Lady *Londonderry*, the first Lord *Camden's* eldest daughter.

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In their pilgrimage resign'd,
And with *Christian pains* refin'd.
Blush, ye *Pharisees*—and hide
All the symbols of your pride!
You, that still yourselves prefer,
Catch the mantle dropt by *her!*
Unobtrusive, and retir'd,
She could blush to be admir'd;
Yet, with energies unseen,
Was a perfect heroine:
Her ambition's golden prize,
When the tear of bliss could rise,
At a bounty's ample scope,
That surpass'd the wings of Hope;
Never seen—but in the gift,
Which the desolate could lift;
Never heard—but in the voice
That could make the heart rejoice;
By afflictions undismay'd,
And in blessings undecay'd;
Not a moment unemploy'd,
Not a mercy unenjoy'd,
Or to self-indulgence given,
Envy'd her the path to Heaven.
Yet, from abject thoughts exempt,
She was great—in Pride's contempt;
All the virtues meekly bore,
And uplifted them, the more.
Blest *Humility* *, appear!
Vindicate *thy* honours * here!
Spirit of the wise and good!
Thou art *Pride*, if understood.

* Before *honour* is *humility*. Proverbs.

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THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

THUS, from hallow'd *Sinai's* hill
Heaven directed human will,
Gave the rule that *Nature* guest,
And the *filial* spirit blest.
But shall *Death's* cold hand remove
Such a debt of sacred love?
Shall it languish, and be faint,
When the *Mother* dies *the Saint*?
Shall it leap from the record,
When it aims at no reward?
Shall the labour be at rest.
When the soul it lov'd is blest?
Shall the heart its faith desert?
Shall the zeal be less alert,
Upon altars of *the dead*,
Than by *living* mercies fed?
Never shall the labour sleep,
Nor the eye refuse to weep,
Till the heart is in the dust,
And the tomb shall claim its trust.
Nor shall Melody refuse
Tears, that consecrate the Muse;
Nor the filial praise be dumb,
Till the *silent hour* is come—
Love shall risk the *human* thought,
Which in dreams from Hope is caught;
Hope, that, rising from the tomb,
Lifts to *Heaven* its trembling plume:—
God of Love!—shall I despair
Of the *filial* office, *there*?
May not *Parents*, own'd by thee,
Claim, and bless, the *filial* knee?

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THE TOMB OF DESPAIR.

REST, inexorable dart!
Spare the agonizing heart!
Why is Nature thus to mourn,
From its hope of mercy torn?
Why must Echo hear the sound,
Which Affliction's note has found!
Bed of Sorrow, tost in pain;
Why solicit *her* disdain,
Whom thy agonies deplore,
Till Religion 's heard no more?
Give me back into the world,
Though from its enjoyments hurl'd!
She had lost her soul's delight *,
Wrapt in Death's o'erwhelming night:
Was *her* anguish less acute?
Was the tortur'd spirit mute?
Yet she *liv'd*—and, from its grave,
To the world *her* tribute gave,
Breathing life into the dust,
In the cherish'd *Parent's* trust.
Vain rebuke!—insulting theme!
Spectre of the morning's dream!
Not a tear shalt thou defeat;
Not a pain thy arts can cheat:
Where's the *mirrour* we deplore?—
It 's a *light* that gleams no more;
All the charm and grace it knew,
From the earth ascending flew;
Here the shadows, lingering yet,
Are of sorrow, and regret.

* When she lost her Husband.

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Hail, *Oblivion's* opiate breath;
For thy other name—is *Death!*
It 's to *thee,* I shall repair—
Tomb of *Love,* and of *Despair!*

ON SLEEPING UPON HER FAVOURITE SOFA, A VERY FEW DAYS AFTER MY DEAR MOTHER'S DEATH.

HERE, till the day of life had clos'd,
A Saint on earth has oft repos'd;
And sleep, that courts my eye-lids *here* *,
Faint, but unsully'd by a *tear* †,
Perhaps, in a mysterious dream,
Can elevate the moral theme;
Or of that Saint the image bright
Call as in visions to the light.
Can bless me with her voice again,
To cheer my hopes, and soothe my pain.

HAIL, AND FAREWELL!

HAIL, AND FAREWELL ‡! the parting word,
That *Genius* breath'd, and *Friendship* heard;
When *He,* whom distant worlds admir'd,
The *Elegiac* wreath inspir'd.
Could *his* uplifted thoughts be mine,
His glowing speech, and breathing line;

* I had not slept a week in my own bed.

† I had no *power* to shed one.

‡ Words delivered by Mr. *Burke* at the end of his Funeral Oration upon the death of Sir *Joshua Reynolds.*

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Could *they—adorn*, but still *endear*,
Affliction's tributary tear;
Could an electric spirit's fire
Touch with *his* Eloquence the *Lyre*,
This *filial tear* should never die;
Upon that Eagle's wing should fly,
And cherish the *maternal* claim,
Till *birth*, and *life*, should be a *name*.

EPITAPH.

GLOWING thoughts, which *cannot speak*,
Prove—that eloquence is weak;
To the heart is *their* appeal—
They are mute,—because they feel.
Ye that knew the *Mother's* worth,
Blest, and blessing, upon earth,
Join with yours *the filial tear*,
Shed upon that Parent here!
Tell us if the *Son's* regret
Ever shall its pride forget;
Or the *Daughter's* tear, can part
From its current in the heart.
Who can such a theme detail?
Who can tell the *filial* tale?
Not in *words* to be express'd,
Or in *fancy* to be guess'd,
It 's for Love, *on earth*, to *feel*,
But for *Angels* to reveal.

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NOTE. [See before, p. 235.]

COWLEY, WALLER, AND POPE.

I HAD intended, and had prepared, by way of *Note* or *Appendix*, many passages extracted from *Epitaphs* or *Elegies* written by the two Poets first mentioned; but I abstain from the insertion of them, because the ridicule which they excite, and compel, is broad enough to be absolutely *comic*—an effect *which has no business* here.

As to *Pope*, I am not arrogant enough to entertain the conception, that I can add one syllable to *Johnson's* epitome, and censure of *his* favourite Poet in this devoted branch of his Muse—No *critique* was ever more judicious, acute, and liberal.

It is rather curious to observe, in the writer of that ingenious Commentary, that he is *there* neither imperious in his oracles, nor inflated in his language; the weight of his judgment carrying its own authority with it, and the purity of style being as unaffected as it is luminous.

GRAY'S FILIAL AFFECTION.

The affection of *Pope*, *Gray*, and *Cowper*, to *their* Mother, has been touched in one of my Notes. The filial homage, and regret, of the first-mentioned Poet, are familiar to all who are conversant in the history of his life.

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I have a *manuscript* Poem of *Cowper* upon *his* Mother, which is not surpassed in beauty of sentiment, or of that eloquence which tenderness creates, even by *him* in his *printed* Works *.

But the most inspired honour to the *maternal* claim which it ever has received, is in *Gray* — not in his *verse*, but in his *prose*.

Where is the *Son*, whose *Mother can* have blest *him*, as *mine* blest *me*,—and can read, without sympathy of heart, the words of that Poet in a letter to one of his friends?—They deserve to be writ in characters of gold.

"I heard you were gone in haste . . . . . on account *of your Mother's illness*; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then written to you—only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you *that I have discovered a thing very little known; which is*, 'THAT IN ONE'S WHOLE LIFE ONE CAN NEVER HAVE ANY MORE THAN A SINGLE MOTHER†—you may think it obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. ------ I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction) *till it was too late.*

* I am recently told, that Mr. *Hayley* has printed an extract from this manuscript in his *Memoirs of Cowper's Life*—but I take the liberty of differing from that ingenious Writer in the choice which he has made, if it has been stated correctly to me.

† He seldom mentioned his *Mother* without a sigh.—After his death, her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them. It seemed as if he never could have the *resolution* to open it in order to distribute them amongst his female Relations, to whom by his will he bequeathed them." MASON.

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"*It is thirteen years ago,* AND SEEMS BUT AS YESTERDAY; AND EVERY DAY I LIVE IT SINKS DEEPER INTO MY HEART"

What *he* laments that he never discovered *before it was too late,* I, could not *help* discovering, and cherishing, to my heart, from the time I could think, and feel—to the advanced period of my own life—doomed, as it is, to *survive the Parent* I have lost. But this peculiar felicity arose, not from the virtue, the duty, or the self-indulging habit of tenderness in *my* nature and character;—but from the uniform tenour of *her* vigilant anxieties for me—*her* wisdom—and the liberality of *her* conduct. I should have been a monster, and a fiend, if I had not loved her more than all other human creatures.

I should be that monster, and fiend, still—if I could cease to love her *memory,* and her *image,* with all this weight of preference, to the last moment of breath, and life.

MR. GRAY'S OPINION OF ELEGIAC VERSE.

He that writes what he feels, and just *as* he feels it, in a dejected state of mind, wants no excuse, apology, or sanction, for the absence of poetical ornament from his thoughts, or his mode of expressing them.

But Mr. *Gray,* whom I shall ever name with attachment, and with homage (unshaken by the Satire of *Johnson)* to his genius, and purity of taste, has, in a letter to the late *(Horace) Earl of Orford,* by the help of two, or three, plain, but appropriate

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words, given us the just and legitimate character of *the Elegiac principle.*

He is of opinion, " that *Nature*—*tenderness*—and *sorrow*—are the *Genius* of it—that *poetical embellishments* are foreign to its purpose, and betray *the absence of grief.*"

HAPPY would it be in a *selfish* light for *the Son,* who has made a votive tablet of this " *Filial Tribute,*" if that imputation could be leveled at *him.*

But he loves the reality of his grief, upon a *selfish* principle too;—because it prompts the fidelity of a Portrait*, which, if it resembles the original, cannot fail to interest those who love *him,* or who love the character he has delineated.

He has thought it an object, worth his *aim,* though it may be above his *reach,* to make *his* tribute, upon the altar of truth, a mirrour of that inestimable Relation,—of that blessing to the world,

AN EXEMPLARY PARENT.

If he has made one happy Son of the *living,* happier still—in the gift of this *Family Picture,* to *him,*—or one disconsolate *Orphan* prouder of his tear,

he has not lived in vain.

* See an account of this admirable old lady, written by her Son with all the fidelity of a religious and impartial Historian, in the " Illustrations of Literary History," vol. III. p. 100; and in the same volume, p. 107, some lines " On being accused of exaggerated Homage to the Parent I had lost."

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THE RUSSIAN CHIEFS,

AN ODE*.

* Two Editions of this Ode were published by the Author in 1813 and 1814. See the "Illustrations of Literary History," vol. III. p. 30.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCES COUNTESS OF LONDONDERRY

THIS ODE IS INSCRIBED

BY AN AFFECTIONATE ADMIRER

OF HER GENIUS AND VIRTUES;

WHO TAKES PRIDE

IN RECORDING THEIR FRIENDSHIP

AS A TITLE OF HONOUR TO HIS NAME.

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PREFACE.

THE following Ode was written soon after NAPOLEON'S precipitate return from his *Russian* Campaign.

That repulse, which no lapse of time will obliterate from the annals of the world, made him a desperate calculator.

The adversity of depraved ambition has no passive courage in its gift.

Such a Tyrant—with all his talents—when Fortune had begun to disown him, and self-disarmed by the fever of his passions, was not likely to be a match for the Liberties of *Europe*, in battle-array against him.

It was the patriot valour, and the devoted enthusiasm, of the RUSSIAN CHIEFS, animated by their SOVEREIGN, that called that host into the field.

But no vision of hope, when this Ode was written, could have reached "*the day-spring from on high*," which has illuminated every scene around

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us.—No solitary Muse could have anticipated the "*signs and wonders*" which a miracle of the Arm unseen has interposed; an Arm, which has accomplished in a few "*little months*" a deliverance of Nations, too signal to have been the work of man alone.

Amongst the secondary causes, however, to which these blessings may be ascribed, and with no invidious comparisons in the "*dubia cœna*" of that feast which public virtue has laid before us, where is now the *Citizen of the human race*, who can withhold the allegiance of his heart from ALEXANDER — the inspired SOVEREIGN of the RUSSIAN CHIEFS?

This heaven-born Hero is of the most elevated character that Heroism ever has reached. He has made Victory the Angel of Peace, and Power a sacrifice to Liberty;—has captivated Enemies by the charm of his deportment, and has moralized the World by the example of his virtues.

May his pre-eminent figure in this awful change, and may the *new style* of his victories, be ever consecrated in the memory of KINGS — of NATIONS — and of MEN!

G. HARDINGE [1814].

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THE RUSSIAN CHIEFS.

Oh, for the animated vein,
That strung the arm, and broke the chain,
Of Liberty oppress'd,
When from the voice, and from the lyre,
Tyrtæus *, with a patriot's fire
Inflam'd the Warrior's breast! —
Were mine the Bard's † majestic views,
Who sung to *Thebes*—no flattering Muse—
The *Persian* flight, and shame;
Like him, to mercenary ‡ fear,
To the cold heart, and servile ear,
My Champions I 'd proclaim.

* *Plato*, a declared enemy to the Poets, calls him "divine," in honour to the public spirit of his Muse, which animated the patriot heroes of his day to arms, and victory.

† *Pindar* is elevated above all the ancient Poets, by that independent character of his mind, which prompted him to sing the victories of *Salamis* and *Himera*, before his fellow citizens of *Thebes*, who had enslaved themselves to the *Persian* tyrant.

‡ This, and the following lines, point at those who have sold themselves to the Tyrant, and are still enslaved by his corrupt influence over them, or by the terror of his arms.

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Ye hardy sons of ancient mould,
Whom *Scythia's* icy mantles fold
In arms of dread array,
Command a name—'tis Virtue's pride—
The Hero's love, the Patriot's guide,
And FREEDOM's * raptur'd lay.
Avengers of the World enslav'd,
Of rights oppress'd, of judgments brav'd—
Put on your glowing wreath!
When cold in earth your hand shall rest,
Your spirit shall, in visions blest,
From Death's pale ashes breathe.
In other days, the North † could light,
With savage and barbarian might,
A desolating flame;
But now, the Angel of the just,
She lifts the injur'd from the dust,
And brands a Tyrant's name.

* I should think I had not written this fugitive Poem in vain, if it could induce me to circulate the enthusiasm which I felt in admiring the deep, and the sound, as well as brilliant, illustration of *Liberty*, in Mr. *Canning's* address to his constituents at *Liverpool*. He has elevated the character of that *natural sentiment*, without which life is an oppression, by redeeming it from the contracted view of it which *modern Patriots* have entertained. He gives it, and with philosophical accuracy, a dignified controul over all shades of difference in the *municipal* constitutions of government. It is in the words of *Cicero* (his model in eloquence)—"*Non scripta, sed nata lex; non alia Romæ, alia Athenis.*" If I had the courage to define it, I would call it, *the genuine charter of the mind against all oppression.*

† The irruption of the North, in the fifth century, upon the *Roman* Empire, is one of the most aweful events in the history of the world.—In such Revolutions human pride is lowered, and rebuked—by a Power unseen, "*whose fan is in his hand.*"

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Her's the devoted Hero's part;—
Her daring and uplifted heart
Can prodigies inspire;
She wav'd the torch, that Fury lent,
And Virtue hail'd with proud consent,
In *Moscow's* patriot fire.
There was the sullen *Moloch's* bed!
On ashes he reclin'd his head*—
A ruin for his throne!
These were the realms that conquest found!
In a depopulated ground,
A wilderness of stone!
But a more keen destroyer came,
Was arm'd by Death in Famine's name,
And swept the fainting host;
The piercing gale in storm arose,
And Winter† call'd his native snows,
Like armies, to their post.

When the torn mask in *Egypt* fell,
And, reft of her dissever'd‡ spell,
The pale Impostor fled;—

* I observe in the eloquent Philippic of *Chateaubriand*, just published, an allusion to a similar image:
"Buonaparte *s'endort*, un mois, au milieu des *ruines* et des *cendres*."

† I lay no stress upon the order of precedency, as affecting these two visitations; but I cannot help touching upon the Emperor's complaint at *Paris*, that Winter had been so *unmannerly*, in *Russia*, as to come before its time, and with unexampled rigour.—He cannot speak truth;—all prior Historians, and somewhat more disinterested, must have convinced him, that none of his Janissaries could be duped by so desperate a fiction.

‡ ——————— his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of *dissevering* power.
Milton's Comus.

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Or when, upon the pilfer'd throne*,
She made the diadem her own,
And veil'd her impious head—
Could Fear, the Tyrant's bane, descry,
With shifting guilt's unhallow'd eye,
The secrets† of the just?
Or dream, that *Europe* would renew,
And call to life, in glory's view,
Her spirit‡ from the dust?
That NELSON'S mantle would embrace
A Rival, in the Hero's place,
With *his* example bless'd?
That WELLINGTON'S redeeming hand
Would cheer a subjugated land,
And crush the Giant's crest?
That RUSSIAN prowess would achieve
Acts that no vision would conceive,
In glory's path sublime?—
That in the North, *your* chilling sphere,
The soul and genius would appear
Of *Lusitania's* § clime?—

* His acquisition of the *Bourbon* throne became the shelter of his perfidy and cowardice. It resulted in part from accident, and in part from that genius of craft (mis-called *address)* which is a ruling feature of his talents.

† By "the secrets of the just," are meant those hidden resources of the virtuous, and oppressed, under the wings of Providence, which enable them to rally against a tyrant, with energies unforeseen.

‡ This points at the *revival* of NELSON, as accomplished by the genius of his brilliant competitor, WELLINGTON.

§ The *Russian* Commanders have been so high-spirited, and so able, that no competitors can take the wreath invidiously from their brow.—But it seems to be an accredited fact, that our Hero in the Peninsula had suggested the defensive policy of the *Russian* campaign at the outset.

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That KUTOWSOFF—his triumphs clos'd —
In age* on Valour's bed repos'd,
Would spurn his claim to rest;
The Nation's host again would lead,
Wind† as in youth his flaming steed,
And wave his brilliant crest?

When *Sampson* clos'd a Hero's breath,
And spread around him scenes of death,
Revenge was incomplete;
Withheld from his corporeal sight
Were all the victims of his might,
In thousands at his feet;
But YOU have seen the birds of prey,
Leaves in a tempest, blown away;—
Their Eagle—was your scorn,
A fugitive in air;—and YOU
Can History's appeal‡ renew,
To centuries unborn.

* The youthful heroism of this Veteran astonished the world; but since we lost *him* we are in the habit of contemplating, with enthusiasm of transport, a similar prodigy in the gallant BLUCHER, whom years have touched with a feather, and of whom it may be said, in the words of *Shakespeare*,

"*Age cannot wither him.*"

He is the *evergreen* of public spirit, and of heroic virtue.

† "To turn and *wind* a *fiery* Pegasus." *Shakespeare.*

‡ By the renewal of History's appeal, and by subsequent allusions to the *Persian* defeat, it is intended by no means to convey the idea, that all the leading points of the two events coincide; but partly to intimate a similitude between the two Invaders, and partly to represent, that wonders, like that of the *Persian* defeat, by land and sea, are accredited by the energies of defence in *Russia*, considered as themes of no less admiring astonishment and praise.—The arrogance of the two Invaders, their impiety, and the disgrace of their flight, are striking features of similitude between them.

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Time has again of XERXES heard,
What impious* piles the madman rear'd,
Anticipating Fate†;
Has mark'd the fear, that wing'd his flight,
And left in Freedom's aweful sight
His throne's imperial state‡ —
I see the Tyrant foil'd, and stung,
From all his giddy summits flung,
The maniac of despair,
Gnash his fell teeth, when sword and spear
Threw all his battle into fear,
And shook the *golden chair*.
Oppression fled—a coward slave—
Breath of dishonour'd life to save,
And lost in abject flight;
But Conscience, on a *Persian* throne,
Could mark the victim as her own,
With scorpions§ of the night;

* In his defiance to the sea, a peculiar aggravation of its general impiety arises from its offensive insult upon the National Creed, which adored water as a consecrated element.

† His two bridges were destroyed by the effect of storms.

‡ The "*imperial state*" is not figurative here, but real. The fact, as recorded by the venerable *Plutarch*, is wonderfully picturesque. At the battle of *Salamais*, a gold and silver throne was placed at *Heracleum*, upon *Œgialus*, a mountain upon the opposite shore, for *Xerxes*, who sat upon it, on a lofty eminence, which commanded the sight of that naval conflict.—Partly terrified, and partly misled by insidious advice, he ran away, and left his throne behind him, at the mercy of the *Athenians*, who took possession of it, and placed it as a consecrated gift in the temple of *Minerva*. This magnificent throne is not overlooked by *Æschylus* in the *Persæ*—by that sublime Dramatist, whom *Romney* described so well, as "the painter's poet." He was himself a Hero in the conflict.

§ A whip of scorpions.—*Milton*.

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Long had the Tyrants * this event —
(*Their* doom and shame)—to cavil bent;
Had mutter'd, and blasphem'd †:
But YOU have made PLATÆA known,
The field of MARATHON ‡'s your own,
And Fame has been redeem'd.
I see a wretch, too slight for note,
Pale inmate of a shatter'd § boat;
Can this — it cannot be —
This—be the Lunatick of pride
That Nature's God with scorn defied,
The Lord of air, and sea?
But how does he return? ‖ —The waves
Are heaps of slain; whose floating graves
The lingering prow arrest;

* What is meant here is, that a Tyrant would of course wish to disbelieve a fact, so hostile to him in its influence upon the tenure of his claim to aggrandizement by invasions; and that he would find in the detail of these events a colour for incredulity, as they baffle every modern conception of political arithmetic. The main fact is unquestioned.

† But these infidel cavillers have been countersigned by a more disinterested scepticism. — *Richardson*, a most ingenious Writer on the ancient history of *Persia*, undertakes to disprove the popular account of these victories; but his argument is very superficial.

‡ The battle of *Marathon* was prior to that of *Platæa* by eleven years, and the *Persian* King defeated there was *Darius*.—In the battle of *Platæa*, between the *Persian* army and the united militias of *Greece*, a decisive and glorious victory was obtained over the Invaders.—The naval battle of *Salamis*, here touched, though not by name, is introduced as having been the immediate occasion of the *Persian* King's flight.

§ The similitude between the *boat* of *Xerxes* and *sledge* of *Napoleon* was prompted since the Ode was published: it has given rise to these additional stanzas.

‖ I have attempted this image, but in despair to catch the beauty and spirit of its picture in *Juvenal*. The sublimity of

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Their bleeding foam a tale can speak,
That flashes guilt upon the cheek,
By rage and fear confess'd.
But not alone shall *Persia's* Lord
The moral of his doom record,
Oppression's mark of shame;
Another beacon's flaming spire
Ascends with emulated fire —
NAPOLEON is its name:
Coop'd in that sledge*, on ice and snow,
The subtle Thief eludes the foe,
And speed† is all his might!

moral satire was never more animated by the genius of an Epic Muse.—The lines are these, in the 10th Satire, ver. 185.

Sed qualis rediit?—nempe unâ nave, cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tardâ per densa cadavera prorâ.
Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.

Even Mr. *Gifford*, who has improved in this passage upon *Dryden*, falls very short of the original; and it may be said of *him*, "*Si Pergama dextrâ*," &c. Yet his version is full of spirit and poetical effect:

But how did he return?—His navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the fatal coast,
And forc'd a dreadful passage through the flood,
Choak'd with his slaughter'd troops, and red with blood;
So *Xerxes* sped—so speed the conquering race;
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace.

The words of *Justin* are too striking to be omitted: "Erat res spectaculo digna et æstimatione sortis humanæ, rerum varietate mirandâ, in exiguo latentem videre navigio, quem paulò antè vix æquor omne capiebat."

* *Napoleon*, after he left his army behind him in *Russia*, returned in disguise to *Paris*, and part of the journey *(not a very deliberate one)* was performed in a *Russian sledge*.

† I remember seeing, in some of the *Parisian* reports, a serious *eloge* upon the astonishing powers which he possessed in traversing so many leagues, on his return to *Paris*, in so rapid a course of time—as we should commend a *pedestrian* hero, who has been victorious over time and space, by the power of his feet.

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But howling gales, that panic hears,
The orphan's curse—the widow's tears,
Accompany his flight.
Behind him troops and chiefs are left,
But are of death in arms bereft,
A pale and famish'd crew;
He, at the desk, insatiate still,
Sweeps house and field *, the ranks to fill,
And Slaughter's *fund* † renew.
I miss the helmet's nodding plume,
The *Pyrrhus* ‡ wanting elbow-room,
In wild ambition's bed:
Reft of the pillars to his throne,
The *King of Kings* § returns alone,
And shame has crown'd his head.

* Les générations de la *France* étaient mises en coupe réglée comme les arbres d'une forêt. Chaque année quatre-vingt mille jeunes gens étaient abattus.—*Chateaubriand.*

† *Buonaparte* disait lui-même, "*J'ai* 300,000 *hommes de revenu.*"—*Chateaubriand.*

‡ This alludes to his dialogue with *Cineas*, admirably detailed by the venerable and moral *Plutarch*. It is a living picture of the *Napoleon fever*.—"*What next?*" are the half-bantering words of *Cineas*: "Why *then*," said *Pyrrhus*, "I shall conquer such a kingdom," naming it. "*What next?*" He names another kingdom, or state, as a corollary from those premises, and so on till he had covered all the realms that victory could appropriate, and make his own. — There is nothing in *Lucian* more satirical, or better told: it is the "*O si angulus iste*" of *Horace*, mock-heroically elevated into the avarice of universal dominion, and we can say of it, with *Ariosto*,

"Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

§ This title was habitually assumed by the *Persian* Kings; and it suits *Napoleon*, to whom so many Kings of his own manufacture were slaves.

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Curs'd was the JULIAN * Tyrant's war,
Whom Freedom glories to abhor,
Though Genius drops a tear,
When, to avert Sedition's arm,
And patriot vengeance to disarm,
He disciplin'd his fear:
To *Parthia's* clime his *legions* flew,
Realms and their plunder in his view,
To cheat the mob of *Rome;*
But Insurrection mark'd the time;
A Nation bless'd the dagger's crime,
And Virtue hail'd the doom.
I hear the voice that call'd aloud,
When BRUTUS† led the patriot crowd,
And shook his flaming steel;
His lifted arm above the rest,
And Liberty's triumphant crest,
The signal act reveal.

* There is a partial, but a memorable point of resemblance between the history of *Rome* three months before the death of *Cæsar*, and the history of *Paris* last year.—The Tyrants here too are assimilated in their vanity, in their usurpation of absolute power, and in their impious contempt for Heaven; but never, I trust, will the genius of *Cæsar* be so degraded, as to be put on a level with a character like that of *Napoleon*.—The *Parthian* war in its policy was like the *Russian*. Both of the Tyrants were in fear of an insurrection. [See MIDDLETON's account of *Cæsar's* death, in *Cicero's* Life.] Both had plunder in view, as a revulsion to the popular spirit.

† This portrait is taken from the second Philippic, and the words are too striking to be overlooked: "*Cæsare* interfecto, statim cruentum altè attollens *M. Brutus* pugionem, *Ciceronem* nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus." They are the words of *Antony*, as the accuser of *Cicero*, who admits, and glories in the fact.

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Flush'd at the feast of impious * pride,
The worship'd son of *Ammon—died* †,
When slaves the altar fann'd;
Though his bright standard's conquering host
Had all that victory could boast,
The cypress was at hand.—
With not a casual virtue's gleam,
The dark *Italian* to redeem,
He challenges renown!

* I have no time or place in these notes for the analysis of that historical problem, *Alexander's* public and private morality: but I can venture to assert, that he was impious, that he was dissolute, and that he was a tyrant. That he manifested occasionally the heroism of those virtues that elevate and grace human characters the most, can as little be denied; but the fits of contrast were like those which *Dryden* has painted, with such enlightened sagacity, as the varieties of his moral portrait, in the immortal "Ode upon *St. Cecilia's* Day."

† "Unus *Pellæo Juveni* non sufficit orbis;
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi:
Sarcophago contentus erit." — Juv. *Sat.* x. *v.* 168, &c.

I shall take a liberty here with two gifted Poets, *Dryden* and *Gifford*, by selecting parts of each:

"One world suffic'd not *Alexander's* mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and sea confin'd:
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out." — Dryden.

"But, entering *Babylon*, found ample room
Within the narrow limits of a tomb!
Death, the great teacher Death, alone proclaims
The true dimensions of our petty frames." — Gifford.

Mr. *Gifford*, in his note, with his usual taste and judgment, has added Prince *Henry's* apostrophe to the remains of *Hotspur*:

"When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough!"

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Slaves at his footstool call him "*great* * !"
In courtly rhyme "his arm is fate!"
But other Tyrants frown †:
To *Macedon's* insatiate Chief
The mourner's tent, the suppliant's grief,
Could sympathies endear:
In CÆSAR, clemency to foes
Could soothe Ambition to repose;
And XERXES ‡ dropp'd a tear!
Is ARISTIDES, nam'd "*the Just* §,"
Wrapt in Oblivion's mouldering dust,
Nor touch'd by Sage and Bard?
Are *pious Chiefs* a weed become?
Shall *his* renown to Earth be dumb,
That Heaven's bright Angels guard?
If *they* around GUSTAVUS met,
If in their wings they fold him yet,
As when he sunk to rest—

* "*Buonaparte* est un *faux grand homme*."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

† In refuting *Napoleon's* claim to the word "great," it struck me that I could set up an ascending series and scale of those who would reject him as their competitor; beginning at guilty and vicious Heroes, proceeding in the next place to those Pagans whom Virtue immortalized, and closing in a character of Christian heroism, like that of *Gustavus Adolphus*, a most intrepid Warrior, a Patriot King, and a zealous Christian.

‡ He wept in reflecting, that of the million before him at a review, not a man would be alive in a century! — a romantic outrage of tenderness, which has too theatrical an air to command any respect. He would have discovered a better subject for his tear, if he had shifted the reflection, and had thrown it upon himself.—He was going to shorten the natural term of these lives, by his depraved ambition.

§ "His desire is rather to *be*, than to *appear*, honest and virtuous,"—having been recited, as a passage in one of *Æschylus's* plays, to the audience, every one of them looked at *Aristides*, and applied the character to him.

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The Saint in arms—the wise and good—
Shall *his* memorial be renew'd
With a diminish'd crest?
Shall he, whom zeal* and valour shar'd,
With an Impostor be compar'd,
And with a Chief that fled?
Shall they, in Time's impartial claim,
Divide an emulated name,
And meet in Glory's bed?
Pride of a Nation's grief, TURENNE,
From the Historian's voice and pen
The debt of honour claim!
CONDE', arise—avenging sound;
With piercing cries of doom surround,
And blast the murdering † aim!
A "God of battle" is at hand;
Swept from the earth is Pride's command;
Her *Pharaoh* is no more;
Like "*Israel's* cry ‡" was *Europe's* tear;—
Despair, and shame, with guilty fear,
The Regal pageants tore §:

* *Harte's* motto for *Gustavus's* Life was most happily taken by that Historian from the following passage in *Dryden:*

"His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name—a bright example stands to shew
How strangely high achievements may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go."

† The murder of the *Duc d'Enghien,* a most amiable and promising youth, was at least as impolitic as it was atrocious in its cruelty. His crime was the *name* that he bore—the race of heroes which he personated, and was likely to perpetuate—or close by his death: but I confess that *Henry the Eighth,* when he murdered the *Countess of Salisbury* for being the last *Plantagenet,* was a tempting pattern. — Lord *Herbert* has given us a most affecting portrait of this venerable Heroine.

‡ —— "*and their cry came unto God.*"

§ He had a model for this humiliating event. After the battle

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A mask is the deserter's cheat,
Breath is the purchase of deceit,
And life a coward's doom;
To Virtue's arm the Furies yield;
She has the banners, and the field;
Their league is at the tomb.
D'EGALITE', and ROBESPIERRE,
The howling Regicides, are there,
Spells of a RICHARD'S* dream;
YOU—are no shadows of the tent,
But are in Arms and Glory sent
By conquering to redeem.
The Heaven-appointed lot is YOURS,
That FREEDOM's panting breath assures,
And wakes the teeming flame:
YOUR battle's cry is, "GOD! AND MAN!"
Deliverance—your angelic plan;
THE RESCUED WORLD—your fame.

of *Salamis*, the *Persian* King tore his robe in a fit of rage, and of despair.—This incident has been commemorated by *Æschylus* with sublime effect.

* The tent of *Richard III.* in *Shakespeare.*

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TALES AND FABLES.

VER-VERT*, THE PARROT OF NEVERS;

AN HEROIC POEM,

INSCRIBED TO THE ABBESS OF D*****.

From the French of GRESSET †.

CANTO I.

THOU, whose attractions, from the world retir'd,
Glow without art, and blush to be admir'd —
Whose piercing intellect, and born for truth,
To virtue has allied the charm of youth —
Has bound the Muses in a wreath of taste,
And vestal honour with a dimple grac'd;
At whose command I sing, in playful rhyme,
Offending purity, infection's crime,

* "Ver-Vert" has been already given to the *English* Reader in more versions than one; with the best of which (that of *John Gilbert Cooper*, esq. first published in 1759) Mr. *Hardinge's* may well bear competition. EDIT.

† Dr. *Goldsmith*, in his "Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning," says, "*Gresset* is agreeable and easy. His Comedy called *The Merchants*, and an humourous Poem entitled *Ver-Vert*, have original merit. He was bred a Jesuit, but his wit procured his dismission from that Society. The last work particularly could expect no pardon from the Convent, being a Satire against Nunneries." EDIT.

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The dupe, the cheat, the polish'd, and the coarse,
The saint by art, the libertine by force;
Be thou alone the genius of my lay,
The model of my verse, *thyself* convey;
Breathe into mine the soul-impassion'd Muse,
And those pathetic melodies infuse,
That stream'd in living sorrows of the lyre
When Beauty saw the dear *Fidelle* * expire,
Who, on thy lap caress'd, was, in his prime,
Seiz'd by the partial hand of jealous Time:
So may the *Parrot's* theme, abjuring fear,
Live in the fame of that "*melodious tear* †!"
There are, whose fancy, touch'd with *Homer's* fire,
In Epic note an *Odyssey* require,
Of this terraqueous pilgrim's motley fate
The loves and the achievements to relate;
Invoke æthereal spirits to their vein,
And superannuated Gods retain;
Some to *Æneas* would the bird compare,
The *pious*‡ bird, but less of gods the care,
Of equal virtue, and of more distress:
But strains like these *Euphrosyne* oppress.
Her Muses take their pattern from the bees,
That on the scented bloom at random seize,
They never dwell upon a *single* taste,
Or on the *cup at hand* their passion waste,

* A lap-dog. † *Milton*, in the Monody upon *Lycidas*.

‡ This epithet is in general conferred by *Virgil* upon *Æneas*, who *in general* deserves it. But it happens, and such things *will* happen, that when he is at *Carthage*, and is *Dido's* favourite, they go for *shelter* from a tempest into a cave together. Upon that occasion *Virgil* drops the epithet *pious*, and calls the Hero *Colonel* or *General*. The delicacy and judgement of this new title have been much commended; but what is to be said for the judgement, or the delicacy of producing the incident?

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But sipping, each in turn, with speed of light,
From this to that perfume they shift their flight.
If, bold and free, the Convent I have trac'd,
And rudely have the sister-nuns unlac'd,
If the uplifted veil I here expose,
And cloister'd love to ridicule expose,
The shaft is innocent, if *you* forgive;
Smile, and the colours will be sure to live:
—— * Could Virtue ever be to earth reveal'd,
Her playful air to art would never yield,
Her features would no *solemn* cast inherit;
In *thy* resemblance would an altar merit.
The Bards have sung, the wise have preach'd in vain,
That vice in *travels* many a Pilgrim stain;
That wandering feet, and shifted scenes, impart
The devious turns and mazes of the heart;
That *Syrens* may around the vessel swarm,
Allure the fancy, and the soul deform.
The wisdom of this antiquated theme
Historians from oblivion shall redeem;
A *Parrot's* doom records the living tale,
Till birds are mute, and ships no more can sail;
Till streams are dry, that fleets to Ocean bore,
And Beauty, such as thine, can charm no more.
If doubt should whisper, that my rhymes deceive,
And the cold heart should wish to disbelieve,
The Convent parlour's echo at *Nevers*
Stamps with its proof the legend of despair.
Immur'd with *Nuns* of unexampled grace
A *Parrot* liv'd, the meteor of his race;
With tender passions, and with polish'd air,
He justified capricious Fortune's care;

* I have here leaped over two lines of the original; — they were a little *too free*, and quite superfluous. G. H.

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Nor would he such reverses have endur'd,
If against fate the heart could be ensur'd.
From *India's* burning clime, a native there,
In *France* the denizen was nam'd *Ver-vert* *.
In cloister'd cell, though young, he was inclos'd,
And, for his good, in pious chains repos'd.
His eye was brilliant, and his colours gay,
His manners *débonnaire*, and full of play;
The heart was open, though reserv'd the life,
And fond—as a departed *Bramin's* wife;
To Nuns in prattle a congenial bird,
Nor any so caress'd, and so preferr'd.
Perhaps it would superfluous appear
To mark how Nuns the minion would endear:
When their *Director* had explain'd the text,
It has been often said—the bird came *next*;
And Fame *could* whisper, that by *some* the bird
Was to the man of God, their Saint, preferr'd;
At least, he shar'd the comfits and *liqueurs*,
That zeal monastic for its Guide procures;
A licens'd object of their vacant love,
His cherish'd beak from lips to lips could rove;
He was of beauty's ripening charm the feast,
With passion courted, and with pain releas'd:
The *ag'd* alone, duennas to the rest,
Were uncaressing, and were uncaress'd.
Exempt, as under age, from laws of reason,
Crimes were a jest, and privileg'd was treason;
To charm, *his* follies could be ever certain;
At holy vespers he undrew the curtain,
Or peck'd at stomachers, but unreprov'd,
Perhaps unpinn'd them, and the sight *improv'd*;

* It is the word in *French* for a *Parrot*.

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No measures of delight were ever plann'd
Unless their *beau* was perch'd upon their hand,
Or danc'd curvetting, or in transport flew,
Or sung, or whistled, or impatient grew,
Though modest, and with timid air, to sip
The living nectar of the rosy lip;
Just as a coward *Novice* might have done
Before she was accomplish'd as a *Nun*.
By all the learn'd, with probing art assail'd,
His just and pointed answers never fail'd;
Thus to four languages, adept in each,
Could *Julius* dictate an imperial speech.
Admitted freely, and with no reserve,
The Nuns to *him the refectory* serve;
There fruits, to appetite, with ample measure,
Supplied, in varied sweets, a copious treasure.
The pockets of the sisterhood were lin'd
With pilfer'd stores, by taste and love refin'd;
A Parrot of the Court could not be more
Endear'd and fondled on a palace-floor.
The lovely Pensioner was all in all.
His days no chilling office could enthral;
At night he chose the Sister's favour'd cell,
And lov'd her, it was thought, perhaps *too* well;
For old and jealous prudes her pet would steal,
And the lov'd minion from her eye conceal:
He, in *finesse* expert, profound, and sage,
Would seem, by choice, to pitch his tent with *age;*
But still at heart the young and fresh preferr'd,
In all selection a sagacious Bird.
The feather'd Anchoret, his option made,
On some choice relicks of devotion laid,
Repos'd him till the morn;—blest witness, then,
He saw—what never had been seen by *men!*

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He saw—*the toilette*;—whisper'd is the word,
But I relate the gossip: I have heard,
That beauties veil'd and cloth'd in stuff like these
Before a mirrour can their fancy teaze,
To give their flowing draperies a turn,
Which tempts the eye proportions to discern;
Arrangements these, at which *the Loves* preside,
Avenging Nature's insulated pride.
The Loves, that oft can spin the subtle scheme,
Elude the fetters, and the bonds redeem,
Breathe on the fillet a peculiar grace,
Float in the limbs, and languish in the face.
Resume, ye Nine, the Hero of my verse,
And the Voluptuary's life rehearse;
Nor fast, nor prayer, to *him* the Nuns impart;
He is their *King*,—his throne is in the heart.
For *him Térése* her Sparrow could forget,
Three Nightingales were martyrs of the pet;
And six great Cats, the minions heretofore,
With envy bursting, fell—to rise no more.
Alas! what piercing thought could then presage,
That in this Fairy-land, this golden age,
Though nurs'd by Vestal Saints with jealous care,
He wasted all their sweetness in the air?
That other times would come, of guilt and shame,
Their Pupil to corrupt, their work defame?
Suspend, pathetic Muse, the gushing tear,
That soon on Beauty's eyelid *must* appear,
When Love, in torture of despair, shall find
That art is fruitless, and that hope is blind.

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CANTO THE SECOND.

The feather'd Pupil could not be a fool
In gift of speech at such a vocal school,
But he was eloquent; the silver tone
Was by the Nuns adopted for their own.
It may be added that *he talk'd a book*
With a monastic air, and sapient look;
No gasconader, flirting, and profane,
Of the fair sex impertinently vain,
Or who, by *secular* endearments press'd,
Was into vice and foppery caress'd;
For he was moral, and of beak demure,
A Saint in feathers, innocent and pure;
His dreams of guilt no image call'd before 'em;
His words could never drop an indecorum.
Then all the *Canticles* * he knew by heart,
In *Benedicites* * he took his part;
La mére * and *vôtre charité* * he knew;
The fam'd *soliloquy* * his passion grew;
The gifted Abbess, or the Nuns at hand,
Who had all Saints and Legends at command.
He was an echo to the words he caught,
Chaste as the sound by Virgin-seraphs taught;
Their pious lore, with emulating strife,
Leap'd from the canvas to a second life:—
The nasal twang, the matins, loud or faint,
The pealing anthem, or the dove's complaint,
That form'd the music of these hallow'd quires,
And lull'd into repose profane desires;
For him the *Liturgy's* * reforming strain
Was never sung, was never preach'd in vain.

* Parts of the Catholic and Monastic Ritual.

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Such gifts, in such a "*napkin*" too confin'd,
Had learnt by fame a theatre to find;
In all *Névers* from day to night it rung,
Fill'd every seat, and play'd on every tongue;
No other song but of the Bird inspir'd,
The *cells* were envy'd, and the *veil* desir'd;
Nay, from the city of *Moulins* by dozens
Came troops of aunts, of sisters, and of cousins.
The dove-like *Mélanie*, to all preferr'd,
Was *Maid of honour* to the cherish'd Bird;
Pure as the cambrick that her bosom wore,
In her soft hand the miracle she bore;
With modest air the dazzling plume display'd,
Nor left a single beauty in the shade.
His *temper* next, above the reach of art,
His tenderness of nature, won the heart.
But of Religion's lovely *Anchoret*
Not half the beauties are discover'd yet;
No farther homage can the sight commend,
The ravish'd *ear* new miracles attend;
Refin'd, accomplish'd, and with phrases dress'd,
That owed their lustre to the young *profess'd*,
The sainted beak its rhetorick began,
From lip to lip the choral plaudits ran,
So eloquent in idiom's bright *finesse*
That *French Academies* would shame confess;
And for a public speaker it was odd
That none who heard him could be seen to nod.
What Orator of this or any age
Could such a waking set of eyes engage?
They listen'd; call'd his memory divine,
And felt new rapture spring at every line.
Adept and perfect in coquetting made,
As if convinc'd that glory was a shade,

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With coy distress their tribute he receiv'd,
And look'd as if he said—" *Be undeceiv'd!*
I'm nothing curious—quite a common Bird;
You are too partial, childish, and absurd:"
Like flatter'd Beauties, modest in their pride,
Who *love* the *fiction* they would seem to chide.
When he had now develop'd all he knew,
The beak half-clos'd, his periods fainter grew;
Then, to a modern Preacher's grace allied,
He left his flock enamour'd of their Guide:
No word impure defil'd his precious labours,
Except a little scandal on his neighbours,
Or, now and then, a harmless *équivoque*,
That by a chance the Nuns had spilt in joke.
Thus bred in so delectable a nest,
The Bird of grace, by tempting charms caress'd,
By more than one of cloister'd Seraphs lov'd,
Sleek as a Monk, nor less by Saints approv'd,
Upon his beauty and his learning plum'd,
In frolick perch'd, in holy musk perfum'd,
By all *the Loves* endear'd, a minion quite,
And vain of his indifference to delight.
Nor yet the Fates *their* secrets had unravel'd;
Alas! how bless'd if he had never *travel'd!*
At length arrives the period of dismay,
Which Memory could wish to pass away—
The time that all his glories will be laid
In cold oblivion's desolating shade.
Oh, infamy of guilt with horror trac'd!
Oh, fatal voyage to the good and chaste!
Why may not from the annals of the world
This blotted page of destiny be hurl'd?
Alas, how dangerous a pearl is fame!
How to be envy'd those whom none can blame!

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'Tis innocent obscurity alone,
That fickle planets never can disown:
How often talents, beauty, and renown,
Corrupt the heart, and throw its pageants down!
The Parrot, for achievements proudly fam'd,
Alas! by other scenes too soon was claim'd;
At *Nantes* the Convent's meteor was announc'd—
There, and for him, were other pets renounc'd.
"*The Visitation*" there, whose bar could hold
A corps of matrons in its grated fold,
Had yet one feature of their carnal *Eve*—
A thirst the cup of knowledge to receive.
On *them* was prompt intelligence conferr'd
Of the miraculous and gifted Bird:
Their chaste and snowy bosoms were on fire
To see his canoniz'd perfections nigher;
The wishing maid no discipline can tame—
But a *Nun's wish* is passion's maddening flame.
The coldest bosoms for possession burn'd;
By mystic zeal the firmest heads were turn'd.
They wrote, and the Superior of *Névers*
Assail'd, with subtle purpose to ensnare;
Besought her, only for a time, to lend
This dear memorial of their bosom-friend,
Upon the river *Loire* to waft him over—
Then, at a word, their jewel to recover.
The cunning missive its departure took,
Pursued with lifted hands and flurried look;
"But when at soonest will the answer come?"
"Of twelve long days a melancholy sum!"
Again they wrote; and letter upon letter,
To guard their object, or to veil it better;
Sleep at a distance from their eyelids fled—
All had their *fevers*, and *Cécile* was dead.

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Now at *Nevers* the guarded suit arriv'd,
A chapter call'd—when reason had surviv'd
The tumult half-suppress'd of rage and fear,
All ears were open'd the debates to hear.
"What! shall we lose the fond tho' chaste *Ver-Vert?*
No!—let us die—before the bird is there!
How in these living tombs, these hollow towers,
Can we, poor Vestals, chase the lingering hours,
If this dear partner of the midnight cell
Against his bound allegiance can rebel?"
Thus with a sigh that rent the heart exclaim'd
The tender *Novices*, but half-asham'd;
Their glowing hearts, of barren leisure tir'd,
The charm of innocent endearments fir'd;
And—sober truth to say—it was the least,
That parch'd and solitary lips could feast,
The very least; *no other Bird* was theirs,
A Parrot's love, to dissipate their cares.
But the sage council of the Matrons old
Was more sedate, more providently cold;
These reverend Hags the junior senate sway'd,
The calm approv'd, the mutinous obey'd.
The vote imported—"that, by way of loan,
The Bird shall live at *Nantes* two weeks alone;"
Those calculating heads had mischief seen
That might, if not resisted, intervene—
The two communities of zeal divide—
The barriers open, and let in the tide.
When thus it was arrang'd, in written form,
Despair and pique the junior Belles deform;
Revolt is menac'd—"What a sacrifice!"
The wretched *Séraphine* delirious cries.
But all things have an end; the tower is pass'd,
And of their parting looks it 's now the last.

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With *him*, chaste love, the partner of their bed,
Impassion'd, though with barren zeal, has fled;
"Go, Bird of Paradise, where honour calls —
Return more charming to these hallow'd walls."
Thus in the vernal morn of rising bloom
A *Novice* cheer'd her solitude and gloom;
A *Novice* who, to dissipate her grief,
Had found, by art, prohibited relief —
In secret orisons of soft *Racine*
Had felt the charm of *his* impassion'd scene;
A *Novice* who, with all her fluttering heart,
Would have consented from her chains to part.
But all is pass'd; the Fugitive 's on board —
Alas! till then, for innocence ador'd,
For modest words, and for deportment grave:
May all these virtues, that a Convent gave,
Defend his heart, and at no distant hour
Again produce him an unsullied flower!
Be it, however, as it may; — the oars
Impel the bark, and spurn the lessening shores,
The dashing billows echo in the air;
Away departs the Parrot of *Névers*.

CANTO THE THIRD.

In this light bark, his fugitive abode,
A pair of Nymphs, gay libertines, were stow'd —
A couple of *Dragoons* to these were join'd,
In ribbald wit both heroes of their kind —
A Monk—a Nurse—a thund'ring Gasconader,
Of Saints and Vestals a renown'd invader.
It must be own'd, that for a Bird of grace
The whims of chance had found a comic place:

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But *strange* * are *bedfellows* that flock together,
With no credentials for it but the *weather*.
Amaz'd, *Ver-Vert* in pleasure's giddy range
Encounter'd habits that were new and strange;
Nor manners legible, nor language known,
Upon a savage country he was thrown,
Scar'd and embarrass'd at the foreign style,
As if his boat had sail'd upon the *Nile*.
Where are the edifying orisons
That breath'd in air the purity of Nuns,
The note that sigh'd, the whisper half-suppress'd,
And the soft raptures of the sainted breast?
Instead of these, with many an odious word
The licence of the Bacchanal is heard.
The warriors twain, with irreligious tongue,
A language held that of the tavern rung.
To charm the dullness of the lingering day,
Their lips to social bumpers found the way.
The *Gascon* Hero to a *Cyprian Miss*
Detail'd the chapter of unhallow'd bliss.
Wild in their cups the noisy boatmen swore,
And us'd a *Saint* as they would use an *oar*;
With complicated blasphemies exclaim'd,
And when *most naked*—were the *least asham'd*:
Their manly tone upon the listening Bird,
Round and articulate, impress'd the word.
At first, his thoughts entangled and confus'd,
A mute reserve the timid Stranger us'd;
He dar'd not in such company be known,
And wish'd he could his *eloquence* disown.
But with a courtly tone they all concurr'd
In supplicating language to the Bird.

* Misery makes *strange bedfellows*. — *Shakespeare*.

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At length, with air entranc'd and rolling eyes,
An "*Ave-Mary*" came, half lost in sighs.
Imagine at those words the peal of mirth—
Perhaps you 'll guess the *revolution's birth.*
A Novice, open thus to ridicule,
Began to fear that he had play'd the fool;
And that he could not ears well-bred allure
Unless the Convent-style he could abjure.
Proud from his birth, nor had the Courtier's lay
Been ever coy its tickling dues to pay;
His guards unseen the Loves and Graces wept,
Suspicion fled, and jealous Honour slept;
He could not bear the lash of gay contempt,
And sinn'd, from fashion's whip to be exempt—
(Nor he alone—for ask the rake of note
If *he* is not a *libertine by rote*,
Who gets the vicious character by heart,
And pays to vanity the borrow'd part!)
The *Gascon debauchée* his tongue defil'd,
His *failing* heart its early pets revil'd,
For *they* had never put into his head
The lively rhetorick at *Paris* bred,
Where faint and bold, in wild confusion strung,
Make anarchy the charter of the tongue.
Little he said, but he was mute for shame;
With listening ear sat brooding on his aim;
Deep in reflections, on the task intent,
He gave the mimic ear no other bent:
But first it was judicious to *forget*
The chaste endearments of the Nun-coquette.
Alas! before two little days were past,
Of airs demure he whistled off the last:—
Of *Monk* and of *Dragoon* the manly tone,
Their style, their tactic, he had made his own;—

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For, as the docile nature vacant grew,
At once to ripeness bad instruction flew;
With apt facility, and prone to ill,
He curs'd and swore, as if the time to kill.
Like an old Fiend in holy water's cup,
Who taints the hallow'd stream, or drinks it up,
Of abstinence the penal code abjur'd,
Thought it a vulgar illness, and was cur'd.
It has been said, that only by degrees
The Devil enters, and the Angel flees;
But *he* at one bold stroke became *profess'd*,
Without *novitiate*, perfect as the rest.
His ear too well the alphabet retain'd,
That memory and love to habit chain'd;
When half the ribbald words to air had sprung,
The other half ran glibly off the tongue;
Wrapt in himself the upstart Minion grew,
Disown'd his early fame, and grasp'd the new;
To soothe and flatter a suborning world,
From Heaven, apostate sinner, he was hurl'd.
Example thus can shed its venom'd juice,
Corrode the habits, and the heart seduce.
Amid these baneful scenes of honour lost,
What generous tears had this elopement cost!
Enamour'd Sisters, by a *Jilt* embrac'd;
What lavish blessings you are still to waste
Upon the *dear perfidious* *; reckoning hours,
And for his wish'd return preparing flowers;
Alas, for *him*—the satyr of your zeal,
Whose breast has parted with its power to feel,
With depth of sorrow for the *pet* resign'd,
On the cold earth by fading lamps you pin'd,

* *Calista's* portrait of *Lothario* in the Fair Penitent.

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Or, as if silence could your frenzy tame,
Carthusians for a miracle became!
Cease the fond strife! your lov'd is *yours* no more,
Corrupt and faithless on a foreign shore:
The beak so gentle, and the air so pure,
The mind religious, and the voice demure,
Are fled, and lost: a ruffian bold and coarse,
Apostate, impious, with blaspheming hoarse:
The Winds and River-nymphs *your* harvest reap;—
The Vices in their net your truant keep:
No more his learning or his talents boast,
For what is genius, fled from honour's post?
Oh, think of him no more, but *let* him stray—
His gifts and promis'd virtues thrown away!
But, oh, what Muse can touch the rising flame,
When to the Port of *Nantes* this wonder came!
For keen desire too late the morn appear'd,
And late the Moon its radiant lamp has rear'd:
In these dread intervals the busy mind
Leaves tir'd and panting Nature far behind.
It promis'd here a cultivated Bird,
In whom the Virtues and the Loves concurr'd,
Of noble manners, tender and humane,
A mind impervious to the moral stain,
An exemplary teacher, guide, and friend!—
Perfidious hopes!—calamity their end!
The boat arriv'd—upon the bank a Nun,
Provider for the rest, had breathless run;
There every dawn, since first the letter went,
That forc'd or brib'd *Névers* to her assent,
Had seen the holy Maid her vigils keep,
And stretch her eyes impatient o'er the deep,
As if to hasten Love's prophetic sail,
And whistle for more pinions to the gale.

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The Bird experienc'd knew her by her mien,
Her prudish eyes, half open, half unseen —
By the large cap, and linen superfine —
Her gloves of lily hue, the vestal sign —
Her dying notes, and little cross, unfold
The Bigot Maid, in sacrifice enroll'd.
He shudder'd; and it staggers all belief,
That with an oath, explicit, round, and brief,
He gave her and her beads *en militaire*
To all the merry devils he could spare:
It 's clear of doubt, at least, that he had rather
Have mess'd with his *Dragoons* in stormy weather,
With *Rakes* whose wanton frolicks he had learnt,
Than with a Missal have his fingers burnt.
At ceremony's claim he took offence;
But spleen to the subdued is no defence:
By force to a detested grate she bore him,
And spread her venerable charms before him.
'Tis whisper'd, that he bit her on the road;
But *on what part* his vengeance he bestow'd
Is undetermin'd, and a contest yet,
A theme of disappointment and regret.
Some to the *neck* this outrage have consign'd,
Some have the *fingers* to his beak resign'd;
Others more deep—"*will hardly tell us where:*"
But why should this be any Poet's care?
Suffice it, that he reach'd the hallow'd cells,
In which, though all are Saints, the heart rebels.
The fame of his august arrival flew,
And bells in concert wild the Sisters drew.
It happen'd all were at the matin choir,
But soon they left the consecrated fire:
They run—they leap; "*'tis he—'tis he,* my Sister:
Last night the Abbess dreamt that he had kiss'd her."

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Mère Angélique betray'd her years no more—
She ran, though never seen to run before.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

At length are seen the beauties long deferr'd,
And lips of melting snow have kiss'd the Bird.
Nor *Fiction's* herald was the gossip Fame,
But modest when the living meteor came;
His brilliant eye no painter's hue could reach,
No voice could emulate his gifted speech;
Nor less approv'd credentials to the Fair,
A look of spirit and a martial air.
Alas, that Beauty's provident Creator
Should in these charms have dress'd a shameless traitor!
Why cannot we distinguish in the face
A Bird of *Sotan* from a Bird of Grace?
With lavish praise on such a host of charms,
The tongues of zeal impassion'd are in arms.
And such the chorus of applauding wonder,
That none could listen to a peal of thunder.
But, though his vocal air no secrets told,
Like a young *Carmelite* his eyes he roll'd;
Eyes un-equivocal—that, understood,
Inflam'd the wicked, and alarm'd the good.
Of Indiscretions, this was lot the first,
I wish it could have also been the worst.
For lot the second—Oh, could I impress it!
No Libertine alive could ever guess it.
When the fond Prioress, with holy zeal,
Impatient grew her visions to reveal,
In lips entranc'd and mystic hope convey'd,
—With fashion'd air he first explor'd the Maid;

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Then, with a toss genteel and cavalier,
Without reflecting who the words could hear,
As if instructed in the *Paphian* school,
Mark'd all the Nuns for Hypocrites or Fools.
At this *début* the Sister *Augustaine*,
With melting grace, adjur'd him to abstain;
And said *fi-donc* to this unhallow'd Brother;
With simpering leer he gave her—such another,
And chim'd in words of such infernal sound,
That horror shook the consecrated ground.
"*Vive Jesu!*—'tis a Fiend,"—the Abbess cried,
"'Tis hell and sorcery," the Nuns replied.
Was ever so inveterate a Rake?
What—*this*—it cannot be—'tis pure mistake,
The Parrot, by Religion's breath inspir'd,
By Saints adopted, and by Nuns desir'd.
Next the bold Chief, to shew that he was *game*,
Began to fulminate his oaths of shame.
The Vestal, blushing, and with tortur'd ear,
Flew to arrest the little pioneer;
Each found a packet ready for her use,
Wrapt in voluptuous hints, or droll abuse;
With younger Saints he disciplined the jest,
His mimping tone their faint alarm express'd;
Yet without mercy at the Hags he rose,
And peckt at their apostrophizing nose;
But these were preludes only:—the Corsair,
Foe to the chaunt, and sick of cloyster'd air,
With rage half-bursting, and with fumes of spite,
He gave at once, to make his burden light,
The words of joy deprav'd, and love impure,
That none but savage Libertines endure.
Around his beak, with many a "*sacre-Dieu!*"
The ribbald notes in giddy circle flew;

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Neat as imported from the river brought,
Rich drafts of eloquence in brothels taught.
The junior sisters fancy'd it was *Greek*,
But were so petrify'd—they could not speak;
Pale at the sound, and struck, they knew not why,
From this dread Libertine the cowards fly.
Full speed they gallop'd, and their Saints address'd,
With crosses huddled in the panting breast;
Each to her cell with ghastly omens hurl'd,
As at the wreck of Nature and the world.
Old Mother *Cunegonde* upon her nose
Fell with a *single* tooth—with *none* she rose;
Her mouth unlocking, that sepulchral cave,
The ancient *Béliane* began to rave:
"Eternal Father! *ah, miséricorde!*
What Antichrist is here with fire and sword!
What Fiend commission'd! Save us, blessed Heaven,
And cleanse thy altar from Pollution's leaven!
How has that wretch the conscience, like the damn'd,
Here—in thy vineyards pure—to curse the land!
Are these of cloyster'd grain the bitter fruits,
The talent, *this*, which love monastic suits?
Is he the Bird that Vestals can revere?
Dispatch him to his friends—who sent him here!"
"Oh, Saints and Martyrs! oh, sublime *Nevers*,"
Econte exclaim'd—"was he instructed there;
Could Heaven's elect such elocution teach,
Are these, alas! *their* elements of speech?
Is youth *so* form'd by Nuns? or *can* the veil
Admit such Hereticks within its pale;
Oh, let not such a pest be harbour'd here,
With him the garrisons of Hell appear."
Decreed—that, in the durance of a cage,
First he should bridle his demoniac rage;

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And then remanded, like a vagrant lost,
Should learn the task of penance to his cost.
No better sport the fickle Bird requir'd,
For of his *last* adventure he was *tir'd!*
Condemn'd—and by a solemn verdict found,
The rash profaner of religious ground;
In hallow'd realms of sacrilege attaint,
And leagues with Hell against the Vestal Saint,
His doom in tears the Novices had sign'd,
Though to the lovely Sinner much inclin'd;
"Pity," they said, "that he was thus deprav'd,
But could he not be reconcil'd, and sav'd?"
It melted their philanthropies to know
So wild a Ruffian mask'd in such a Beau;
Though he was prov'd a Libertine at heart,
They *sigh'd, and look'd,* at seeing him depart.
Away decamping in the Sister's hand,
Who first receiv'd him when he touch'd the land,
He bit her not—as to the Port he went:
A cabin took him, with his free consent.
As from the shore with careless joy he fled,
No plea was interpos'd—no tears were shed.
Alas! what Muse can tell—what Fancy guess—
(Oh, tragic theme! dread Iliad of distress!)
The goading shame that, when he reach'd *Névers,*
Stung all the Sisters who caress'd him there,
When Love's refin'd endearments he repaid
With his un-edifying serenade;
Their flushing cheek redoubled veils conceal,
But still the heart can melt—and *Saints can feel.*
Nine venerable Matrons, cold and sage,
With nine descents accomplish'd in their age;
Assemble in the *descrétoire,* and there
No partial bosoms the convicted spare.

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No champions for the *dear perfidious** plead,
No hearts enamour'd for their passion bleed;
In fetters bound, and stript of all his fame,
The sullen Victim of Despair and Shame,
Stands at the bar, to hear his final doom.
In colours black two Sibyls vote—the tomb;
But other two, in vengeance more discreet,
Consign the *Indian* to his native seat,
In climes profane, to *Superstition* dear,
(The Fiend whom dark Idolaters revere;)
The five remaining have the sentence past,
"For two whole months of penance he shall *fast;*
Three shall he mope in solitude; and four
Shall in mute grief his eloquence deplore."
The garden, toilette, comfits, and alcove,
Are all withheld from his polluting love;
But, Misery's dread heap imperfect yet,
A guard and jailor at the door they set;
Alecto of the Nuns, all crape and fur,
But old enough to be a dowager;
A beldam she, of eighty at the least,
And stern as *Alva's* Duke, or *Spanish* Priest.
Yet this keen *Argus* could not quite prevent
The intercourse of hearts that anguish rent.
At leisure from the vespers and the matins,
The Novice came, and strok'd his feather'd satins;
Alleviated the rigour of his fate,
And gave him comfits at his prison gate;
When sleep had clos'd the jealous turnkey's eye,
Or gold, the net for age, could mercy buy.
The Pet immur'd, though blest with conscience free,
With such a penance never could agree;

* *Calista's* portrait again; see p. 291.

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By Shame corrected, by Misfortune taught,
Or sickening of the gaoler, as 'tis thought,
He reconnoiter'd all the sins he own'd,
And with contrition for the past aton'd;
The Monk, Dragoons, and kisses he forgot—
Then for a milder prison chang'd his lot,
With holy Sisters he convers'd again,
His forfeit health and spirits to regain,
Canonically edified became,
And cheer'd his appetites with temper'd flame.
Intelligence of this *conversion* flew,
And soon disarm'd the *Tisiphonian* crew;
The time of exile was abridg'd; the day
Of his recall prepar'd its genial ray;
The taste of mirth and festival at hand
For these co-parceners in Holy Land;
The busy interval their plans approv'd,
As Fancy whisper'd, or as Art improv'd.
Oh, syren pleasures and allurements vain!
That Hope's gay dream with perfidy can stain!
The dormitories trick'd in gay festoon,
The tea, the lively dance, and frolic tune,
The tumult sweet, the liberty entire,
Breath'd passions unreprov'd, and vestal fire:
No Bird of omen sung the warning note,
For who can discipline as well as doat?
Inordinate compassion for the past
Chang'd into surfeit the atoning fast;
In sweets of honey, and of rich *liqueurs*,
Inflam'd and bursting, he no more endures
The vital air—on sugar-plumbs he fell;
The Loves grew pale, and Beauty rung his knell.

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In vain the orisons invoke his breath,
And call his fleeting spirit back from Death:
With soft excess they only urge his fate —
He dies of transport, and of pleasure's weight;
His parting voice the junior Saints admir'd,
His parting kiss their nectar'd lips requir'd. —
Then *Venus* to *Elysium* in her arms
Propitious bore his consecrated charms;
There plac'd him by the heroes of his kind,
And close to *him* upon whose urn reclin'd
Corinna's deathless Bard enamour'd hung,
And with impassion'd stains the *Nænia* sung.
But who can tell how Death's illustrious prize
With tears of anguish fill'd the Vestal eyes!
A meeting held, *la Sœur dépositaire*
Of circular dispatches took the care;
From that record the piteous tale withdrew,
My Hero's deathless honours to renew:
From Nature drawn, the portrait's living *traits*
Can still assert and vindicate his praise.
Led by the hand of Love, the needle's power
Has cherish'd and preserv'd the vital flower;
Grief, whose memorials bid the past return,
With tears that speak bedew'd the sacred urn;
Funereal honours crown the hallow'd shade,
Such as the Muse to Birds of note has paid.
The mausoleum that enshrin'd his tomb
Was overshadow'd by a myrtle's gloom;
There, by the tender *Artemisias* grac'd,
In characters of gold these rhymes were plac'd.

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EPITAPH.

Ye Novice-juniors, who for chat retire,
Suspend that innocent and calm desire;
Unfetter'd here by elder Nuns demure,
With no averted eye the tear abjure.
You read in silence: but no more be mute;
A single word shall recommend the suit;
Speak!—and *your* eloquence to Death impart!
Here lies the Bird that won a Convent's heart.

'Tis rumour'd, and 'tis there my tale is clos'd,
That in this tomb the dead is *not* enclos'd;
That his gay spirit in the Convent glides,
And still in all the *Sisterhood* resides:
From Nun to Nun transmigrating the Bird,
Their spirits cheering, in their prattle heard!

TEREUS AND PHILOMELA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CANTO THE FIRST.

A *Hero* came, their troops to reinforce;
Mars of his high-born lineage was the source;
Rich in his wealth, but richer in his fame,—
Applauding Nations hung upon his name;
Their cry was "*Tereus*"—and his *regal* sway
The arms of *Thrace* were zealous to obey.

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The foes, like chaff dispers'd, of pride bereft,
Behind them all their "*blushing honours*" left;
Him, *Attica's* lov'd Prince, no more oppress'd,
Pandion with his grateful heart caress'd;
Love prompts the recompence—a daughter's charms,
With *Hymen's* tribute, grac'd the conquering arms.
Those baneful rites, nor *Juno's* favour bless'd,
Nor *Loves* nor *Graces* had the Virgin dress'd;
The *Furies* wav'd the banner of despair,
The hissing snakes and flaming brands were there.
Flush'd was their conquest from a scene of death,
And gave the curse they bore a deeper breath:
No other bridemaids had prepar'd the bed;
The *owl* was heard, Night's herald of the dead.
Wrapt in these auguries their nuptials came;
Lucina fann'd the desolating flame;
A lovely Boy was to the Parents born,
Pledg'd, though a child, the sceptre to adorn;
The Gods with scorn receiv'd a Nation's thanks,
Pour'd in a current that o'erleap'd the banks.
The Parents, wild for joy, with pride of heart,
Their anniversaries had set apart;
Bless'd, and made holy, was the nuptial bower;
Bless'd was the period of the teeming hour;
So lurks, unseen, futurity of ill
In cups of bliss, enchanting, as they kill.
Five Autumns flew, unsullied with a tear,
When *Progne* sooth'd a Husband's partial ear.
"If in my sight the charm can still be found,
The Lover's passion that my nuptials crown'd,
Oh, send me to the Sister of my heart,
Or tempt the Parent with *his* joy to part,
With *Philomela*, pillar of his age,
And the last refuge of its nodding stage.

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If *he* resigns her, *you* can pledge the word,
By Kings rever'd, by Heaven attesting heard,
That soon to love and faith so rich a loan
Shall be recover'd, and again his own.
Could I but see that form, to hope endear'd,
And which to *fancy* never disappear'd,
The boon, engrav'd on tablets of the heart,
Should from its living temple never part:
I 'd bless thee as a God, for such a debt,
Which none but *Heaven's* offenders could forget."
Prompt at the voice he lov'd, in time's delay
To *him* the very minute seem'd a day;
Love in the air, propitious to his will,
Rose on the Zephyr's wing the sail to fill.
With zeal the mariners their office ply,
Till the *Athenian* Port salutes their eye;
The Regal Parent his adopted Son
Folds in his arms, like treasure newly won;
With a fond speed the hurried questions flew,
To the young Parents, and their offspring due.
Rich in apparel *Philomela* came,
But more enrich'd in dazzling beauty's flame;
Such as, in habit less adorn'd, would rove
A *Nymph* or *Grace* of the *Arcadian* grove,
Smooth without step:—at this ill-omen'd sight
The heart of *Tereus*, frantic with delight,
Abjur'd the partner of his bed and throne,
As if no other passion he had known.
Behind him throwing conscience, truth, and shame,
Burnt with unhallow'd love's impassion'd flame.
So ripen'd corn, or leaves, if set on fire,
In the ascending pyramid expire.
Prone at her feet *the Loves* in homage knelt,
And the chaste Virtues in her bosom dwelt.

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In *him* the Passions rear'd their impious throne,
They were his Nation's fever, and his own.
With subtle web he forg'd a silken chain,
To bind apart the virgins of her train;
Or, to corrupt the nurse, a gift prepar'd; —
At last, no more of peril he despair'd,
And swore, that all his troops, in arm'd array,
To the rich prize, withheld, should fight their way.
From this to that resolve his councils wav'd;
The Virtues fled, the Passions were enslav'd;
The bosom swell'd, impatient of its load;
The wishes had no rest in their abode;
Each had a wing too rapid for delay,
To each new snare the serpent found its way.
His longing Wife's request, a veil abus'd,
With joy the Husband for his treason us'd;
Love — a dishonour'd name in *guilt's* pursuit —
With eloquence of art is never mute.
Again the message, and again impress'd,
With tears at will the Parent he address'd,
As if the tears in embassy he bore
From his own Sovereign to the *Attic* shore.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Ye Gods! what mystery of gloom and shade
Is on the surface of the bosom laid!
For wedded love's improvidence arraign'd,
He look'd the very character he feign'd.
With unsuspected heart the destin'd prey
Took arms against the peril of delay;
In soothing folds the Parent's neck she held,
Nor from his cheek her glowing lips withheld;

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The fatal suit was by herself preferr'd—
She fear'd its *loss*, if *parried* or *deferr'd*;
Grace in the form, and musick in the tongue,
Around him still the fondling Suitor clung.
Her with lascivious eye the Monster view'd,
And with his flaming appetite pursued;
The *rape* was at his heart. Her filial grace,
In that endear'd but innocent embrace,
Guilt, with its madness, like a fever stung;
The *Furies* hail'd it, and the torches flung.
She courts perdition, when she aims at bliss,
Detains the form rever'd, and *plants* the kiss.
A hovering Fiend is jealous at the sight,
And pants to counterfeit the Parent's right,
Laments that *he* has not a Father's name,
To feed and cherish the polluted aim.
The King is vanquish'd by the force of prayers,
And Victory's ill-fated wreath is theirs:
With desperate joy *she* revels in her prize,
The tear of rapture sparkles in her eyes;
Of pleasure undismay'd, and pure of guilt,
On easy faith, and virgin's honour built.
Now droop'd the Sun, descending to the West;
His chariot and his flaming steeds at rest;
A banquet is prepar'd, and sparkling wine
Flows in the cup, their spirits to refine;
Then for a night's repose the feast was chang'd—
But rest is not for appetites derang'd;
Sleep the *Voluptuary's* eye forsook—
Distemper'd images the curtain shook;
Before him tempting forms in bright array,
Those he had view'd;—the rest—as dear as they—
To fancy unreserv'd, and secret charms
Alluring, and soliciting his arms;

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Attractions all before him in a heap
Fed the keen passion's flame, and murder'd sleep;
Nor once the hurricane of guilt repos'd,
Nor once a ray of mercy interpos'd.
Bright was the morn; when *Tereus* heard a voice
That bless'd him as Adoption's pride of choice;
Their hands are join'd; the venerable Sire
With trembling hope, the Fugitives inspire.
The hand of *Tereus*, in his own compress'd,
That serpent of his Child he thus address'd.
"Accept your pledge; I part with it in tears —
The hope and pride of these autumnal years;
I *lend* her to *your* virtues and her own;
Your passion for your Queen deserves the loan.
Again your promise, and again repeat—
You have a Regal Suitor at your feet.
By the dear links that Faith, on hallow'd ground,
To these affinities the heart has bound,
The Daughter, of a Parent's eye debarr'd,
With jealous and parental honour guard;
Restore this blushing Truant at your side
In all her blooming virtue's graceful pride;
Nor long withhold her from a Parent's knee —
A month will be a century to me.
And you, my *Philomela*, hear your charge;
Nor, by a Sister won, your time enlarge;
Be faithful to your trust, and soon return,
Before my ashes fall into the urn."
Then he again embrac'd them, and again,
Clung to their necks, and spun the parting strain.

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CANTO THE THIRD.

'Tis past—and though his mind presag'd the worst,
In dreams or visions of the night rehears'd,
His Child he saw no more:—*She* wept at heart—
In *her* the tear was innocent of art—
But soon it vanish'd, and the mirrour play'd
That Fancy bore, in wings of Hope array'd.
The Port is out of sight;—in open sea
The mask was useless, and the guilt was free.
"*Thus far, 'tis prize and conquest,*" he exclaim'd,
Nor *she* his triumph or his rapture blam'd.
Scarce at his heart the outrage he deferr'd,
Or melted at the simple notes he heard;
His eye was not a moment unemploy'd,
It half unfolded what his thoughts enjoy'd.
So when *Jove's bird* has laid upon the nest
A captive hare, within his talons press'd,
With keen delight contemplating his prey,
Before the life that 's doom'd is torn away,
Suspends the lifted plume, that beats the air,
With hovering beak, and murder's jealous care.
Upon a desert shore they disembark;
The subtle Guide misleads her in the dark;
Till in a deep recess, that shunn'd the light,
With terror he unveil'd his impious right.
She, pale with dread, a Sister's home demands,
But, shrieking, falls into polluted hands;
Force the reply: in that unhallow'd hour,
It rifled all the beauty in its power;
But the firm *spirit*, that would never yield,
With rage oppos'd—with dignity appeal'd;
On the avenging Gods her claim it threw,
Or at the Ruffian, like a dart, it flew,

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Then at his feet with agony she knelt;
But *he* no *visitings of Mercy* felt;
Keen was the fury of his impious love,
Deaf as the hawk to musick of the dove;
Torn are its wings—the talon's gripe is near,
His flaming eye insults the helpless fear;
Or as the lamb, escaping, not redeem'd,
Nor life, nor hope, that *interval* has deem'd,
Bleeds in her crippled feet, and shatter'd head,—
The shepherd is away—the sheep are fled.

In Sorrow's pride she tore her flowing hair,
And rent her clothes, a maniac of Despair—
Half murder'd by the conflict she had pass'd,
With a heart-rending eye she look'd aghast;
Nor into vice, nor abject spirit bow'd,
"Oh, impious Traitor!"—she exclaim'd aloud,
"What has thy passion, merciless and coarse,
On me inflicted, with its brutal force?
A deed that robs a Parent of his Child,
And makes affliction desperately wild!
A deed that braves the Ever-present Eye,
That sure Avenger of the perjur'd lie;
That crushes, and that kills the *virgin* power,
By the same act that stains the *nuptial* bower!
What is its name?—oh, shudder at the word!
But it ascends, and will in clouds be heard.
Am I to *live*?—Redeem the tortur'd prey;
In mercy, take its lingering *breath* away!
Kill the accusing relicks of the doom,
And bury all their vengeance in the tomb.
Oh, had my death, anticipating worse,
Arrested, ere it fell, the venom'd curse;
Then pure, and spotless, in the shades below
A *virgin's* blooming honours I should know;

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But, if the Gods to injury attend,
With eyes that open, or with ears that bend;
If *their* impending thunder, *now* at rest,
Can strike *at last* with doom that impious breast;
If *all* of me, dishonour has not claim'd,
If *any* thing is *mine* that 's not asham'd;
It shall inflict the hell that waits for thee,
Nor *Modesty* itself shall *silence me.*
I 'll rush into assembled crowds, and there
Devote the Fiend *they* worship to despair;
If here imprison'd as a coward's prize,
I 'll wake the Echoes with my piercing cries;
The azure vault shall hear me, and the air
Shall to the listening Gods my vengeance bear."

CANTO THE FOURTH.

At such a menace, *Rage* at first was arm'd;
Then Fear, to Agony, the guilt alarm'd:
From its pacific sheath he took the sword,
His victim the uplifted arm implor'd.
She, at the weapon drawn, wild Hope conceiv'd
At least by Death from shame to be reliev'd.
But he—oh, guilt accurst!—had *other* views:
He meant the sword, for worse *than death* to use;
Still on her lip the imprecations hung,
Till the keen blade had sacrific'd her tongue;
Shorn of its root upon the earth it lay,
And quiver'd, as it fell, in Life's delay;
Close at her heel, as if it ask'd her will,
Again with curses deep his ear to fill:
So moves the serpent's tail, though life 's no more,
And seems to renovate the use it bore.

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Oh, could *Invention's* odium claim the rest!—
Her mutilated form, again oppress'd,
Was doom'd by *force* to *Passion's* impious claim,
Accumulated agony, and shame.
Then to his Court the sated Monster went;
And forg'd the tale that guilty fears invent.
"She died at home," he said; and then he wept;
From all but Conscience was the secret kept.
Her Sister, in Affliction's colours dress'd,
Of Hope's gay dream by Anguish dispossess'd,
Erects the cenotaph, and greets the Shade,
With hallow'd rites to Love and Sorrow paid—
Not *so* to be lamented was her doom,
Or *so* to rest her vengeance in the tomb.
But what can hapless *Philomela* do?
Or what revenge her tortur'd shame pursue?
Her prison is the bar against her flight,
The walls have reach'd a formidable height;
The lips are mute.—But Grief is full of art,
And Misery can act a subtle part;
Her story the embroider'd vest has told,
The cunning threads her tragedy unfold;
This, to a maid unconscious of the test,
With eloquence of aspect she address'd;
Her interesting wishes prov'd commands,
To waft the robe into her Sister's hands.
The vest explor'd in *Progne's* ghastly view,
A sudden light upon the gazer threw;
Mute was her grief, and *words* refus'd their aid,
As if to *injure* what she *felt*—afraid;
No leisure for a tear; with frantic rage
Wing'd are the feet, each moment seems an age;
Distemper'd thoughts her sense of right confound;
But *Nemesis* a minister has found.

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It was the night in which, to *Bacchus* claim'd,
With holy zeal *his* votaries inflam'd:
Upon their mountains roll the maddening sound,
And spread their Deity's bright name around.
She took in haste the Bacchanalian arms,
And gave a bolder style to all her charms.
The vine is on her head—upon her side
Was thrown the mountain stag's triumphant hide;
Upon her shoulder beam'd the waving spear,
And fell Disorder stamp'd her wild career.
With her own madness arm'd, of Pride and Grief,
In that wild throng she personates their Chief;
To the dark shed, where *Tereus* had immur'd,
Insatiate fiend, the victim he ensur'd,
As if by chance of undirected whim,
She came like one possess'd, and sung the hymn,
With shriek and clamour, *Evöe* her cry,
Burst are the portals, and the barriers fly.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

She catches in her grasp the shuddering prey,
And bears her in the multitude away;
Upon her lovely form wild habits thrown,
To none was the despairing Sister known;
Her features, in the ivy's leaf conceal'd,
No trace of the affinity reveal'd.
Home to a secret chamber *Progne* led
The Sister of her undivided bed
When playful Innocence their habits knew,
And Virtue's robe on their endearments threw.
But *Philomela*, waking from her dream,
Saw the lov'd presence on her vision gleam;

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Pale, at her Sister's eye, she hung the head,
And from her sympathizing bosom fled;
Shunn'd her embrace with fear, and with despair,
As if suspecting an accuser there:—
Dejected, and asham'd, she courts the earth,
And gives to Eloquence a shifted birth;
With hands uplifted emulates the word,
Home to the heart, resistless, though unheard.
Her grief indignant *Progne's* vengeance blam'd;
"*You must not weep*," the furious Queen exclaim'd;
"'Tis not with tears enervating the heart
That you and I must play the woman's part;
Revenge alone must brace the manly nerve,
Nor must the coward sex from honour swerve.
The sword is *one* expedient—or, if *you*
Can prompt a better to the Furies due,
Oh, tell me, I am arm'd with deadly Hate;
Thine be the sentence; and the word is Fate.
Shall he not burn to ashes on his throne,
In flames imprison'd, helpless and alone;
Or shall we tear his eye-balls from their seat;
Or shall *his* tongue be sever'd at your feet?—
A thousand wounds—a thousand shapes of death,
Shall curse with lingering pain his tortur'd breath;
An aweful and a memorable doom
Shall curse him living, and pollute his tomb."
At this ill-fated moment *Itis* came,
Endearment was the little darling's aim;
His frolick suit rehears'd—the Mother cries,
A curse on the resemblance till he dies.
To Murder she devotes the guiltless Child,
And is no Parent, though her infant smil'd.
But when the Boy, with eager Love's embrace,
Clung to her neck, and kiss'd the burning face,

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A Mother she resum'd—and Spleen withheld,
A momentary doubt the balance held;
With tears that forc'd their way into the cheek,
It seem'd that Nature and the heart could speak.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

That moment fled:—asham'd of the surprize,
To *Philomela* she averts her eyes;
Looks at them both by turns, and then exclaims,
"That little Wretch the rights of Nature blames:
He gives me *words*—my Sister there—is mute.
She has no *language*—baffled is *her* suit.
He calls me by a *name* to Love endear'd,
From *her* the name of *Sister* is not heard.
See what a Husband, *Progne*, has been thine!
Foe to *Pandion's* race—no abject line—
A race of Heroes, mark'd with '*good*,' and '*great*'—
Shall *their* proud offspring be degenerate?
The Wife, the Parent, is in fury lost,
The torch of *Hymen* shall away be toss'd;
For *Tereus* is the *Husband*, and the *Sire*—
What faith, what pity, can a Fiend inspire?"
She hurried, and withdrew the Child away.
As the fierce tiger makes the fawn its prey;
Then in a deep recess, from view remote,
"*Oh—Mother*," as it cried—the Infant smote;
In vain his little arms to fold her aim'd,
In vain his piteous look the Mother claim'd;
She pierc'd his bleeding side, and saw him bleed;
Her savage eye with insult mark'd the deed;
He perish'd, and his gentle spirit fled;
His breathless form, a hideous ruin, bled;

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The sever'd head was *Philomela's* prize,
And Fury gave its language to her eyes;
The murder'd Infant's mangled flesh was made
Part of a banquet, for the King display'd;
"He was to share with none the Regal feast,
Nor, till the dish was clear, to be releas'd:"
With an *Athenian* usage to concur,
He took it up, as interesting *her*.
But counterfeit the tale.—His dish was clear'd—
No fraud suspected—no resentments fear'd—
"*Where is my Child?*" he ask'd—"My *Itys!*
where?"
No more dissembling—"*You* possess him *there*,"
His Queen reply'd—and pointed at the King.
But still he question'd—"Hither *Itys* bring,"
He fondly said.—When, mute in vain the *tongue*,
Accusing Eloquence before him sprung,
A living apparition from the tomb,
Hurl'd at the Fiend his exemplary doom:
Loose was her clotted hair, in sanguine hue;
Her lifted arm its hideous present threw.
She *look'd* a vengeance, that no *words* could reach,
The very gesture was a pictur'd speech.
"*King!*" said his Wife—"your *feast* has been *your Son*;
That precious banquet you have richly won;—
A ravish'd Princess—a dishonour'd Queen—
With no revenge of *cowards* mar the scene;
They have abjur'd all *Nature*—to be *just*;
And *murder* is the recompence of *lust!*"
The tortur'd King half doubts the hideous dream;
The *Furies* come, their pledges to redeem.
Apt was *their* scholar at the murdering sword;
Revenge he suffer'd, and revenge implor'd;

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Stung with despair, shook off the mourner's part,
And *would* have pierc'd these tigers to the heart:—
But they were birds; though bleeding was their breast,
And marks upon the wing their shame confess'd.
One, to the night her melody inspir'd,
With a new eloquence of passion fir'd;
The other built with straw her creeping nest,
Or captive insects in her flight possess'd;
Arm'd with extended beak, and crested head,
A lapwing, *Tereus*, from his palace fled;
With yelling sounds of discord rent the air,
And scream'd as if the herald of despair.
No Muse can paint, in words that reach the doom,
A venerable Parent's living tomb,
Which Death, before his years *their* course had run,
Before the destinies *their* web had spun,
In mercy to his torments, and his worth,
Clos'd in the dark oblivion of the earth.

THE FAN;

FROM OVID'S "*FRANGE, PUER, CALAMOS.*"

Break, silly boy, and snap in two the bow:
Away your torches and your quiver throw;
To coward-stags, and birds, confine the dart;
Nor waste your flame upon a Lover's heart!
Another implement of dread command
Is arm'd against him in a Lady's hand;
There a machine its archery supplies,
Whose playful doom with keen precision flies.
Though *Phœbus* may to thee his lightning yield,
The Fair, thus arm'd, superior engines wield;
Divide the shafts, and split them, to the size
Which Beauty here imparts to her allies!

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Were *Mars* himself to be in conflict here,
He would have other *Diomedes* to fear;
But with delight would hail his own defeat,
And would prefer submission to retreat.
The lovely Nymph, assur'd of her success,
Enlarges the machine, or makes it less;
Developes, or compresses all its force,
When grace and beauty guide the shifted course.
Furl'd, or in ample sail—and mute, or loud,
She catches by surprize the amorous crowd;
Her panting bosom feels a cooler breath,
Her Lover only is in flames of death.
To *Orithyia*, delicate and chaste,
This gift of *Boreas* he dispatch'd in haste:
"*Thee*" (whisper'd the Gallant, who gave the name)
Thee, Orithyia will not, cannot blame:
She will accept thee, and caress thee too,
Dear to her touch as well as to her view.
I envy my own gift, if, scorning me,
Her smiles adopt her playfellow in thee;
But, if *my* gifts to her themselves endear,
Why of my own reception should I fear?"
She catches at the gift, and courts the gale;
Plays with its breath, and spreads the little sail,
Plies in its varied form the subtle hand,
And light as air coquettes with her demand.
Ill-fated *Boreäs!* thou art lov'd, and scorn'd—
Crush'd by her frowns, and by her smiles adorn'd:
Ill-fated *Boreäs!* in that missive air
Thy heated love sends coolness to the Fair:
Thy gift resume; in Love's capricious aim,
What is *thy* fever, cools the Virgin's flame *.

* The same turn is in *Atterbury's* "Fan:"
"Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame."

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STORY OF PYGMALION'S DAUGHTER *;

AN IMITATION OF DRYDEN;

A PRETENDED VERSION OF A SUPPOSED ORIGINAL,

BUT WHICH HAS NO EXISTENCE IN OVID†.

THE Goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
Pledge of their bliss, a lovely boy was born,
Paphos his name (who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city *Paphos*, from the founder call'd) ‡:
And that same hour a second offspring knows,
Fair as the morn its purest lustre throws,
Fair as in *Venus*, to the Poet's dream,
Beauty itself, and loveliness would seem,
Pygmalia call'd, though useless were the name
To mark from whom the matchless wonder came.
Nor fainter beauties on her mind impress'd,
The father's genius in her own confess'd;

* In 1789, Lord *Camelford*, to whom Mr. *Hardinge* had communicated this and some other of his poetical productions, says, "I will not venture to criticise any of your verses, for fear you should say, as the *French* do, *faites mieux*. I wait with impatience for the conclusion: in the mean time, I will only say, that, though upon the whole I like your *Latin* better than your *English*, there are several excellent lines, and many very much in the manner of *Dryden*."—EDIT.

† This Poem took its rise from an assertion by Mrs. *Conway* to me, that *she* had improved upon the popular tale by *this* fable of *her own invention*. I told her she was laughing at me, for that *both* fables were in *Ovid;* and I made her believe it, by sending her the two counterfeits, one in *Ovid's* manner, the other in that of *Dryden*. G. H.

‡ *There* in the *real Dryden Pygmalion's* history ends.

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Her forms had life by inspiration caught,
The ivory panted, and the marble thought.
Nor brighter shone the partner of his bed,
When to the nuptial throne by *Venus* led,
Her glowing charms the amorous youth inspir'd.
The bold converted, and the cautious fir'd.
She, though assail'd was her ingenuous mind
With all the rhetorick that love could find,
The torch of *Hymen*, blushing, still refus'd;
But in her soft repulse new hopes infus'd:—
Her's the sole bliss to rival Nature's form,
In mimic stone, with life's impression warm;
To court in solitude *Minerva's* power,
And waste in fruitless toil the musing hour.
Love's injur'd God in subtle mischief smil'd,
And the enchanted Artist thus revil'd:
"Beware of man!—be elegant, and chaste!
Live to your genius only, and your taste!
Though ripe your beauties for their aptest use,
Let no alluring form the heart seduce!
Wrapt in your skill, reversing Nature's plan,
Court the male statue, and refuse the man!
But here shall rage the self-consuming fire,
The hopeless dream, and frenzy of desire:
A mimic form shall irritate your breast,
And the cold phantom be in vain caress'd:
One god-like youth, in secret often view'd,
Your own creation, shall yourself delude!
The lovely *Ganymede* inspires your thought—
His air and smiles are from *Olympus* brought!
Now on his tempting lip your kisses plac'd,
Or thrown your arms around his polish'd waist:
Now—but no longer innocent—you rove
To wanton pleasures, and forbidden love,

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Till, as your glowing touch invites the boy
To wild endearments of mysterious joy —
In marble fetters every limb is bound,
The whisper'd accents breathe a fainter sound;
*New**, but *unchang'd*, — and, though *transform'd*,
the *same*,
Your partial glance, that cherishes its flame,
Upon the dear bewitching form is cast,
And still with jealous care you hold him fast;
Another *Niobe* shall seem to weep,
And memory to wake, though passion sleep."
Thus he prophetic, and the fatal word,
In partial mood assenting, *Venus* heard;
Pygmalia's mind, still innocent and good,
With coy delight her favourite art pursued;
Inviolate escap'd the ardent kiss,
And scorn'd with decent pride the lover's bliss;
Refusing *Hymen's* mysteries to know,
And smiling at the little archer's bow:
To *her* appear no visions of the night
(That subtle prompter of the waking sight);
No thoughts impure the maiden colour chace,
Or flush the calm that smiles upon her face:
Enough to *her* that one enchanting form
With blameless love her apathy can warm —
That her own *Ganymede's* half-breathing shade,
In Beauty's naked loveliness array'd,
Can cheer with fancy's glow her spotless breast,
And waken her affections, not molest;
A miracle of art that art excels,
Till, wrapt in wonder, every sense rebels.

* This means to imitate the false and quaint conceits too prevalent in *Ovid's* Muse, brilliant as it was.

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Smiling it seems, and grateful to her skill,
Proud of her hand, and servant of her will:
Intent her eyes commend the ripening boy,
His youthful ardour, and impatient joy;
The wanton streamers of his hair admire,
And pouting lips, the heralds of desire.
Her eyes—ah whither, whither do they rove?
To *other beauties* that with Nature strove?
These, pure of sinful thought, her trembling hand
Explores in secret, and with gay demand,
As if alluring to the amorous flame,
Nor *blameless* * courts, nor yet with *conscious blame.*
At length transported,—"'Tis my love that 's here;
Chaste I 'll enfold him, and abandon fear.
And thou (she said) indulgent *Venus,* bless
What I thus pant with ardour to possess!
Or give that lifeless form a vital flame,
Or into marble these affections tame!"
Nor more: with passion's tempest overcome,
She leap'd impatient; but her voice is dumb:
Congeal'd and petrified, her senses fail,
Till the hard bonds o'er every limb prevail:
Yet in the meeting statues we admire
A virgin form contending with desire,
In conflict vain:—the lips in marble breathe,
And Love triumphant seems to wear the wreath.
Here pants the bosom, as with life endued,
The neck seems aching, and the kiss renew'd:
Here link'd in closer union they appear,
And seem Intrusion's eye no more to fear;
Till, jealous of usurping Fiction's reign,
The rooted marble is itself again.'

* Another imitation of the faults in *Ovid's* manner.

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THE MODERN IXION.

" *Ixion*, menac'd with his endless wheel,
To *Jove* * address'd this eloquent appeal
(So *Yorick*, punish'd in a *Bishop's Court*,
With his Judicial Canonist would sport).
" Be just in mercy! I confess 'tis treason —
But I was born to act, as well as reason;
You gave me passions, but reserv'd your own
For playful use — descending from your throne;
With *Juno* seldom play'd the husband's part,
But as a Husband won *Alcmena's* heart:
A thing, dread Sir, which by the Canon Law
Would on the Actor penal mischiefs draw.
For nights like those descending many a league,
With your *own* rank you never *could* intrigue;
And, though "*a cuckold-maker*" was your trade,
No taylor of his rib was more afraid.
You talk of *clouds*, exulting in the cheat,
And thus invert your own terrestrial feat.
Yourself a Bull and Swan you have appear'd,
In *gold* and *flame* to the coquette endear'd,
Though, by the way, in many an awkward shape,
You rather *smuggled*, than *enjoy'd* the *rape*.
But I, in pity for the peacock's tail,
Thought Love could over sinecures prevail.
In hopes of *Juno*, and without her clothes,
At once my love and my ambition rose;
You say *my* bedfellow was air and mist;
Was yours much better in the girls you kiss'd?

* A Friend, whose wife had the name of *Juno*.

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In some at least—for *Tantalus's* daughter,
With beak and wing, you rifled in the water.
You talk of rolling me upon a wheel,
A doom for thee my punisher to feel."
Jove answer'd thus—"Whatever you alledge,
You have *look'd over* a (celestial) *hedge*;
Too late hereafter you shall plead remorse,
Though *Jupiter* can steal his neighbour's horse."
The Wit's perfidious advocates forsook him,
The Court pass'd judgment, and the Furies took him.

THE KNIGHT AND THE TWO FRIARS;

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS;

FROM A LEGENDARY TALE, DESCRIBING A LUDICROUS INCIDENT OF HENRY THE FIFTH'S REIGN.

CANTO THE FIRST.

A KNIGHT, the pink of martial fame,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham* * by name,
At *Agincourt*, in high degree,
With *Edward's* Garter on his knee;
Keen as a hawk in War's attack,
On Courts and Courtiers turn'd his back;
Of battles and of laurels tir'd,
The champion to his fields retir'd.
His *Dame* †—in Beauty's peaceful crown,
Was rival of her Lord's renown;

* See him in *Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth.*

† This in those days was a title of honour given to ladies of high rank.

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A Rib—to all but *him*—as chaste
As ever Knight or King embrac'd;
And yet her charms all eyes attracted;
The amorous were half-distracted.
Blest in this jewel, call'd a wife,
His tent was a domestic life;
He had no armies to command,
Except the acres of his land;
But thought, unless he built * a Church
Ere he was taken from his perch,
The soul, for want of such a cost,
Would or *might* happen to be *lost*.
A Church he built from the estate,
Of ample size, and gloomy weight;
Near his own seat the fabrick stood,
And frown'd on *Laymen*, as it *should*—
But nearer still—with income proud,
A pious *Convent* he endow'd.
There *Friars twain*, by Hell possess'd,
From feuds could never be at rest;
With Envy, and with Malice wild,
Could by no friends be reconcil'd.
These, *John* and *Richard*, thus at war,
Their Heaven each other to abhor;
It was a custom of the Knight,
As early as the dawn of light,
Attended by his Helpmate fair,
To visit them for matin-prayer.
Her affable and courteous look
In Friar *John* discretion shook;
With ducks and cringes he allur'd her,
And thought *his* graces had ensur'd her;

* This age was deformed (with all its heroism) by the most bigoted superstition.

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It grew so palpable at last,
That on the Knight reproach was cast;
It prompted obloquy and jest,
Which least of all its Hero guess'd;
And his fond Partner little dreamt,
That she was held in such contempt.

In short, when passion broke its fetter,
The holy *Tarquin* penn'd a letter;
Which, after *hints* by way of *dodging*,
In the Knight's bed propos'd a lodging,
When it should happen, as it might,
That it was empty of the Knight;
For, though he lov'd his quarters there,
Like other Knights—*he took the air*.

The Dame, confounded by the suit
Of such a venerable brute,
Began to think it might, perhaps,
Be one of jealous *Hymen's* traps—
The Knight colluding with his Friar,
To mark if she could brave the fire.
She fear'd that, by herself conceal'd,
It would by others be reveal'd;
Her wits had all the native sense
That Love could whisper Innocence;
To the dear Partner of her breast,
Her faith and conscience were address'd;
Without one secret left behind,
She mark'd how Friars *told their mind*.

The Knight repented of the gift,
That gave these hypocrites a lift;
But something to Revenge was due,
And how to pay the debt *he* knew;
A debt, of *piety* the sample,
For it was due to *good example*;

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Yet, having learnt the Courtier's art,
Adept in the *dissembler's* part,
He pass'd his gibes on Friar *John*,
As of a patient looker-on.
He wrote, and made *Lucretia* sign,
Love to the hilt in every line:
"She long'd for him—and such a night
Was to indulge their appetite;
When *London* would the Knight employ,
And Friar *John his* rights enjoy."
The Lady's amorous consent
Wrapt in a holy Missal went:
And, by a rustic hand convey'd,
Upon the desk at prayer was laid.
The *Man of God* his wreath assum'd,
His night-cap, shirt, and beard perfum'd;
Observ'd the time—forgot the sin,
Climb'd the back stairs, and hustled in.
The Knight receiv'd him at the door,
And *kill'd him*—to lose time no more;
To cure him of a Lover's hope,
Upon his neck he tied a rope:
The soul was from its carcase freed,
Before one Saint could intercede;
Dead as a herring Friar *John*,
With his perfum'd artillery on.
The Knight began to recollect,
That *murder* was not quite correct;
Besides another world's arrear,
The "*felon*" grated in his ear;
Detected, on the rope he 'd swing,
And with his goods enrich the King.
He thought he could repent at *leisure*,
Could he but *live*—and save his treasure.

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An arch accomplice in the deed
Advis'd him how they should proceed:
Their *project* was—to shift the dead,
And give him a religious bed;
In other words, to re-convey him,
And in the Convent's garden lay him.
Against the wall a ladder plac'd,
They took him by the culprit waist;
And, when all three had reach'd the top,
They let their guide the ladder drop;
When fast upon the Convent side,
Upon its back they took a ride;
With trembling step of hope and fear,
They reach'd the garden, safe and clear.
In a detach'd and snug retreat,
John was made firm upon the seat.
Charm'd at their frolick's air and shape,
They both accomplish'd their escape;
But, in the hurry of their plot,
Their friend the ladder was forgot;
They left it on the tell-tale side,
And flew to bed, their shame to hide.
The Knight into *his* chamber crept,
But found the wicked never slept:
With sudden fright he often rose,
By turns pull'd off, or on, his clothes;
At length, descending to the room
Of his co-partner in the doom,
He bade him listen, if the sound
Of clamour pierc'd the hallow'd ground.
But now—in *Ariosto's* way,
Another call we must obey;
And learn whatever is the fate
Of *John*—upon his *throne of state.*

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CANTO THE SECOND.

Scarce had the Knight bound up his frolic,
When Friar *Richard* had the colic;
To *the recess* he bent his course,
And mov'd the door with gentle force;
A figure undistinguish'd—there,
Drove him at first into despair;
But, as the moon improv'd his aim,
He saw the face—and curs'd the name.
"*Resign!*" he said, "or, by the Virgin,
I 'll make you *feel* what I am urging:"
No answer came:—his temper flown,
He took, and threw a lump of stone;
It struck the hostile Friar's breast,
And swung him downward from his nest.
The "*vanquish'd Victor*" * trembling saw,
That he had brav'd his Country's Law,
And would—upon a gibbet hung—
Wish he had only us'd—his *tongue*.
But *Friars* (who the deuce can doubt 'em?)
Have all their wits at hand about 'em.
He saw the ladder—and he mus'd—
"*John* must that vehicle have us'd;
And, from his Patron's wife return'd,
The doom he owes to me—has *earn'd*.
But, light though *Conscience* makes the load,
It 's murder in the *Penal* Code;
Life † is *no* jest."—He took the pack
Of *John* uplifted on his back;
Upon the ladder up they went,
And crept as mice in their descent;
At the hall gate, of sense bereft,
And bolt upright, the dead was left.

* *Dryden*—St. *Cecilia's* Day.

† He did not agree with *Prior* by anticipation, but inverted him.

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Returning to the Convent—there,
Again he sunk into despair;
Though, with discernment in his fright,
He left his ladder to the Knight.
But he was *Clerk enough* to know,
Two strings are best for every bow;
He saddled openly the mare,
And said, "the baker he would spare,
Enable *him* to save his heel,
And go himself—to fetch the meal."
Brisk as a bee the gate unbarr'd,
For all behind with no regard—
Away his guilty conscience flew,
And, careless of the lanes he knew,
Determin'd only to escape
From the detested hangman's rape.
The scene of this adventurous flight,
Was a fam'd city, *Norwich* hight;
For there, its annals to adorn,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham* was born;
And there, when sick of barren praise,
He thought in peace to end his days.
Before the Man of God had mounted,
The Knight's accomplice had recounted,
The *Vision of the Castle-gate*,
And spar'd no colour of its fate;
With bristled head, and visage pale,
Had stamp'd the *vengeance* of the tale.
The Knight began to think his doom
Had call'd accusers from the tomb;
He told his beads—the forehead cross'd—
(None of his *orisons* were lost);
But made with Heaven his own condition,
To rid him of the apparition—

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A desperate adventure, still
Glanc'd on the culprit's phrenzied will;
Though stung with anguish of remorse,
He recollects a martial horse,
That in the dignity of stable,
As an old Patriarch, still was able
To multiply his puissant race,
For tilt, for battle, and the chace.
A coat of armour in the hall
Beam'd on the military wall,
The helm—the pistols—and the lance,
Gave *their* proud help to the romance.
John was fast bound into the seat,
In his war-panoplies complete;
His beaver up, and *cap-à-pie*,
Lance in the wrist—a Knight was he.
Keen for adventures off they went,
But chance entangled their consent;
The horse, to catch the baker's mare,
No sinews of pursuit would spare;
For each, consulting no attorney,
At the same time began the journey—
Appall'd the coward look'd behind,
And wish'd it could have struck him blind,
When Friar *John* thus arm'd he saw,
Avenger of the hangman's law;
He kick'd his mare—away it fled,
The rein was thrown upon her head;
But still the rider's cheek was pale,
And still the ghost was at his tail.
With clashing steel, and shriek sonorous,
The arms and *Richard* join'd in chorus.
Dull citizens began to wake:
The noise—an Alderman would shake.

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At last, the persecuted mare
Found gable-ends no thoroughfare.
The horse with clattering arms pursued,
Oppos'd, and scar'd the multitude;
With a contempt for all decorum,
His *object was made known before 'em.*
The self-convicted *Richard* fell,
And rang himself the fatal knell;
With bleeding conscience from within,
Confess'd the judgment and the sin;
Before he was arraign'd, spoke out,
And prov'd the murder past a doubt.
Their antient grudge was hand and seal
To guilt that fear could thus reveal;
Conviction beam'd in holy eyes,
For *miracles can tell no lies.*
The self-accus'd—all hopes abjur'd—
Was to the penal rope ensur'd.
No prospect but an opening grave;
No spell at hand the neck to save.
But guilty conscience wears a tongue.
The Knight, though safe, this hornet stung;
Express to Court, like wind he ran,
Confess'd himself to be the man;
At the King's feet his pardon crav'd;
Obtain'd it, and the Culprit sav'd;
The hopeless Friar was releas'd,
And made the Knight's Domestic Priest:
As long as he had breath he lasted;
When he could eat no more—he fasted.
He took as *Confessor* his post,
Appeas'd the murder'd Friar's ghost;
And, of the dead no more afraid,
Kept all the secrets of his trade.

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THE LARK AND THE TWO SPARROWS;

A TALE, FROM ÆSOP.

In age advanc'd, the *Woodlark* sweetly sung;
Time spar'd the songster, and his note was young;
Still with a gallant air his wings he shook,
And *Cats* arraign'd him for a *Tarquin's* look.
One day his youthful habits he deplor'd,
And pray'd or chaunted as to Heaven he soar'd;
The feather'd virgins, ravish'd by the note,
Bless'd a new convert's edifying throat;
Not the fam'd Parrot, by the Nuns improv'd,
Was more to vestal ears the bird they lov'd.
A dull Hen-sparrow, but of satire proud,
The Lark dissected:—"He was coarse, and loud;
He never sung, by chance, a note in tune;
She wish'd him *fairly settled in the moon.*"
He, by this chirping shrew in vain revil'd,
Would, in a human shape, have bow'd and smil'd;
She, whom the wits and *bel-esprits* annoy,
Fled unpursued, the bane of *Attic* joy;
Fled, where the mate of her imperial home
Presents her toilette with *Xantippe's* comb:
She *had* been once in feather'd *beauties* vain;
Pride linger'd still, and spleen was in her train.
To age a victim sacrific'd at first,
Her blessings kill'd the veteran they nurs'd:
A tame Cock-sparrow was her widow'd choice,
His fame a whistle, and a pipe his voice.
What other gifts prophetic she assum'd,
Birds have not whisper'd yet, or Cats presum'd.
Though pert or snapping as a village cur,
And self-important as *Grimalkin's* pur,

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His "*Job*" she taught him in *a living book*,
And read him curtain-lectures till he shook.
The Lark repair'd his wonderful machine,
Then upwards flew, and could no more be seen:
A bird of grace—a warbling methodist,—
No hen-peck'd Sparrows in his flight he miss'd;
Their vixen termagants he never blam'd;
By *such* detraction *Larks* are undefam'd.

THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN;

FROM LA-FONTAINE.

In *Greece* a custom once prevail'd,
That Men used Monkeys, when they sail'd,
From watch to watch they made 'em skip,
Or ply the oars, or pump the ship.
Near *Athens*, by a fatal shock,
A vessel bulg'd upon a rock;
The Dolphins rose, for Dolphins *then*,
As *Pliny* writes, were fond of men,
And gave them backs to sit or lie on,
As if their name had been *Arion*.
The Monkey, tickled by the whim,
Thought it would serve as well for *him*;
He chatter'd like the human race,
And was thought like 'em in the face.
A Dolphin, by his air deceiv'd,
The Rider on his back receiv'd,
Conniving at the tailor's posture,
And with no secret of th' imposture,
Firm though ungraceful was the seat,
And Pug enjoy'd the dexterous cheat.
"You bear," said he, "a man of fashion,
And place at interest your compassion;

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In *Athens* I can fairly boast
That I am now the general toast:
I wish you 'd only come and see us."
—" Of course you honour the *Piræus*,"
The Fish remark'd,—" with your attention?"—
"*The very man* (said *Pug*) you mention
Has been *my* favourite from his youth;—
When young he had a liquorish tooth,
And was a little too gallant—
A terror of the vestal aunt;
But now, that his wild oats are sown,
The rake is quite a pattern grown:—
In *points of law* he 's joined with me,
And parties bow to the decree:
Perhaps in calm and settled weather
You 'll hear us play duets together,—
My harp has not a common tone,
And the *sonatas* are my own."
In short, the *Monkey* took the *Port*
For some proud Noble of the Court;
The *Dolphin* star'd with both his eyes,
And pique accompanied surprize:
He look'd and saw (Derision's feast)
Upon his back the hideous *beast;*
Then spilt him into Ocean's den,
Swam to the wreck, and plied for *Men.*
Alas! how many are the cheats
Whom *Pug* with his detection greets!
Who mount the *Alps*—*dissect* the *Po*—
Have nothing seen, but all things *know;*
With *Dogberry* of comic fame,
Committing murders of a *name,*
But never doubt, or seem to fail;
And are the *Monkeys of the tale.*

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HELEN'S TRIPOD;

FROM MARMONTEL.

WHEN *Troy* no tears were to deplore,
When all its ruins were no more,
The gentle *Spartan's* * pleasant wife
Resum'd the joys of married life.
Though *lame* excuses now and then
By *him* were made—for *jealous men*;—
And *she*, sometimes, a little *pouted*—
That *such* a wife he ever doubted;
But griev'd that *lives* and *buildings* fell,
The victims of—*a bagatelle.*

It chanc'd one day that *he* and *she*
Were pleasure-boat-ing on the sea:
A tempest rose:—"Be calm! be tam'd!
Capricious *Neptune!*" *she exclaim'd.*
But, in a confidential tone,
That *Neptune* was to *hear alone*:
"Inconstant as the lovely sex,
That 's born its tyrants to perplex,
None of the Gods can change like thee,
No belle has more gallants than *me*,
Your likeness in *the fair* protect!
Accept this tribute of respect."

She rose, and quick (as lightning flew)
Away her *golden tripod* threw;—
A gift well-tim'd—the culprit saves,
Ev'n though his judges are *the waves.*

* *Menelaüs*, whose forbearance upon these family-topics was exemplary, and a pattern for his fellow-sufferers.

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A calm ensued—and *Madam Helen*
This incident was fond of telling,
But left *untold*, upon the shelf,
Her frank allusion to herself.
Time older by *six-hundred years*,
A boat on that same coast appears;
The men are in the act of rowing,
Another boat the net is throwing;
The men of oars have stak'd a sum,
To buy whatever up should come.
The net, pull'd in upon the shore,
This Antiquary's jewel bore;
A suit commenc'd, and law's debate,
The *net* became *a point of state.*
An oracle the golden prize
" Gives to the wisest of the wise."
" But who is he? direct us, Heaven!
At least we 'll go and *ask the seven:*
Thales just now is at *Miletus*,
Prepar'd with open arms to meet us."
Committees of the naval crew
Away to the *Milesian* flew:
" Accept," they said, " this tripod here!
'Tis you the Oracles revere:
If *Greece* is wise, your wisdom taught her
That *Nature's element is water;*
That soul and form adhere together,
As man to wife, or shoe to leather;
That intersected thus, and curl'd,
They form that complex mass, the world."
" Alas, good gentlemen," he said,
" The gift, I fear, must go to bed;
My sectaries their master follow —
But who can tamper with *Apollo?*

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I lost fair Truth before I caught her,
And *made* no *light* in *making water*;
Nay, cannot for my soul conceive
The sun can thence one spark receive.
My other whim—'*The world's a soul*'—
Eludes the reasoning mind's controul;
Where man should *wait*, and should *adore*,—
'Tis impious folly thus to soar;
And yet I hope, though self-reprov'd,
The veil *in time* will be remov'd—
And, through my own rejected sample,
I give to others an example
To animate the hope—that soon
We may have *castles in the moon*.
"To *Solon's* hand your offering bear,
The *oracle*—be sure—is *there*:
For wisdom is in *Solon's* plan,
His rules are *felt*—his *book* is *man*;
His object, stripp'd of all disguise,
To make us happy, good, and wise."
For *Athens* they unfurl the sail,
And reach the Port with happy gale;
At *Solon's* feet the gold is laid,
And his benign acceptance pray'd.
"The moment and your offer chime,
You 've caught," he said, "the nick of time.
I 'm a *Judicial Legislator*—
Each party is the other's hater:
Because my aim is right and peace,
They *all* accuse me of *caprice*.
"But these debates, perhaps, would close,
If the *domestic* would repose:
Mark that fair slave! in youth a child
Her airs and charms make justice wild:

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You see her pouting in a corner,
But airs become, and pouts adorn her;
She tells me, '*rules* are *folly's treason*,'
And claims herself the palm of reason."
"I do," she said, "for I am *just*,
But *you* I serve because I *must*;
The heart is due to love alone,
And *power* is not *affection's* throne.
My lover's *young*, nay handsome too,
But no forbearance meets from *you*."
"Retire!" exclaim'd the doating Sage,
"Nor thus affront your *master's* rage!
The boy," said he, "that plagues me thus
We *Attics* call *Pisistratus*;
In vain his passions I have check'd,
And claim unqualified respect;
He binds me to a despot's will,
And swears 'that I *must* love him still:'
Can *Solon* to the gold succeed,
When boys and girls like those can lead?
Go to *Miletus!* there you 'll find
In *Thales* crown'd—a peaceful mind."
"We *have* been there—but he, like *you*,
Derang'd appears on closer view."

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IMITATION OF THE OPENING PASSAGE IN LA FORTUNA,

a Canzone in irregular measure by *Alessandro Guidi.*

As in his rustic shed obscure the shepherd lay,
A lofty dame, with *Juno's* port sublime,
Her glance reflecting azure light
That would mislead the harbinger of day *,
And floating with her golden ringlets bright,
Before me her majestic presence rear'd,
As if to consecrate *Arcadian* rhime,
And lovely, though in regal state, appear'd.
An Eastern bride her crimson robe display'd,
Nor of the myrtle was her fillet made,
Nor of the laurel sprung,
Nor yet was dress'd in vernal flowers
That bloom'd when morn was young
In *Cytherea's* bowers;
But with an em'rald's blazing star was bound,
And with a sun-beam crown'd.
Her beauty's lustre and its pride
Attemper'd shone, but unsubdued,
In her enchanting smiles;
With sweetness to ensnare endued,
It play'd a thousand subtle wiles,
And the opposing arms defied.
As from her lips the accent fell,
Nor force nor slight the charm repel,
They wrested, and in triumph bore the reins
Which Reason, with *Minerva's* hand,
The Heaven-born guide sustains.

* "Lights that dismiss'd the moon." *Shakespeare.*

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OBLIVION; FROM LA HARPE.

It 's call'd an opiate of regret,
That man is *able* to *forget*,
And yet this mine of hidden treasure
Owes all its uses to its *measure*.
Oblivion's charm no boon is found,
That is too prompt, or too profound;
If *thus* we part with Sorrow's pain,
The chastening hand is felt in vain;
Instruction, the unwelcome guest,
Finds but *an Arab's tent* at best.
Nor blam'd nor envied be their lot,
Whose tears, when shed, are quite forgot;
Whose claims on time *command* relief
Against the sympathies of grief.
But *me* they 'll pity, not condemn,
Who cannot reach or copy *them*;
A Fury's torch, a Giant's feat,
That hurl'd *Astræa* from her seat,
Glares on my desert, claims my den,
Weighs on my heart, and goads the pen,
Whose last avenging mark shall trace
This blot upon the human race.
It 's that afflicting state of mind,
That, if it could a respite find
In polish'd works and graceful arts,
Revulsion to its pain imparts,
But, still arrested by its theme,
Bids Fancy paint the hideous dream,
Or Eloquence the tale rehearse
Of desolated Nature's curse,

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Or Melody embalm the tear
That still the good and just revere.
  But those who can the past command,
And shake its tablets from their hand,
Have not a guess what *I* can mean,
When *they* are tranquil and serene.
  Yet I have my companions too,
And say to *them*, " I 'm one of *you*;
If you can weep—no tear disown,
But share my sorrows with your own!"
  A susceptible nature's grief
Rejects with scorn its own relief;
It is the lamp's religious light,
Guard of the sepulchre at night;
What ruffians, in their lust of prey,
Would rob the dead of such a ray?
Or envy the survivor's part,
In this devotion of the heart?

THE WASP AND THE JUMPING FLEA.

  A *Wasp*, of plumage brightly gay,
Thus with a dancing *Flea* could play:
" You 've heard of many a *Wasp* that *stings*—
What think you of a *Wasp* that *sings*,
And who—the wonder to increase—
With all *Reviewers* lives at peace;
Takes *their* correction, as her friend,
And loves the more what *they* commend.
You (though *a biting* little creature)
In taste and judgment are a meteor;

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Come—you shall owe *one* place to *me*,
You shall be my *Reviewing Flea;*
But spare no part that *Fleas* may catch,
And bite away, though blood you fetch.
Look!—here's a little Birth-day Ode,
Euphrosyne the hint bestow'd;
It 's a mere trifle at the best,
But life 's no better than a *jest;*
Its errors without fear dissect,
Connive—be sure—at no defect;
Subtract or add with honest pride,
For *Truth* alone is Friendship's guide;
Put in a word—or bite one out,
I 'll never flinch—I 'll never pout."
The bustling self-important *Flea*,
Bit—as if prompted by a fee—
Defects, and beauties, were his prey,
The pedant's laurel to display;
Not one in fifty of the lines
To Independence he resigns;
Whatever *bite* he thinks a *hit*,
By *him* is voted sterling wit;
And for his wreaths at Nature's cost,
The Genius of the Ode is lost.
" *A mass of nonsense*" * in its place,
The herald of his own disgrace,
By a mis-calculated whim,
Shifts all the ridicule on *him*.
But still each flippant stroke *offends;*
In short, they are no longer *friends*.
Yet how unequal is the fight!
The *Wasp* can *sting*—*Fleas* only *bite*.

* The words of the Wasp.

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THE TWO COURTIERS;

OR, THE CEDAR AND THE MYRTLE.

A MYRTLE near a Cedar grew,
Or Truth perhaps would say, *had grown;*
His wither'd bough no blossoms threw,
His wreath no love or Muse would own.

It 's true the Cedar was not young,
But still a giant still in health,
His bold and spreading arms were flung,
The more diffus'd, the more his wealth.

" My little neighbour!" said the Cedar,
" It 's pity that you cannot rise;
With *my* example for your leader,
The Forest claims you for its prize."

" My Lord, you jest," the Myrtle said;
" An Oyster cannot be a Turtle;
But you, for all your towering head,
Would be unrival'd as a Myrtle."

THE TWO PIGEONS.

Two Pigeons—were each other's pets,
But use enjoyment soon forgets;
One, though as lov'd as lov'd could be,
Mark'd—but in cruel terms—*Ennui.*
In *English*, either said or *swore*,
" That all domestic was—*a bore.*"

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Dreamt, with an ideot's fits and starts,
Of travels into foreign parts;
And for the shell's delicious kernel,
Had thoughts of giving us *a Journal*—
"Why so impatient?" said the other,
"To leave at home your friend and brother?
Of all the doom that life has curst,
An absent home is far the worst;
And though it is not fear'd by thee,
At least the perils of the sea;
Or, at the best, heart-piercing Care
Will goad your spirits to despair.
'Tis *Winter* now: were *Spring* advanc'd,
Less harm, if you had thus romanc'd;
Wait for the Zephyr's halcyon wing!
I heard last night a Raven sing;
Depend upon it, he had reason,
And gave us *timely* hints of *treason.*
Alas!—no sleep will now be mine—
Till nets are burnt, and Hawks resign;
Good Heaven! it rains:—is all supply'd,
That meat and lodgings can provide?"
The sermon shook the rambler's heart,
But not his purpose to depart—
Impatient still to *see the world,*
Ambition's banners he unfurl'd—
"Put up that handkerchief!" he said,
Nor of misfortunes be afraid!
Three little days, and I return;
When you shall my *adventures* learn;
Till then, with more expanded views,
A taste, quite harmless, I amuse.
On my return, in bed at night,
The incidents ensure delight.

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He that *sees nothing* (soon or late)
Of course has *nothing* to *relate.*
"Here was your Brother!" I shall tell you —
"Well; and what *next* (you 'll ask) befell you?"
"You 'll think it passing in your view."—
They sigh'd, but could not say, "adieu!"
With grief suppress'd, of love bereft,
Like *Hector* when his wife he left—
He darted into air with speed,
As if his laurels were decreed.
But soon a pelting shower of rain,
Seem'd his ambition to arraign;
A single tree its leaf supply'd,
A leaf that not a Wren could hide.
When it held up—he kiss'd the rod,
Though dripping as a river-god.
Apart from that insidious friend,
Though piqued so early to descend,
He saw, but half rebuk'd its treasure,
A field, commodious for his leisure;
Whose peering leaf, to birds that steal,
Gave symptoms of a copious meal.
When he had made his person clean,
And brush'd *his travelling machine,*
He saw a Pigeon there, and feeding;
To join him was the pink of breeding.
In evil hour—and, quick as thought,
He look'd—he fell—and he was caught
Suborn'd, and for the Hero's grief,
His tempter was a pinion'd thief!
Compell'd his guilty race to cheat,
And cripple in the net their feet;
For all was trick, in ambush there,
Faith to cajole, and love ensnare.

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This net had been so much in use,
That here and there its chain was loose;
The rage for liberty and life
Made of his beak and wings—a knife.
His efforts broke the penal string,
But left a portion of his wing.
Still against this ill-fated Bird
A host of accidents concurr'd;
A *Vulture* saw the culprit lame,
And mark'd him with a gunner's aim;
But *Cupid's* mother, I suppose,
Redeem'd and veil'd him from his foes;
An *Eagle* of gigantic size
Pounc'd on the Vulture as its prize.
The Pigeon was a reasoning bird,
And thought civility absurd,
When two such combatants might wish,
That *He* should be the victor's dish;
Behind a wall he lay conceal'd,
And his high spirit thus reveal'd:
"These are the *accidents* of journeys,
Inseparable as Attorneys;
They give the tour a kind of zest,
A charm to animate the rest:
But here the mis-adventures close,
The sequel 's colour'd by the Rose."
And so he thought—for, give it scope,
There is not such a fool as Hope.
A wicked boy (that age is cruel)
To Fate's cold embers added fuel;
With stone and sling his aim he took,
Whose blow the wounded Hero shook.
With broken wing, and limping feet,
He panted for his native seat;

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But in his way rebuk'd and curs'd
The folly that seduc'd him first.
Half dead, and lame perhaps till death,
With feverish pulse, and fainting breath,
He told his brother all that pass'd,
And promis'd he 'd be wise—at last.
Ye happy Lovers! when ye roam,
Let it be *very* near your home;
In your own hearts, a world for you,
Be ever different, ever new;
Make objects of yourselves alone,
With pride the universe disown!
The time *has* been that *I* could *love*—
No palace—not the realms above—
To own them would *I* have exchang'd,
With groves in which my *Phillis* rang'd;
With scenes that *her* appearance grac'd,
Her eyes adorn'd, *her* mind embrac'd;
In that monopoly of bliss,
No gems or treasures I could miss;
And shall these joys no more again
Assert their abdicated reign?
Or in the paths which Folly chose,
Ambition sleep, and Pride repose?
Deserted by the *Cyprian* Dove,
Am I, alas! too old for Love?

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A CANARY BIRD AND MALE SPARROW.

I am like the man who in the *Persian* Tales understood the language of Birds. — A Canary Bird of mine was placed in a balcony this morning as I was at breakfast. He was in full song, and in his cage of gold wire. A pert little male Sparrow, as brown as a nut, hopped round him, and picked up his crumbs. I listened; and this was their dialogue, word for word. I am sure of my note-book.

CANARY BIRD.

WHAT are *you* about there, with your foraging bill?
Was *Canary-seed* made hopping Sparrows to fill?
You 'll have *dainties* forsooth till you 're pamper'd and sick,
Though in fields or in hedges a meal you can pick.

SPARROW.

With submission, my Lord, it 's no desperate sin
For your chaff and your husk if a beggar puts in;
You 're so rich, and so nice, that your taste can afford
What is dropp'd now and then from your plentiful board.
Though I 'm charm'd with your song, though I covet your plumes,
If my homage is bold, if my rapture presumes,
Think what myriads besides are such culprits of yours —
The forbearance of mercy their *number* ensures*.

* If I could suppose that *sparrows* read any Poet (but *Ovid*) I should rather suspect that he had read *Horace* for this allusion:

—— *Defendit numerus.*

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CANARY BIRD.

With a taste so refin'd *you* will never offend —
You are no common bird; eat away, my good friend!
Your brown jacket 's quite smart, though it wants
a lapelle:
It 's a very fine day;—you left all at home well?

SPARROW.

Yes,—my wife, or my wives I should rather have said,
Are as well as the wives that in *London* are bred;
I have married a dozen or two as I came,
But so much was in haste that not *one* could I *name:*
The nice dear little bob-tails were pleas'd as we met,
But they left me all mirth, and their husband forget.

CANARY BIRD.

Oh, my dear little rake! how I envy your life,
That whenever you ramble pick up a new wife:
I have no such amusements, but live in parade,
And I sing to be fed by the mistress or maid.
Oh, for nature and freedom! the hedge and the wood!
Independence is wealth, and good spirits are food.
But the wives above all!—

SPARROW.

You shall have them to-morrow—
If your cage in return, and your seed, I can borrow,
But your *song* and your *beauty* are mine by the change,
For the charter of air, and the license to range.

CANARY BIRD.

Little merchant! I'll whisper two words in your ear;
We are best as we are; I can make it appear:

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Should the cage be left open, and *we* fly away,
No canary bird female around us can play;
For the want of a maid or a mistress to carve,
In the midst of your berries and fruits *we* should starve.
You have nature before you,—no dish comes amiss;
We are curs'd with a taste that eats nothing but *this:*
Nay the song if you left us, a song without food,
Our master will tell you, will do us no good;
He can sing pretty well, but like *us* in a cage—
And his notes, like his years, are accus'd of *old age.*

SPARROW.

I am off; and my nature would now be my choice:
I *can* chirp, though I have not an Opera voice;
For a mate at command, romp with all I can meet;
And for want of a palate all dishes can eat.

THE BODY AND THE MIND;

A DIALOGUE,

Occasioned by a fit of the colic, a painful cough, and a fever, at the moment of a *severe affliction.*

THE *Body*, jealous of the *Mind*,
For agony's division pin'd;
"Shall I," said he, "who share her pleasure,
Be robb'd of her *affliction's* measure?
Denied the talents to endure,
And mock'd into a sinecure,
When *she* upon the rack is thrown,
And makes the bed of thorns her own!"
Apollo heard; and, from the bow,
Which tries the lov'd, and kills the foe;

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To shake the lungs a *cough* he sent,
An arrow to the *colic* lent;
He pierc'd the heart, the nerves oppress'd,
And robb'd the heated veins of rest.
The Body found its prowess fail,
And curs'd the pestilential gale;
For solace to the Mind repair'd,
And pains like these would fain have spar'd;
Nay—to *the Mind* would fain impart
The point and venom of the dart.
But still *the Mind* its throne sustain'd,
And firm as adamant remain'd;
With dignity and settled grief
Abjur'd impertinent relief,
But smil'd at the intrusion vain
Of *this corporeal* victim's *pain:*
"Shall I," she said, "on billows tost,
My honour fled, my wishes cross'd,
Survive the tortures of regret,
And live—despairing to forget?
But still upon *Ixion's wheel*
Your flimsy *colic* deign to feel?
Your *pleasures* lying on the shelf,
Pray keep your sufferings to *yourself.*"

THE ROSE AND THE OAK.

Friends that in *joy* have been together bless'd,
Are *but* united *Rose-buds* at the best,
But *friends* that brave Oppression's thundering strokes,
Are two combin'd inseparable *Oaks.*

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THE VINE AND THE ELM.

I planted once a young and modest *Vine;*
An *Elm* was near it, and they both were mine;
I saw them shoot, and spread their branches wide—
The *root* their *spirit*, but the *hand* their *guide.*

I watch'd them—and the mountain-goat I chac'd,
That soon would all their beauties have defac'd;
But, on a sudden, by each other held,
My fears, when thus *united*, they dispell'd.

See how that pliant stem its folds can bend,
And round the *Elm* unprompted can ascend!
The Muse to these two plants would fain compare
The living union of a *married pair.*

THE POET AND THE RECTOR.

"Foe to the heart's poetic style,
Dull *Avarice*, the *Rector's* bile,
Corroding jaundice of the mind,
For ——*, not for *me* design'd;
Away to funds of *Bank Exchange*,
Nor visions of the *Nine* derange."
"The *Nine?*" said Avarice, "I'll have *eight;*
An *eighth* allotment is my due:"
Away the laughing Muses flew.

* A Miser, who is of course anonymous.

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THE HARE CONDEMNED AND EXECUTED.

THE hunted Hare, with panting breath,
And ripe, though unprepar'd for death,
Saw, in his flight's reflected view,
The keen, insatiate, murdering crew.
He ask'd (nor more was in his power)
To respite the impending hour,
Though some, in metaphysics deep,
Laugh'd at his childish fears—of *sleep*;
For so they call the bite of Death,
And shrieking *Pussy's* latest breath:
But he, to sins and follies prone,
Was a believer to the bone.
He wish'd, before his days were spent,
For time and leisure to repent;
Besides, in articles of love,
He had the feelings of a dove:
His wife had a commanding spirit,
A *Puss* of enterprize and merit.
The male was lively—not a fool,
But indiscreet—averse to rule:
With his own *Pussy* not content,
Was prone to be incontinent;
He ran astray—the sex pursued,
And kept a mistress in a wood,
But separated from the right
And pleasures of the loyal night;
In other points affection's model,
Till *Mrs. Puss* became a coddle.

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A POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM THE NIGHTINGALE* TO THE OWL;

The former having heard that the latter had spoken disrespectfully of her to the Grandees at *Hampton Court.*

You in *the Palace,* Madam, have averr'd
That you alone are the *Athenian* Bird:
That no such title could to me belong,
Except in fiction of poetic song:
Yet, if my tale with candour you peruse,
My claim to *Athens* you will not refuse.
Like *you,* from *Attica* my honours came,
And *Philomela* was my virgin name;
Lover of melody this name bespeaks,
As thus interpret all the letter'd *Greeks.*
Pandion, my Father, was of *Athens* King;
Hence the fam'd origin from which I spring.
Of two fair daughters *Pandion* was possess'd,
And in the Offspring was the Parent bless'd.
One only Sister gave me all *her* heart;
And, when by fortune doom'd with me to part,
Though wedded to the Monarch of proud *Thrace,*
No nuptial joys her sorrow could efface;
In vain with Regal honours wealth combin'd,
Still *Progne* wept her Sister left behind.
While this corroding grief her soul oppress'd,
To her dear Lord her suit she thus address'd:
" Ah, *Tereus,* go!" she supplicating said,
" To *Athens* go, and fetch the darling Maid!
Entreat my Sire his *Philomel* to spare,
Bring her to *Thrace,* and crown a Sister's prayer."
On the dire errand *Tereus* fondly went,
And wrung from *Pandion* lingering consent,

* In this Poem Mr. *Hardinge* has introduced an epitome of the Tale from *Ovid,* which he had imitated in p. 302; and to which they may be considered as a Sequel. EDIT.

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While I, confiding in fraternal care,
And unsuspicious of the latent snare,
Left the paternal roof with spirits gay,
To meet my dearer *Progne* on the way.
Oh! had a Parent's love my heart suffic'd,
And I a Sister's fondness less had priz'd!
No such terrific web the Fates had spun,
Nor I by treachery had been undone!
Tereus! the perjur'd wretch in whom I trust!
A savage tyrant—lawless and unjust!
Became enamour'd of my youthful charms,
And dar'd compel me to his brutal arms.
Him I rejected with a fierce disdain;
But prayers and tears, alas, were urg'd in vain!
Then—lest the victim of his barbarous love
Should by accusing speech the traitor prove—
Eternal silence on my lips he hung,
And render'd mute the guilt-betraying tongue;
In a lone tower my days he then confin'd,
And *me* to solitary grief consign'd:
Then back to *Thrace* the coward-miscreant fled,
And *Progne* told—her *Philomel* was dead;
The hapless Mourner to more woe return'd,
And each domestic bliss with *me* inurn'd;
While I, a captive, and depriv'd of speech,
Despair my pangs can ever *Progne* reach.
At length ingenious Art the means contriv'd
To let this Angel know that I surviv'd:
On tapestry the pictur'd tale I wove,
My cruel wrongs, and *Tereus'* guilty love;
The work to *Progne* secretly convey'd,
Renew'd affection prompts the speedy aid;
On swiftest wings of love she flew from *Thrace*,
Eager to view once more this injur'd face,
And melt in bitter tears the sweet embrace.

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On *Tereus* then dread vengeance we decreed;
Ferocious Progne perpetrates the deed;
With madness fraught, their Infant Son she slew,
And on the festive * board the head she threw:
Then utter'd, with a maniac's furious cries,
" *You Itys call'd*—for *thee* thy *Itys* dies!
For thy atrocious crimes thy Son has bled,
And *Philomel's revenge*—is *Itys dead!*
Infernal torments *we* for thee devis'd,
And thy dear *Itys* was the food disguis'd;
By culinary arts his limbs prepar'd,
Compos'd the feast thy wanton revel shar'd!
Behold those limbs, in various models cast,
Have furnish'd *Tereus* with a *fiend's repast!*"

Tereus with frantic rage forsook the board,
And at our bosoms aim'd the threatening sword,
When bless'd Enchantment interpos'd its aid,
To save us both from the avenging blade.

And now!—the free inhabitants of air,
Two happy Birds their harmless loves may share;
No more of man perfidious we complain—
Some faithful *Valentine* enchants the strain:
For *him* my *Progne* twitters from her shed,
And *Philomela* to the grove is led.

I mean not, Madam, to dispute your claim,
To all you challenge from *Minerva's* fame;
To *your* transcendent wisdom I must yield,
Because *you* perch upon her sacred shield:

* *Tereus* was celebrating the feast of *Bacchus*, and called for his darling *Itys* to partake of his pleasure. Historians seem to agree in assigning to *Philomela* the *graceful act* of throwing the *dear boy's head* in the face of the fond father; but I have ventured to give *Progne* the credit of it, and trust, as the story is not of *modern date*, I shall not be drawn into controversy by the *Reviewers*.

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And yet—this emblem, once so much esteem'd,
In modern days is less important deem'd.
Since, if *Mythology's* report be true,
The *sapient Basilisk* * may vie with you,
On one fair ground of semblance *we* unite,
Both join in homage to fair *Cynthia's* light.
Yet various haunts preclude the social ties,
And keep us distant from each other's eyes;
Yours—the sequester'd ivy-mantled tower,
Mine the retreat of Love's harmonious bower.
Our tones as various. When *you* take your flight,
You with your dreadful note appal the night:
Not *love*, but *death*, is in your boding shrieks;
My song the *lover's* plaintive language speaks,—
To *him I* warble on the blossom'd tree,
And catch the sigh he breathes—*inspir'd by me*.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

I dreamt that *Plutus* and *Apollo*
Commanded me their steps to follow;
Away in clouds of gold they went,
And lit upon a farm in *Kent*—
A County that, in waking prose,
Had never grac'd me with a rose,
No cabbage to my kitchen sent,
Nor paid one pepper-corn of rent.
They laugh'd, and fled; I could not hold 'em.
Though I had parchments to enfold 'em.
Awake—I mus'd on *farms* no more,
Though shy of tradesmen at the door;
Quoth *John*, "The man that rung the last
Is of the tape and parchment cast."

* The Basilisk was one of *Minerva's* emblems.

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"Bar all the gates," with spleen I said—
"*Pope* gave the words—*I'm sick—I'm dead.*"
"The man," said *John*, "had portly weight,
And brought you word of an *estate.*"
"*Kent!*" I exclaim'd,—"*oh lucky minute!*
Parnassus, or the Devil's in it;
Bring him up-stairs, for *Homer* says,
That *Jove* in dreams a visit pays:
The *Kentish Farm* again is come,
And *Plutus* here has brought it home."
"No—that is *not* the name," quoth *John;*
"It sounds to *me* like *H******n.*"
The Man of Law, six feet in height,
Grave as a Judge, appear'd in sight:
"You've an *estate in Kent*," said he;
"It's new," said I, "dear Sir, to *me.*"
The parchments on the table spread—
"Your title's clear of doubt," he said.
"Alas!" quoth I, "it *may* be *good*,
But it's a title in a *wood.*"
"Why yes," quoth he; "it's timber'd well,
And half the oak is ripe to fell."
Said I, "'Tis an *Arabian tale.*"
"Right," said the Lawyer, "'tis *in tail*,
And *you* are tenant in possession;
'Tis, therefore, now in *your* discretion
To give us the estate in fee,
A title from all burdens free,
Or, by withholding your consent,
Vest in your Brothers the descent;
Their title you can thus renew,
Your negligence has lost it *you.*
In short, it stands upon this ground,
Your *name* shall have a THOUSAND POUND."

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Around his form I danc'd and sung,
Enamour'd o'er the deeds I hung;
"Your *name* is *Oberon*," said I,
"*Mab* has a finger in the pie;
Methought your personage was airy;
You are no *Lawyer*, but a *Fairy;*
You are a Sylph upon a journey,
Veil'd in a *Derbyshire* Attorney;
Or, to be more at home, a Witch,
That came a Jester to enrich;
Who cares not, if his mind 's in health,
What other Clients take your wealth."

The following whimsical *Jeu d'esprit* arose from an Oracle of mine, that LOVE could make his party good without using one Letter of the Alphabet.

NOR *A* nor *B*, as I shall prove,
Are indispensable to *Love;*
Nor any letters we can get,
In all the *English* Alphabet.

Nor *A* nor *B their* interest find,
In *Chloe's form*, in *Chloe's mind;*
Her *polish'd arm*, her sparkling eye,
Nor *C* nor *D* to *Love* supply.

Nor *E* nor *F* her *bosom* knows,
Nor *G* nor *H* her *lips* disclose;
In *dreams* that soften *Love's delay*,
No thanks are due to *I* or *K*.

A *touch* from HER my heart *inspires*,
But neither *L* nor *M* requires;
If I should claim, or steal *a kiss*,
Nor *N*, *O*, *P*, nor *Q*, we miss.

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If *R*, *S*, *T*, *their* use resign,
A *cheek*, a *dimple*, can be mine;
Nor *U* nor *W* can *part*,
From *Chloe's rights* the constant heart.

Nor *X*, nor *Y*, nor *Z*, molest
The Lover's calm and *peaceful breast;*
'Tis true, that *Y*, that *E*, and *S*,
Can one enchanting sound express.

But *silent Chloe's lips and cheek*
The same dear word can better *speak;*
When Misconstruction she disarms,
Though she *says nothing*—in my arms.

The Verses on the Alphabet produced an Apology for its Letters, written by an accomplished Friend of mine, who was much in habits where I made the attack.—*Maria* was a most beautiful girl, in the house on a visit; and I sent him the following Verses in *her* name.

MARIA,

TO THE CHAMPION FOR THE ALPHABET.

THOUGH *words* like *yours* the lips endear,
And bind in chains the partial ear;
Your *eyes*, more eloquent than *mute*,
Improv'd upon the *verbal* suit.

But mark'd you not *Maria's* cheek,
That it was *dumb*—and yet could *speak?*
No more the Alphabet renew!
A *vowel* is enough—'tis *U*,

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THE FAIRY PIQUED;

OR, THE DEFECT OF *EMBONPOINT* EXPLAINED.

WHEN *Sneyd* with infant beauty came,
The different sexes urg'd their claim;
The Guardian-Fairies were divided,
And votes the dubious whim decided.
Urganda, by a fatal chance,
Receiv'd no summons to the dance;
With phrenzied pique her passion storm'd,
And thus her spell with malice form'd:
"'Tis true," she said, "this Beauty's pearl,
The casting-vote has made a Girl;
But all that is to come—is *mine*,
Of branches that are feminine.
The bosom shall, at my command,
Be touch'd with desolating hand;
Shall never pant, or fall and rise,
To feast the lips, or charm the eyes;
Though *Beauty*, when she 's *quite* undress'd,
Will give proportion to the rest,
Shall never leave its humble sleep,
Nor from its level surface leap."

DIANA AND CUPID.

WHEN *Cupid* bathing *Dian* view'd,
The Goddess fled, the Boy pursued—
She lost her veil in hurry'd flight,
He bore it *home*—the victor's right.

His artful Mother claim'd the prize,
And threw the net before her eyes;
Convinc'd, whatever *she* could boast,
That in *this veil she charm'd the most*.

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BALLADS, THEATRICAL POEMS, RIDDLES, AND EPIGRAMS.

PUT INTO RHYME, FROM A VERY AFFECTING SONG IN MUNGO PARK'S TRAVELS.

COLD the winds blew—down fell the rain,
A white man shelter ask'd in vain;
He came, and sat beneath our tree;
How weary, and how faint was he!
For him no wife the corn shall grind,
No milk a mother's gift he 'll find.

CHORUS.

To the white man let us be kind!
His wife and mother's left behind;
In *us* the mother he shall find,
In *us* the wife his corn shall grind.

SONG;

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

UNNOTICED in the lonely mead,
A Violet rear'd its modest head,
A sweet and lovely flower;
A blooming maid came gadding by,
With vacant heart, and gladsome eye,
And tripp'd with sportive careless tread.

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"Ah!" thought the Violet, "had I now
The Rose's matchless form and glow,
Though transient were the power;
To be but pluck'd by that sweet maid,
And on her virgin bosom laid;—
Bless'd fate, what more could Heaven bestow?"

Along the lovely maiden pass'd,
Nor on the ground a look she cast,
But trod the hapless flower;
It sunk, it died, and yet was gay,
"And let me die," was heard to say,
"'Tis at her feet I breathe my last."

BOUQUET.

FLORA's Daughters, born of Spring,
Breathe upon the Zephyr's wing!
Fresh, and with a Lover's care,
Waft your incense to *the Fair!*
In your tribute, and in you,
She can *one* attraction view;
One that emulates her own,
And is very little known.
One that *she* to *Fame* prefers,
Though its brightest gift is hers;
One—for prouder beauties meant,
'Tis that *you* are *innocent*.

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THE MEDAL; A CANZONET;

ON MY NEPHEW'S ACQUISITION OF THE TURKISH MEDAL, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE NAVY, OFF ALEXANDRIA.

THE first harp we can take
Shall to musick awake,
If 'tis *with*—or *without* any pedal;
Whiskerandos the *Turk*
Sets the Muses to work,
Having sent *the Impostor* * a Medal.

With an Infidel *Jew*
We have nothing to do,
With *Bashaws of three tails* we don't meddle.
But Grand Seignors for *us!*
Without making a fuss,
How genteel is their gift of the *Medal!*

For that *slice of the Moon* †
Will at least have a tune,
But no *car* let us borrow of *Dedal!*
If *Apollo* 's the guide,
And his *nag* we can ride,
'Tis the best we can do for *the Medal.*

But we 're left in the lurch—
For the rhyme that we search
Corresponds to the subject no more;

* This was a nick-name given to him on his first return from sea at 18 years of age. He had been absent four years, and became so altered that we accused him of counterfeiting the real Nephew.

† A crescent was the ornament upon the Medal.

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For the enemies then
We can sharpen the pen,
For *Ménou* as the Son of a wh—e.

Buonaparté, though grand,
Has in *Egypt* no land,
And of *Mahomet* seems rather shy—
The *Italian* for *him*
A more politic whim,
And *St. Peter* * perhaps in his eye.

But those Youths of the Navy
Shall put smoke in his gravy,
And shall dash him with *England's* broad pennant:
Here 's a health to the Sea,
From all *Jacobins* free,
And a *Ship* † for so brave a *Lieutenant!*

BALLAD.

"'Tis *time to rise*, because 'tis noon,"
Methought I heard *Corinna* say;
But sure to rise 'tis yet too soon,
If *Love* and *Pleasure* bid us stay.

What though at noon the *Sun* is bright;
Last night at twelve bright shone the *Moon;*
We laid not down because 'twas *night;*
Why must we rise *because* 'tis *noon?*

When *Love and Pleasure* lead the way,
Then is the time *to go to bed;*
'Tis *time to rise* at *night* or *day*,
When *Love and Pleasure* both are fled.

* The Muse was prophetic, with her *accustomed* inspiration.
† Prophecy the second.

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BALLAD.

To *Mary* first has ancient *Rome*
Its purest precepts taught;
And from the modern City *Rome*
Agnes her pencil brought.

Rome's ancient *Horace* sweetly chaunts
Such Maids with Lyric fire.
Albion's old *Horace* sings, nor paints;
He only can admire.

Fain would his Muse their fame record,
So amiable the pair is;
But, ah! how vain, to think his word
Can add one *Straw* to *Berries*.

BALLAD. THE MISER AND BLIND MAN.

When of you I complain
For my tyrannous chain,
You must own that 'tis *not* without *reason*.
You 're the Sovereign I chuse;
But my *oath* you refuse,
And forbid me the *honours of treason*.

In proportion, I seem,
To my ardour extreme,
With Indifference cheapen'd and slighted;
'Tis as if to my cost,
When my eyes had been lost,
With my Gold I could still be delighted.

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BALLAD.

Oh, *Fanny*, *could* I have been taught,
That, fond of Man, you would be *caught*,
Before you could *reflect* —
That you would hate the zealous Friend,
Alert the feelings to defend,
The passions to connect —

Your charms I should have deem'd a curse,
Your fortune a perfidious nurse
To Cunning and Surprize;
But I was dup'd, and thought secure
The heart from all deception pure,
Against the robber's prize.

I am deceiv'd, and so are *you*,
'Tis a false light that both pursue,
A meteor's idle glare:
I dreamt that Passion could be wise;
You that no swain could have disguise,
Or false impressions wear.

We part—but, ere the doom is past,
Which may the sunshine overcast
Of Nature's vernal morn;
Hear me as on the bed of Death,
Or, if you caught the parting breath,
To its injunction sworn.

Be ever studious to deserve
The Lover, by discreet reserve,
And from pursuit retire:
Blush at the hint of preference,
And make him love you for your sense,
But play not with desire.

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MADRIGAL.

From blame can *Phillis* be exempted,
Who *tempts*, and yet will not be *tempted?*

SONG.

My youthful heart a willing slave
To Love's enchanting bloom I gave.
But *Winter* 's come—'tis *Nature's frost*,
The leaves and germs of *Spring* are lost.

Again, *Promethean* Love, inspire
The genial flame of young desire;
And thou shalt make the parting flower,
Shame with its hue the *Vernal* bower.

BALLAD.

"Love, the genuine sense
Of Pity and Benevolence."

'Tis true—that *me*, with roses crown'd,
The tear of *Sympathy* has found,
And been at once obey'd;
That *Pleasure's* light, and *Beauty's* flower,
Have sunk—when pale *Misfortune's* hour
Implor'd *Compassion's* aid.

'Tis true—that in the *moral grief*,
I never ask'd or *wish'd* relief,
Nor envy'd playful *ease:*
But *Love* the miracle has wrought,
And *Love* the feeling bosom taught,
How dearly *Pain* can *please!*

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TO LOVE. A MADRIGAL.

Love—on *Delia's* breast reposing!
Love—whose ray *her eyes* impart!
Love!—in *her*—*thyself* disclosing;
Let me find *thee*—*in her heart!*

BALLAD, FROM A SONNET BY ZAPPI.

With my goat when I measur'd in sport, and when he
Was—in those happy days—an inch taller than me;
Then my *Phillis* I lov'd, and her smiles were endear'd,
But the *Nymph* is no more since the Goddess appear'd.

I once told her myself "*that I lov'd her.*" The heart
Gave me words that no graces of speech could impart;
But she *kiss'd* me, and said, "Little boy, have a care!
You can little imagine what mischief is there."

She of others grew fond—they enamour'd of her.
I am now of an age which the lasses prefer;
But it comes with a date of misfortune to me,
For my love is rejected—withheld is the fee.

Tho' impassion'd and sweet was her kiss to the boy.
Yet as man I despair of renewing its joy.
What she gave to me *then* she appears to forget,
But the lips that she touch'd can remember it yet.

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BALLAD OF BOUTS RIMÉS*.

IN HONOUR TO THE MISS BERRYS.

MARK the course of the *Thames*,
And of Beauty the gems,
On its meadows, or bridges, or ferries;
Eyes of loveliest hue,
Black, or hazel, or blue,
What are these to the eyes of the *Berrys*?

Dear to Cats mischief-brewing
Are elopements and ruin;
To Sir *John* cups of sack or of sherry:
Give to *Warren's* direction
A sweet nervous affection—
Give to me the lov'd offspring of *Berry*.

For twelve hours at least
On their charms I could feast,
Now in bow-window rooms—now in wherries.
Think you *Orpheus's* Belle
Over gates look'd so well,
Fate had let him have peep'd at the *Berrys*.

* Rhymes disposed in order, which are given to a Poet, together with a subject on which he is obliged to make verses, using the same words, and in the same order. The extravagance of a Poet named *Du Lot* gave occasion to this invention about the year 1649.—The most odd out-of-the-way rhymes were chosen, and every one endeavoured to fill them up as exactly as possible. Mr. *Addison*, in the *Spectator*, N° 60, adduces them as an instance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French*; and observes, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Mr. *Sarasin*, in *La Defait des Bouts Rimés*.

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What are draughts of champaigne,
If the heart is in pain,
Or cool tankards of cyder and perry?
But 'tis Heaven to sip
Honey-dew from the lip
Of sweet *Mary*, or t' other sweet *Berry*.

Though *Hibernia* can boast
Lady *Townshend* her toast—
Yet, in *Dublin* or fam'd *Londonderry*,
Hope in vain to discover
Two such girls for a lover
As the two Sister Graces of *Berry*.

I could sing in their praise
Heliconian lays,
That surpass *Della Crusca's*, or *Merry's*.
Even *Jerningham's* Muse
Would the conflict refuse
Of a Ballad with me on the *Berrys*.

Not a fault I can blame,
But the vice of their name,
For to rhyme it—is difficult *very*:
Yet, by them still inspir'd,
I could never be tir'd
Of thus ringing the changes on *Berry*.

May *Italian* skies
Claim no longer this prize:
But, with bloom like a peach or a cherry,
May Love's true colour speak
In the rose of their cheek,
Till they're stripp'd of the surname of *Berry*.

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TO AMORET,

WITH AN AIR THAT SHE WAS TO SING.

To thee my offspring I commend,
The infant's guide, the parent's friend.
Play with my little helpless birth
Before its hands can leave the earth.

To thee alone its trembling fate,
My hopes and fears, I consecrate;
For it was thy enchanting voice
That made the Nymph I love my choice.

One of Nine Sisters took my heart,
And Love to both resign'd his dart.
The couch was bless'd,—*Lucina* came,
But wish'd for thee to give the name.

The lisping child no more is weak;
If, tun'd by thee, its note can speak:
The love that was my *loan* to thee
Pay to *this* child, and thou art free!

SONG.

'Tis true that me with roses crown'd
The tear of Sympathy has found,
And been at once obey'd;
That Pleasures light, and Beauty's flower,
Have sunk when pale Misfortune's hour
Implor'd Compassion's aid.

'Tis true that, in the moral grief,
I never ask'd, or wish'd relief,
Nor envy'd playful ease:
But Nature's pride the charm has wrought,
And Love the feeling heart has taught,
How dearly Pain can please.

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A BALLAD,

ON THE OLD WOMAN WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE IN SNOW.

Oh, ponder well, ye helpmates dear,
When flakes of snow are spread!
For *truant* wives who disappear
May find a *colder bed.*

On *February's* day the second
At *Impington* befell
A *miracle*—by some 'twas reckon'd
A fact—as *Jones* can tell.

The fools against conviction strive:
The learn'd at *Cambridge know*
Of this old woman found alive
Beneath six feet of snow.

A wise Collegiate of *St. Peter,*
Besides one *Oaks* a Surgeon,
With *Stiffle John,* the tale's repeater,
A tale which prov'd him *her John.*

For he the funnel clapp'd his eye on,
Which this old woman made.
He roar'd, with courage of a lion,
"Come out!"—and she obey'd.

But first—"Oh, *Stiffle,* is it *you?*"
The dear old woman cries;
For *John* at *Impington* she knew,
But knew he told no lies.

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To fib, this *John* was ever loth—
A man of truth severe.
Yet he will take his Bible oath
To this old woman's *ear*.

She heard (an ear that faith surpasses)
The horsemen's tramping feet,
The gypsies hunting for their asses,
The lamb's pathetic bleat:

She heard in snow the hour that flies
Upon the village clock;
But could not hear the husband's cries,
And sav'd herself *the shock*.

Though he, like *Orpheus*, call'd her name
The mournful parish round,
And very near her bonnet came,
Nor wife nor bonnet found.

She there contemplated the Moon,
Approaching to the new:
It said, or seem'd to say, that soon
Would melt her snowy pew.

A pew it might be call'd; for there,
To penance of not eating,
She added a new form of prayer,
And said, or sung, repeating,

For eight long days, for eight long nights,
On mere snow-broth she fed;
And, using snow for want of lights,
Her Almanack she read.

Upon its leaves her prayers and thanks—
A pencil's modest earning,
Hermetically seal'd for *Banks*,
Are prodigies of Learning.

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It has been said she wrote in *Coptic*,
Or else in pure *Phœnician*;
Which proves how piercing was the optic
For one in *her* condition.

Of all that pass'd in this her gaol,
So little could it vary,
In pages ten she told the tale
To her Apothecary.

Of certain functions, neat though few,
Which Nature's wheel demands,
She found with only one or two
Enough upon her hands.

She tapp'd her box, and with an air
A pinch of snuff she took;
It made her sneeze, and this with care
She noted in a book.

It has not yet been ascertain'd
If she had room for sneezing—
Or all effusions were detain'd,
Like rivers plugg'd and freezing.

Her toes, 'tis verily believ'd,
Will first or last come off;
But, though by want of breath aggriev'd,
It sav'd her from a cough.

The rings were sav'd—the two she wore—
For her's a wedded life;
The widow pin'd for want of more,
And was again a wife.

The rings pack'd up in papers neat,
She pinn'd 'em to her shift;
And wrote upon the winding-sheet,
"For *Bet's* good man a gift."

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It has been said, but not by *Jones*,
That she had some who taught her—
That she 's a niece of *Bloody-bones*,
Or *Betty Canning's* daughter.

But what refutes at once the doubt,
And makes the wonder true,
Is—that her face the legend suits,
And is of snowy hue.

A BALLAD OF BOUTS RIMÉS,

ON STRINGER'S BOX OF RHUBARB PILLS.

Let others talk of paregoric,
Or *cup* the man of God plethoric—
I sing the little finger
That brings, at *Ealing*, to a *Juno*,
Whom I, dear *Spatterdash*, and you know,
A pill—five grains—of *Stringer*.

No more of *ex duobus* tell,
If you 're gallanting with a belle,
And fain to th' point would bring her.
Don't give her oximel or gum,
But wind her gently round your thumb,
Like skein of thread—with *Stringer*.

I cannot say that I would chuse
To be in *Paccheerotti's* shoes,
The first *Italian* singer;
But, if it ever is my fate
A *Duncan's* wig to fascinate,
I 'd help my voice—with *Stringer*.

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My wife I 'd spill without remorse,
If you 'd supply me with a horse
That now and then would fling her—
Because, if all her bones were broke,
'Twould only be an *Ealing* joke,
You 'd set her up with *Stringer*.

When *H*—, nice tit, shall go to church,
And leave the Corporal in the lurch,
Egad I 'll shew and ring her.
But, if she hopes to be with child,
I absolutely should be wild
That she 'd be dos'd with *Stringer*.

Forgive me!—but it has occurr'd,
If *Peter T****** should kill a bird,
We here could find him slingers;
Acquaint his wife that *Peter* 's *bound*,
And that his bowels are not sound,
But want a dozen *Stringers*.

If you should find i' th' *Ealing* corps
The loyal mind in every pore,
A Monarchy's un-king-er;
You need not carry him to *Pitt*,
A recipe the case will fit—
A hundred pills of *Stringer*.

When panting but ingenuous Heirs
Beg Heaven may take Papa up-stairs,
And fear that he may linger;
With equal justice to them both,
Acquaint the Youngster, nothing loth,
Of *your* trump-card in *Stringer*.

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In shooting at a nice hen-pheasant,
For us intended as your present,
If you should only wing her;
Instead of shot that faintly kills,
Let fly with half a dozen pills,
The bullets made of *Stringer*.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS;
PERFORMED AT CAMDEN PLACE, DEC. 24, 1793,
BY LORD CAMDEN'S GRANDCHILDREN;

Delivered by Miss *Georgiana Stewart*, Lord *Londonderry's* Daughter, a beautiful girl, then only ten years of age.

WE—*Girls of Rank* [*looking proud*] are told, "that
we should learn
The arts by which *the Low* [*contemptuously*] their
bread must earn:"
Degrading thought! but if it *must* be so,
And is a part of the *divine Rousseau*;
[*with conceited endearment*]
We chuse the market of the Acting trade,
Fine Ladies to the last, though [*archly*] *ready made*;
"But why (it may be said) with Farce begin?
And change these *dimples* [*looking pretty*] for a
Weston grin?" [*making it*]
I answer, "that, should *we* in *Tragic* vein
A *kill'd* or *killing* character sustain;
'Twould make *Leoni's** melting nature speak,
And pour *emulsion tears* down *Tenant's*† cheek.

* A little *Mulatto* footman, very affectionate and good-natured, one of Lord *Londonderry's* servants.

† An Apothecary in the neighbourhood.

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My Aunt *Elizabeth's** good heart would break,
And Mrs. *Tringrove's* † fleshy mountain shake.
Yet why, though comic, strike at the *Physicians*?
And spare the Lawyers, [*pointing archly at Lord* CAMDEN] Painters, or Musicians?"
To Physick 'tis a *compliment* [*with a look of raillery*] we pay,
And Ridicule 's *the test of Truth* [*archly*] to-day.
But though at *Warren* ‡, or his better half
(The faithful *Tenant)*, we indulge a laugh,
Oh! think not, Hearers, that we love them less,
Or with a fainter glow their labours bless.
Nor *you*, [*to Lord* CAMDEN] to whose delight these efforts tend,
You, their inspiring Genius, and their Friend,
With a cold judgment the defect survey;
But see with partial eyes *your* children play!
For *you* their little nerves have banish'd fear,
And they are *impudent—but only here.*

EPILOGUE

DELIVERED BY ALICK STEWART §, IN THE CHARACTER OF A DEMOCRATIC SCHOOL-BOY.

THE vein of Prologue should be half and half,
But Epilogue should only be a laugh;
This I have heard, though hardly in my teens,
From *nice young Actresses* behind the scenes:

* Lady *Elizabeth Pratt*, who had the weakest nerves, and the best heart, in the world.

† The Housekeeper, very large.

‡ Lord *Camden's* Physician.

§ *Alexander-John*, second son of the Earl of *Londonderry* by Lady *Frances Pratt*. He died Nov. 14, 1800, in his 18th year.

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Have *at* you then! ye venerable prigs,
Ye *Rams* of sable fleece* and stiffen'd wigs!
I 'll cut your solemn worships to the bone,
And *spirit* for the mischief shall atone.
I hate all Physick; but am least inclin'd
To what is call'd the *physick of the mind.*
Of pill or dose that ever bowels curs'd,
The *moral griper* is to *me* the worst;
And I had rather feel a hundred blows
Than hear the bagpipe of a Parson's nose.
The *Saturnalia* to the *Roman* slave
His tongue's free licence in *December* gave;
And *we* can make, before we *lose December* †,
The petty *Nero our* keen stripes remember:
No gloomier despot upon earth has rule
Than is the Tyrant of a *Latin* School,
Who, Church and King for ever in his throat,
Has no objection to a *Sans-culotte,*
And, very like the *Æsculapian* College,
Bleeds in the lump to *circulate* his knowledge.
But *rights of man the rights of boy* include,
The charter of his nature wild and rude:
Shall *we* be told, that, if a boy should swear,
Or go to *London* for the change of air,
Or head a mob with genius and with spirit,
The rod is due to such an act of merit?
Shall *we* be told, that science can be *taught,*
As wood is carv'd, or stone to figure brought?
Is it not evident, from *Doctor Last,*
That all those dreams of Institute are past?

* A neighbouring Vicar was humourously called at *Lee-place* "the black ram."

† It was in *December.*

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Poets are born, and so are Generals too,
And *for a Lawyer any thing will do.*
If trades are so delightfully confus'd,
It proves how talents are at School abus'd.
In *Paris* he who *finds* the *ways* and *means,*
Found as a gardener *cabbages* and *beans:*
The taylor from his board would never budge,
Till *Revolutions* prov'd him *born a Judge;*
No more the cobler patches an old heel,
But mends and *renovates* the commonweal:
The moral is — that *nothing* 's to be learnt,
That Lessons are *denounc'd,* and Grammars burnt,
That *here* at least, *Republicans in fun,*
We *all are indivisible and one.*

I had SHAKESPEARE one day in my hand, and mischief in my heart. — I wrote the following as a ridicule upon those who admired even his quaintness of expression.

Droplets of Melancholy's native brine!
Enforcedly, oh *castigate* my youth,
Lest it should mischief me, and *grave* * itself
In its own 'witching *empiry* †; *give* eyes ‡,
And the high-vic'd beweep regardfully.
They woo the rivage, when their shatter'd bark
In its *dear* § peril hath no means defendant
Against the turb'lent sea's *embossed froth*
And mountant billows, when the Night makes '*road* ||
Upon the Sun's pale relicks, and with crescive

* Bury. † Empire. ‡ Be wet.
§ Critical. || Inroad.

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Influence i' th' *sternage* of the day presides,
Neighbour'd with its *defunction;* to surprize
The *rampar'd* gates betray'd, and boundless rage
Arming the *savagery* o' th' *trenchant* blade,
Whose *boot** enslumbering *suspect*† hath cowarded
The valiant'st nature;—take me to thy arms
I' th' *May*-morn of the year, pale Solitude,
But teach o' th' mind's distemperature, enround
And girdle-in my thoughts! chain me to th' rock
That *juttys*‡ the wild Ocean, or in caves
Hide me with *Morpheus'* train, thy pensioners,
That page thy ebon state, and at thy hist
Waft on their batty wings to th' clos'd eye.
Shapes of the air, or spirits of the deep,
Time's course outstripping, and portending oft,
Or by monition sage averting evils,
Ere yet the mistful embryos have life
In Fate's dark cell immur'd.

VERSES,

DREAMT AS PARTS OF A NEW PLAY WHICH I WROTE.

He had been struck with Beauty's glance:—the bower
Was nuptial, and was bless'd with holy rites.
They have a child, as lovely as the morn,
Brought into life, and by a peasant's dame
The sacred charge is nurtur'd:—here 's the cot
Known by the willow that hangs over it!

* Booty. † Suspicion. ‡ Juts into.

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"YOU 'LL GUESS;"

A RIDDLE.

What is it that from youth to age
Can ever-green delights engage;
It is not *love;* it is not *health;*
It is not *beauty*, *rank*, or *wealth;*
It is not *eloquence*, or *parts;*
It is not *skill*, or taste in *arts.*
Love is at home with boys and misses,
But makes a jest of *ancient* kisses:
Health, if she hunts, and breaks her neck,
May feel the gout *her* trophies check;
In *age* infirm, she doats at best,
Of all her *frolicks* dispossess'd:
The fading *belle*, her subjects flown,
Sighs for the abdicated throne:
To pain the *Duke*, a living martyr,
No anodyne can find the Garter:
Capricious *wealth* is either toss'd
In self-indulgence till it 's lost,
Or views, unbless'd, the hoarded pelf
That lies for ever on the shelf:
The *orator*, that blazing meteor,
Ends in a dull and prosing creature:
A *fool* the *man of parts* can cheat,
For parts can seldom be discreet:
The touch mechanic and expert
In age no more can be alert:
The connoisseur will run to waste,
Or sicken from excess of taste.
What is it, then, if none of these,
That still can interest and please?

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Exempt from flannels and the nurse,
From Time's decay, and Fortune's curse?
It is—*you 'll* guess—perhaps you know it,
Your own bright fancy as a Poet.

A RIDDLE.

The morning saw me short and thick,
No taller than a walking stick;
Ere noon my neck so high ascended,
So suddenly my joints extended;
Fine by degrees, at length my waist
So taper grew, though never lac'd,
That all the youths my shape desir'd,
And without envy girls admir'd.
My favour'd scene, my lov'd retreat,
Was cheerful *Nola's* fairy-seat;
Who from her beauteous valley sees
Yon airy summit crown'd with trees,
Some o'er the bosom'd cave impending
Some in the rifted rocks descending.
Perpetual currents flow to make
For me and mine the copious lake;
Where on a sun-shine holiday
With beaux and belles I was at play;
A youth more frolic than the rest,
Age's disciple, friend, and guest,
Gay, though reserv'd, demure, and sly,
Good-humour lurking in his eye,
Chief of the jovial crew appear'd,
Black were his eye-brows, eyes, and beard,
Black and self-curl'd his glossy hair,
Rejecting *Luke's* or *William's* care,

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Powder disdain'd, with forehead sleek,
And smirking lips, and ruddy cheek,
He smil'd, and, with a simpering grin,
Upturn'd his prominence of chin;
His legs with yellowish white were hos'd,
His thigh with scarlet plush enclos'd,
His belly, wishing to be round,
Was in a sable waistcoat bound,
A silver-button'd azure vest
His taste and politicks express'd.
For that he is not *George's* foe
His roseless buttons clearly show,
Untainted he by Faction's lore,
A son of *Iris* now no more.

SOLUTION OF A CHARADE.

BY A MARRIED LADY.

With impatience like that of my *Surbiton* lover,
Your Charade I attempted in vain to discover;
Tho' I puzzled my thoughts with a harp and a fiddle,
They were flounder'd at last, and were stuck in the middle.
When my Husband observ'd, and I fear he was right,
In your BAND-BOX, my dear, is a beautiful sight.
Choak'd with envy, I answer'd, "If that 's what you mean,
It 's quite lost in a band-box; I 'd have it BE—SEEN."

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On hearing Cannon from the opposite Coast.

What are these puffs and vapouring sounds,
The giant's voice that man confounds?
'Tis man himself; 'tis at the best
A Tyrant by his minions dress'd.
And is it for this cherish'd weed
That legions form, and myriads bleed?
Arise, avenging Freedom's birth!
And chase these terrors from the earth!

JOB.

If patient *Job* were now decreed
The books upon himself to read;
No more he'd want his friend or wife
To make him loath and curse his life.

TO THE SUN; ON A WEDDING-DAY.

No more! — to bed! — and close your eyes!
To-morrow — when I call you — rise!

TO CAMBRIA.

Cambria, montanos apices fluviosque ruentes
Pande viatorum delicias oculis:
Hæc tua sunt formâ speciosa; hæc digna tabellâ.
Sordes, et *furias pectoris*, abde, tui!

Oh, hide not, *Cambrian*, that *Elysian dream*,
Your mountain summit, and your glittering stream
With pride of heart the *picture's* claim reveal —
The *turbid passions* and the *dirt*—conceal!

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On a Man who was always in Debt.

An arch accountant here is laid,
Who borrow'd, and who never paid.
If he 's in Heaven, I could swear
That he is upon credit there.

On some bad Verses in Sappho's Praise.

If *these* are *Sappho's* Laureat Bards
(Theme of the Heaven-born Poet's lyre)
The next eloge will praise *her cards*,
Or speak with rapture of *the fire*,
But leaving to be sung by me
The *toast*, the *muffins*, and the *tea*.

A RECEIPT.

To change for calm a sea of trouble,
To make the sum of blessings double,
The lessen'd weight of cares to feel,
Put Friendship's car on Fortune's wheel!

Upon three Horses taken for my Circuit.

The first was lame, the second had an asthma, and the third had both.—I wrote upon it.

Three villains, in three different stables born,
Three horses bred in *Tyburn* did adorn.
The first in *lameness of the feet* surpass'd,
The next in *broken wind*, in both the last.
The force of *cheating* could no further go—
To make a third, it join'd the former two.

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JEU D'ESPRIT BY HORNE TOOKE,

AFTER THE FAMOUS ACQUITTALS OF HARDY AND OTHERS.

TELL me, *History*, tell me where
You can find another EYRE.
Match him, *Poets*, if ye can?

THE POET'S ANSWER.

JUSTICE CLEMENT is your man.

A very gallant Female Correspondent insinuated, but with delicacy, that my love had cost her *three pence*, in the following lines:

WHEN free as air you sent me love,
It was the musick of the dove;
But when *six halfpence* are the cost,
A serpent bites—the dove is lost.

[After this hint I never made love to her but *post-paid.*]

THE COMMUTATION OF RAGE;

A SOLILOQUY, BY THE SAME LADY.

WITH temper I can bear the weight
Of Taxes, due to Church and State;
At losing cards have smil'd;
Can pay for *postage** with an air;—
But this would make a Bishop swear—
The Turbot 's *under-boil'd.*

* The *ne plus ultra* of *Job* in petticoats.

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ON HEARING THAT ARCHBISHOP MOORE WAS IN A REGULAR FIT OF THE GOUT.

No more it shall be thought a jest,
That pious Christians *live the best.*
Ye Infidels! no longer doubt!
For an *Archbishop* has the Gout!
That he 's a *Saint*—his honours tell,
His *Gout*—that he *has liv'd so well.*

ON SIR WILLIAM PARSONS'S LECTURES TO HIS FRIENDS ON THE AIR-PUMP.

Aëra dum vitro exantlat redditque vicissim;
Ni fallor *Vacuum* est aëris ipse sui.

ANGLICÈ.

In and *out* when the *air* by the *pumper* is thrown,
I, alas! am *receiver*—the *vacuum* his own.

THE PENSIONS.

Burke, who at *Hastings* rail'd from sun to sun,
A Regal *Pension* by a Pamphlet won.
But what of *Hastings?*—*Burke* he overthrew;
But held his tongue—and had a Pension too!

ON MADAME DE DAMAS.

Though *British* accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb—*I love!*

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ON THE EXODIAD.

When *Beaumont's* judgment guided *Fletcher's* wit,
Each was by turns the Hero of the Pit:
The one had credit for the *rules of art;*
The other claim'd the *passions* and the *heart.*
But no divided claim the conflict urges,
In *Sternhold, Hopkins, Cumberland,* and *Burges.*

ON A VERY PIOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN WHO WORE PAINT.

If *Lucretia* wears *paint,*
She may well be a *Saint;*
Life and *blood* must be in her
Before *she* is a *Sinner.*

TO HEBE IN HER TEENS;

WHO SENT ME TWO KISSES BY THE POST.

What—as many as *two* honey'd *kisses* from thee?
From the goddess of youth! and *both* destin'd for me?
But can *age* by those lips with such peril be nurs'd?
Keep your second at home—let me *die*—of the *first!*

TRANSLATION OF AN IMPROMPTU BY ST. AULAIRE AT 95, THE DUTCHESS OF MAINE HAVING CALLED HIM APOLLO.

Were *I Apollo,* my enchanting friend,
You should be *Thetis,* and the day should end.

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ON HEARING THAT A LADY REMEMBERED NOTHING I SAID, EXCEPT MY ASSERTION THAT MRS. ——— WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED.

YES — though upon a *mummy* hung,
There is in ——'s a human tongue,
Expert at Mischief's trade;
There *is* what hope and joy survives,
The Gossip that on Satire thrives,
And feeds the *wither'd* Maid.

VERSES FROM ANACREON, AT SIXTY YEARS OF AGE.

AT love my *Helen* 's an adept,
Yet calls my *age a secret kept;*
She tells me, with her speaking eyes,
That Love can still ensnare his prize;
Her lips, though mute, the tale repeat,
That Love 's the master of the seat;
The wrinkles fly at *Helen's* view,
Her folding arms the boy renew, —
With her alone my heart can prove
That *mine* 's at least the age for love.

ON A POETICAL INVALID, WHO HAD A RASH, AND ASKED THE WRITER IF HE APPROVED OF CALOMEL FOR IT.

THE *fire* that from genius came
Ascends in a *Vesuvian* flame;
And *calomel's* mercurial spirit
The Muses at their birth inherit.

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FROM MARTIAL.

LET me die if I would not whole days be with *you*,
My companion belov'd—half the night with you too:
But a couple of miles are no trifling concern,
And the *two* become *four* when I *go* to return.
Often *absent*—as often *at home you 're denied*,
When the Muses are courted, or Love 's at your side;
Tho' to *see you two* miles are not more than I *chuse*,
Not to see you—the *four* I must beg to *refuse*.

A *GALANTERIE* OF AN OLD MAN,

WHO WAS BLIND.

THEE, before their sight had fail'd,
My impassion'd eyes unveil'd;
Thou, as baffled Youth retires,
Art the gem that Age desires:
Beauty acts *her* brightest part
In the visions of the heart,
And the sense which *thee* enjoys
Pays for that which *Time* destroys.

TO A FAVOURITE CAT.

MODEL of enchanting grace!
Venus of the Tabby race!
Cats—of jealousy disarm'd,
Are with your perfections charm'd.
Such a mistress who 'd resign!
She can still be yours—and mine.

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THE TWO BETTY'S.

No tallies ever so could hit
As *Betty* and his model *Pitt*.
The Actor, at an infant's age,
Commands and fills the public stage:
The other Stripling, in his art,
Claims from *the world* a *leading part*;—
And, as the Characters were play'd,
Threw all the *Kembles* into shade.
A Virgin too, like *Betty* chaste,
His blushes charm'd the moral taste;
But *little Betty's* feats must yield
The honours of the scenic field.
From *Covent Garden's* envy'd reign,
Though he looks down on *Drury Lane*,
The other *Betty's* prouder hand
In *two King's Houses* bore command;
And when he said not half a word
The *mute* was to the *voice* preferr'd.
It has been wish'd, his glory seal'd,
The boy for years could be conceal'd;
And *some* would think his parts improv'd
If *t'other Betty* was *remov'd*.

TO A BEGGAR.

You have nothing—Alas, we have nothing to give:
For the Rich are the Poor, who on Charity live!

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IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE I.*

My heart's delight—my wreath, and friend!
Though sprung from Kings, and from a race
Of Heroes born, to me descend,
With me the Ruling passions trace!

Some in their glowing wheels delight,
Proud of the dust their chariots raise;
Wind round the marks that rule their flight,
And are the Gods of human praise.

Me, Ivy-wreaths, to Poets due,
Me, the cool groves and currents please;
The Nymphs in frolick I pursue,
Nor envy Kings—possess'd of these.

But, if permitted, and by thee,
With Lyric Bards from earth to rise;
With head sublime, erect, and free,
I'll claim from Stars the radiant prize.

* An attempt at a *Poetical*, and yet *literal* version.

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BOOK I. ODE III.

TO THE SHIP THAT CARRIED VIRGIL TO ATHENS.

So may the *Cyprian* Goddess, Beauty's Queen,
And those Twin Stars of emulated light,
That prompt the whisper of the gale serene,
Oh, interesting Bark, direct your flight.

Hush'd all the winds, except the favouring West,
Bear my heart's treasure to your freight consign'd;
For *Athens* be the sail and keel address'd!
Half my fond soul * to thee has *Love* consign'd.

Around *his* bosom grew the knotted oak,
Of triple brass its character was made;
Whose vessel first the wave asunder broke,
Nor of the hurling tempest was afraid.

His enterprizing heart the *South* could meet,
And fearless brav'd its desolating breath;
Nor *Hyades* could warn him to retreat,
Ill-omen'd heralds of untimely death.

But how could *any* perils *him* deter,
That saw the rolling Monsters of the deep
With stedfast eye, and could the guilt incur,
That shakes with scorn the billows from their sleep?

* Besides the *passion* of those ages, which one shudders to conceive, expressions of attachment *without criminality* between bosom friends of the male sex were borrowed from those of *Love*, and would appear to us infinitely too strong for the delicacy of pure friendship—*Milton* has beautifully applied this expression, when *Adam* first addresses *Eve*:

"*Part* of *my soul*, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My *better half*."

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In vain has *Jove* divided from the shore,
With a majestic barrier *Neptune*'s reign;
If Man, with impious outrage, breaks the door,
And leaps across the mound with steps profane.

Bold the renew'd aggression to support,
The human race in wild confusion toss'd,
Plung'd into guilt and shame, with frantic sport,
Sinks in the gulph, and is for ever lost.

Prometheus, by an impious fraud and theft,
Bore to the Earth's domain æthereal fire;
Consumption follow'd, nor was *Fever* left,
And the inevitable stroke was nigher.

BOOK I. ODE IV.

The sharp Winter is melted in Spring and the West;
From their prison of ice ropes and anchors are free:
Stalls are left by the cattle, and supper *undress'd*,
Without blaze of the hearth can with *peasants* agree.

Venus leads up the dance, as it waits on the Moon,
And with *Graces* the Nymphs in a wreath are entwin'd;
Let the Myrtle, or *Flora's* diversify'd boon,
The fair tresses with natural ornaments bind!

Now to *Faunus*, in deep overshadowing groves,
Let us offer a lamb if no kid is preferr'd;
From the poor to the rich Death impartially roves,
Nor on shadows of life should a *thought* be conferr'd.

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Night will soon draw the curtain, for spirits and shades:
We shall enter old *Pluto's* deep cavern of gloom;
Where no frolick of Love the chill silence invades,
Nor the mist can be chang'd into *Lydia's* bloom *.

BOOK I. ODE V.

TO DOLL COMMON,

A WHIG IN LOW SPIRITS.

WHAT lean young Baronet† and 'Squire‡
In many a *Rose* § thy charms inspire,
When they at *Norfolk's* genial shrine
Perfume § their breath with *Gallic* wine?
For whom thy hair's a *Bedford crop* ||,
When all the rest keeps open shop?
Simplicity, with ancle *clean* **,
And shoulders *à-la-Guillotine;*
Alas, how often to deplore,
A new Pantheon for his wh—e;

* Here I have departed a little from the Original.

† Some gossiping Critics apply this to a Patriotic Reformer. But, whatever may be the idle rumour *behind the scenes*, and circulated by the Tories, we can assure the Reader, that with *Irish* demireps alone are the Baronet's intrigues.

‡ Q. if not Mr. *H.* or General *F.*—both of them lean, and very amorous?

§ The Revolutionary Tavern, to which *Doll* is often carried by her Lovers, is called, wherever held, the *Rose*—partly on account of certain mysteries *under* that flower, and partly, but chiefly, in facetious honour to *George Rose*, Esq.

|| Perfusus *liquidis* urget odoribus.

** Cui flavam religas comam.

†† *Simplex munditiis.*

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And shameless *Dolly*, a defaulter,
On strumpet Reason's perjur'd * altar?
To me the dark † avenging storm
Thy civic ‡ lineaments deform;
Who now enjoys thee, neat and snug,
Nor fears § in thine a *Cornish* hug;
Nor dreams of the perfidious || gale,
That robs him of thy fickle tail.
** How doom'd is the confiding lover,
Who *touches* ere he can discover!
Me—out of health—my passions cross'd,
In *Dolly's Revolutions* †† tost,
Me, indicate the tavern books
To have cut out my name at *Brookes'*;
Me, on a peg, in *Dolly's* view,
To have hung up my *buff and blue* ‡‡.

* Heu, quoties *fidem*
*Mutatos*que Deos flebit.
† Et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis.
‡ This Poet, he will excuse me for saying it, is rather a pedant in the political jargon of his day.
§ Semper vacuam—semper amabilem sperat.
|| Nescius auræ
Fallacis.
** Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.
†† Pedant again!
‡‡ Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse - - - - - *vestimenta*.

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BOOK I. ODE V.

A PARODY.

WHAT *Lady Bab* *, thy *Partner* † bless'd,
In *honours* ‡ rich her *Favourite* crowns?
To whom, by thee caress'd,
Spite of an envious Rival's frowns,
Thy *hand* is offer'd—and the *game*
With *perouettes* § of matchless fame?

Hers, the *chang'd Partner* to lament;
But not at harmless Whist alone,
Thy rage will find its vent;
Abroad with spattering venom thrown,
'Twill *blast* || with anecdote of spleen
The hips of cork and bosom lean.

When the *fond Lover* you appear,
With extacy of hideous grin,
That spreads from ear to ear;
She holds erect her bristled chin,
And thinks for ever she can say,
You only are her *Cecisbé*.

* See "*Pompey the Little.*"

† The Gentleman to whom this Ode is supposed to allude was fond of playing at Whist with Dowagers of Quality.

‡ *Honours* at cards.

§ He described a *perouette* at a public dinner in the *Principality*, to the astonished eyes of the *Welsh* Noblesse.

|| He was of a gossiping turn, capricious in his loves, and severe upon all his favourites by turns.

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* She little knows the Tabby's heart,
That smirks and cringing bows conceal—
That hates the *Lover's* part,
Unless her *Abigail* you steal.
Me ******* † shall bless, and gracious shine,
No *Queen* for *you*, but wholly *mine!*

BOOK I. ODE VI. ‡

TO AGRIPPA.

Brave, and a Conqueror; to *Varius* due,
And claim'd by *this Mœonian* wing!
His daring spirit shall your fame pursue,
And proudly of *the Hero* sing.

We, idle truants from the *Epic* Muse,
Despair of handling *such* a theme;
Achilles the unconquer'd we refuse,
Nor of *Ulysses* ever dream.

Nor *we* of *Pelops*, and his line accurs'd,
The sanguinary deeds relate;
By *us* no Epic themes can be rehears'd,
For *we* are *little—these* are *great.*

* Nescius auræ
Fallacis.

† A merry old widow, whom he called "his Queen," to whom he offered his innocent and *Platonic* love.

‡ This is almost a literal version.

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A coward-sense of diffidence and shame,
Clings to the Bard of homely song;
Protecting yours, and *Cæsar's* deathless name,
Against the rude and feeble throng.

Who from the life can paint, with glowing hues,
Mars in his adamantine vest?
Or give in charge to *Fancy* and the Muse
Dust that became the cheek and crest,

Such as on *Merion's* gloomy aspect play'd,
Wild in his air of conquering might?
Or on *his* brow—that, with *Minerva's* aid,
Was to the Gods a match confess'd?

We sing of banquets, and of skittish maids,
Whose nails are par'd when they rebel;
Detach'd and free, or bound, in *Cyprian* shades,
To measures light *we* tune the shell.

BOOK I. ODE VII.

Let others praise the *Rhodian* City's pride,
Or *Ephesus*, or *Mitylene*;
Corinth—whose walls the Ocean's path divide—
The fane of *Thebes*—the *Delphic* scene.

Thessalian Tempè, rear thy towering crest;
And Virgin *Athens*, proudly sung,
Whose leaf thy votaries hail above the rest,
In sacred verdure ever young.

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Nor *Sparta* me, nor that *Larissian* field,
Strike with such transport of delight,
As lov'd *Albunea's* tuneful echoes yield,
Or tumbling *Anio's* rapid flight.

Or *Tibur's* grove, that every *Latian* Muse
Feels the ambition to explore;
Whose orchards many a fertile stream bedews,
To heap the peasant's golden store.

As the South-west from gloom is often clear,
Nor teems with unremitted showers;
Bid all the cares and vapours disappear,
That cloud and chill the passing hours.

With genial wine dispel them; in the tent,
With glittering spear, and banners bright;
Or to thy own dear *Tibur's* homage bent,
Love's truant from the busy light.

When *Teucer* from paternal Empire fled,
With poplar's leaf his temples crown'd,
And bath'd in wine the wreath, "Dear Friends,"
he said,
"For other shores we all are bound.

"With *Teucer* is no shadow for despair;
Me, a new *Salamis* attends;
Apollo's word is pledg'd—and we are *there*:
A God the enterprize befriends.

"My gallant comrades, we have suffer'd *more*;
We are no cowards;—we are men;—
To-day in wine do honour to the shore,
To-morrow—for the sea again."

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BOOK I. ODE VIII.

By St. *Patrick* *, say, *O'Connor*,
Why Sir *Francis* † you dishonour ‡?
Why to *him* the §camp 's a bore,
Lost on him the *Derby Corps* ||.
He the *Gallic* ** steeds could bridle,
Yet the gay *Seceder* 's †† idle;
And, if *livid* ‡‡ *arms* he chuses,
Earns them in Election bruises.
He at *Brookes'*, or *Crown and Anchor*,
France approves, and votes to thank her;
Making, at the Whig-potations,
Jacobinical orations;
And abjuring *Britain's* aid,
If *Directories* §§ *invade*.
Lest, in *Bonaparte's* |||| whim,
He should waste the pike on *him*.

* *Lydia*, dic per omnes
Te *Deos* oro.

† Sir *F. B.*

‡ Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere?

§ Cur apricum
Oderit *campum?*

|| Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equitat.
N. B. He was Colonel of that Corps.

** *Gallica* nec lupatis
Temperet ora frænis?

†† The Opposition had then *seceded* from their attendance in Parliament.

‡‡ Neque jam *livida* gestat armis
Brachia.

§§ Sub lacrymosa Trojæ
Funera.

|||| Ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, et *Lycias* proriperet catervas.

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BOOK I. ODE IX.

See, in what a depth of snow
Keen *Soracte's* head is bound;
Here the woods are bending low,
There in ice the current 's bound.

Break the chilling air with flame,
Animate the genial fire;
Give me wine of proudest name,
Cups that Genius may inspire.

To the Gods permit the rest,
They can still the Winter's blast;
Shift the North into the West,
And forbid the rage to last.

What 's to-morrow never ask,
Make the passing day your own;
Spare not Love's delightful task,
Till the day of youth is flown.

Meet the whispers of *the fair*,
If the moment 's ripe for bliss;
Then her wanton frolic *share*,
Then deserve—or steal—the kiss!

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BOOK I. ODE X.

RICHARD, eloquent * and witty,
Polisher of Town and City,
Grandson † of Mercurial gift,
In the *Sheridan* of *Swift*;
Rhetorician of the *Mutes* ‡,
Driller § of the Whig Recruits §;
Manager ‖—on *either Stage* ‖,
And of *Royal Hopes* **—the Page;
Leader of insidious Wits;
Prompter of sarcastic hits;
Cunning ††, if they pick and steal,
What they pilfer to conceal.
Thy Instructor ‡‡, when he chid
Thee, for breeches lost or hid,
Smil'd, perceiving as he whipp'd thee,
In a pair thou hadst equipp'd thee.

* Mercuri facunde.

† Nepos *Atlantis*.

‡ *Voce* formâsti.

§ Feros cultus *hominum recentum*.

‖ Decoræ
More palæstræ.

** *Magni Jovis* et *Deorum*
Nuncium.

Mr. *S.* was at this time the mouth-piece of *Carlton House*.

†† Callidum, quicquid *placuit jocoso*
Condere *furto*.

‡‡ Te boves, olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, *puerum* minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.

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Led by thee *, who wrote his Brief,
Sire of modern Whigs, and Chief,
Horne the laughing Juries *cheated*,
Pitt and *Grenville's frown* defeated;
Gave his Pupil *Fox* a check,
Turn'd the laugh, and sav'd his neck.
Thine † to form the *re-elected*,
Of the *piously* affected;
And with *golden hopes* deceive ‡
Party mobs, till they believe,
Dear to *Norfolk's* Princely Duke,
Pet of *Stanhope*, and of *Tooke* §.

* Quin et Atreidas, duce te, *superbos*
Thessalosque ignes, et iniqua *Trojæ*
Castra *fefellit*.

† Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus.

This alludes to the new Elections which had recently taken place.—The *party* of the Opposition here intimated was political. It made them powerful competitors of the Saints, *Wilberforce* and *Co.*

‡ Virgâque levem coerces
Aurea turbam.

§ *Superis* Deorum
Gratus—et *imis*.

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BOOK I. ODE XI.

TO JAMES HARE, ESQ.

BY GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

Ask not, my *Hare*, to know what *place* * for thee
Charles, and for me, has cater'd; or consult
The *Cunning-man* †, whose pen to *Mac Mahon*
"*Insinuates*," like *Bayes*, the secret plot
Of new arrangements. We are young no more,
Except as women's men.—Be it the last
Of Opposition Winters ‡—that which now
Recedes the better to invade again
With prouder billows, Church and King—or, *should*
Minorities proceed in slow decay
To famine, let us *game* §, and let us drink,
Nor *spin* || the perfect love—but use it well,
Expert, and ready-made.—Alas, the *power*

* Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi quem tibi
Finem Dii dederint.

† Nec *Babylonios*
Tentâris numeros.

This alludes to the Earl of *Moira's Letter of Confidence*, published in all the Newspapers. It was addressed by him to the celebrated *Mac Mahon*. It opened the budget of all the Ministerial changes and jobs intended by the Buffs and Blues, if the King had not recovered, in 1789. It opened these *arcana Imperii* with a most captivating simplicity.

‡ Seu *plures* hyemes, seu tribuit *Jupiter ultimam*,
Quæ nunc *oppositis* debilitat pumicibus mare.

§ Both were fond of play.

|| —— Sapias—vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces.

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To use it may depart; though *Wit* * remains
To charm the toilette, or the board: let *us*
To-day, through *Wyndham* † or *Fitzwilliam*, go
At once to ****'s ‡ bower in *Downing Street*,
Nor trust St. *Patrick's* § *Champion*—for to-morrow ||.

BOOK I. ODE XVIII.

IMITATED BY THE RT. HON CHARLES JAMES FOX.

TO A NOBLE FRIEND.

No *Tree* like that of *Liberty* shalt thou
In *Wiltshire* plant—though chilling be the soil,
Nor I in *Surrey's* milder bed:—"*Forbid*"—
They tell us gravely—"this immortal fruit;"
And so was that in *Paradise*—which yet
Enabled *Man* to be a *God*—his own
Creator—Magistrate—and King.—To all
But those who taste of that forbidden tree,
Hard is the rule of Conscience, and of Laws
Divine or human.—Let us plant this Tree,
And go to *Dunsinane*, like *Burnam Wood*,
Bearing aloft her branches on the pike!

* Few had more than both of them.

† *Wyndham* and Lord *Fitzwilliam* had, with *Burke*, left their party.

‡ Famous in *Ireland*, and here, for negociating *conversions*, including his own. He was just then drafted off into *Pitt's* corps. He was called in *Ireland* "the Man-monger."

§ The Earl of *Moira*.

|| Carpe diem quàm minimùm credula postero.

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Storm'd be the Cabinet! When round *her* stem
The Whigs have danc'd, with *Norfolk* at their head,
Like *David* with his harp. *Militia's* loud
Sits lightly on a Colonel's back.—The poor
Spurn at assessments, or evade, and learn
To feed upon *Agrarian* hopes of lot
Primæval, man's inheritance, withheld
By artifice that 's hid in robes and cloaks
Of borrow'd sanctity. Let *us*, my Lord,
Give all to Appetite that Nature gave,
And, free as Air, the Charter unexcis'd,
And chain'd by no Decrees or Acts of State
Executive or Legal.—But a *hint*
Should regulate the gift.—The Mob should know—
And *we* should tell them—Liberty abus'd
Is *inconvenient*—ravishes, and kills;
Disorganizing States, and moral Right,
And social Peace.—It is a whirlwind's rage,
When lust of power determines right and wrong.
To *Paris*, and *her* Civic Festivals,
Give that accurs'd pre-eminence! to *them*,
Self-love—ambition to destroy, and build
Upon the desert—perfidy of truce,
That laughs at human ties, or bonds divine,
Of sworn appeals to Heaven!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

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BOOK I. ODE XXXI. *

WHAT from *Apollo's* hallow'd fire
Shall the ambitious Bard require?
No harvest of *Sardinia's* grain,
Or of *Calabrian* herds the gain.

Nor gold nor ivory to share,
Is worthy of a Poet's care;
For him no fertile valleys glow,
Where the mute streams of *Liris* flow.

Let others press the *Tuscan* wine,
The cheaper olive shall be mine;—
That what 's my own I may enjoy,
My health and spirits may employ:

May fall into a good old age,
And still the pow'rs of song engage;
Is, O Dispenser, kind and free,
All I shall ever ask of thee.

* This version is literal, except that it omits those few and little peculiarities of allusion to *Roman* habits, which *can* give no definite image to *us*. I have put the *Tuscan* wine instead of the *Calenian*, because of the latter we are ignorant. I have selected the olive, and have omitted other articles of *their* simple food, unintelligible to *us*.

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BOOK I. ODE XXXIII.

No more, *Tibullus*, mope and grieve
That *Glycera* could so deceive;
Nor tune the Elegiac strain,
Deserted for a junior swain!

Lycoris, with her beauties crown'd,
Is to the car of *Cyrus* bound;
And *Cyrus*, from her passion free,
Descends to homely *Pholoë*.

But sooner Goat and Wolf can join,
Than *Pholoë* to *him* incline;
So wills the Goddess, whose delight
Is oppositions to unite.

With temper, and superior charms,
Me *Lydia* courts into her arms;
But I am slave to *Myrtale*,
Wild as an *Adriatic* sea.

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BOOK I. ODE XXXIV.

A PENITENT JACOBIN.

PHILOSOPHY's * *illumin'd* † *fool*,
A polish'd Atheist of her school;
From Heaven seduc'd, and led astray *,
I sold my faith to *Condorcet*.
But I return ‡ to Nature's God,
And curse the paths which Error trod;
§ For I have seen the car of day
To Fiends of Hell its light convey;
Have seen that Murder hath prevail'd,
But in *their turn* || it hath assail'd
The men of blood, and swept them clean,
With a reforming guillotine.
Till every new usurper's power
The many-headed wolves devour;
A moral thus I have attain'd,
That *Man*'s a *Beast* if unrestrain'd.

* Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro.

† This alludes to the *Illuminés* of *Paris*.

‡ Nunc retrorsùm
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.

§ Namque Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum: — —
Quo Styx, et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, — — concutitur.

|| Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc *apicem* rapax
Fortuna cum *stridore* acuto—sustulit.

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BOOK II. ODE IV.

A servant-maid thy love has caught,
No shame the girl to thee has brought;
Achilles to a handsome slave
The homage of his passion gave.

A *captive*, by the victor claim'd,
The son of *Telamon* inflam'd;
Nor could the King of Men escape
From *Love*, *his* tyrant, in the *rape*.

Who knows but *Phyllis* may to thee
Be a fair match in pedigree—
Though *now* a servant, *may* have sprung
From Kings that reign'd when Time was young?

Could *such* a girl, by *chance* preferr'd,
Be of Love's children from the herd?
Could *she* of spurious birth complain,
So loving, so averse to gain?

Suspect not *me* of amorous art,
Because I take the fair-one's part;
At forty—Beauty's harmless friend
May with impunity commend.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

With subtle pace the rolling year
Glides, till the living disappear;
Nor Piety can Age defer,
Nor flaming altars breath confer:

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Nor, as the passing days recede,
If thrice the hecatomb should bleed,
Will *Pluto* shed one "*iron tear*,"
Or leave the destin'd victim *here*.

In turn, *the River*'s pass'd by *all*
Whom Kings or Peasants here we call,
Streams that have *Titius* in their chain,
And *Gerion's* triple form detain.

What if the battle we should brave,
Or mountains of the roaring wave,
Or the keen messenger of death,
A Southern gale's envenom'd breath?

'Tis of mortality the doom
To see the lake of hideous gloom,
The perjur'd brides, a murd'ring band,
And the fell stone that mocks the hand.

The house, the farm, and pleasing wife,
Must all be left at closing life;
And of those woods, your single friend,
The *cypress*, will its lord attend.

The lavish Heir will not repine,
That left is the *Cæcubian* wine;
With spirit, honouring his birth,
He 'll make it flow *in streams of mirth*.

Imprison'd by a hundred keys,
He 'll drink it off: and from the lees,
With drops upon the pavement cast,
Shame a pontifical repast.

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*** A Friend encouraged me to act upon this passage of *Horace* in my affliction upon the loss of my Nephew:—

——————— *Et amara lento*
Temperet risu. 2 Od. xvi. 26.

I answered him thus:—

Rideant lentè, quibus omne voti
Annuit fatum; mihi sint fugaces
Lachrymæ et risus; mihi solis imbres
Luce micantes!

Sentiam plorans mala quæ lacessunt
Vulnere affinem—comites—amicos;
Sentiam *humani generis* dolores
Non alienos.

Sentiam pro te, patria; et revulso
Ordine *Europæ;* per amara belli
Dedecet risus;—gemitum et querelas
Postulat ævum.

Martiis nostrum genus in calendis
Obrutum non intersit sub undâ,
Redeam lauri memor, et sepultum
Flens in amorem!

Me tamen *Sappho* trahit in camœnam
Dulce ridentis *lyrici,* elegantes
Præferens nugas *epicis* et acri
Martis arenæ.

Sed lyra in ventos fugiente somno
Evolans me deseruit; relictum est
Vatis effracti senium, et renasci
Vena recusat.

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BOOK III. ODE IX.

TO A LADY WHO HAD QUARRELED WITH ME.

WHAT if the *ancient* * love returns?
What if again the altar burns?
If *Homer* † and the *Dane* retire
When *Sappho* ‡ tunes again the lyre?
Or makes *her* Eulogist forget
That he can *Sévigné* § regret?

BOOK IV. ODE I. TO VENUS.

IMITATED IN THE CHARACTER OF AN EX-MINISTER.

THOUGH long || an intermitted *Venus*,
You talk of new intrigues between us:
Ador'd *Sedition* **, lov'd in vain,
Oh spare †† my age the tempting strain!
I'm ‡‡ not the man of potent worth,
As in the reign of good King *North*;

* Neither she nor I were young.

† We had quarreled upon the subject of *Pope's Homer* and the *Copenhagen* enterprize.

‡ She was an excellent Poetess, and her friends had given her that name, but only as resembling the Muse, not the Ethics, of the *Lesbian*.

§ Her letters resembled those of *Madame de Sévigné*, for whom I had a passion.

|| Intermissa, *Venus*, diu
Rursùs bella moves.

** Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva *Cupidinum*.

†† Parce precor, precor.

‡‡ Non sum qualis eram *bonæ*
Sub regno *Cynaræ*.

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My heart is tough*— its flames are thrifty;
Your old Gallant is fat and fifty*.
Go† where his Kinsman courts thy charms,
And clasps thee in his youthful arms—
A noble‡ and a decent Youth,
Enlighten'd in the cause of Truth,
Nor silent§ for the Culprit Felon,—
His neck and shoulders put the bell on!
A Youth of good and various parts,
Accomplish'd in a hundred|| arts.
The Rival** bless'd, though *Russell's gift*
At *B——d H—se* THY *cap*†† should lift;
But thou in brass‡‡ of *I—ll* proof
Shalt honour my paternal roof.
Sedition§§ there, and Whigs who drank§§ her,
Shall domicile§§ their *Crown and Anchor*;

* ——————— Desine
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam *durum* imperiis!

† ——————— Abi,
Quo blandæ juvenis te revocant preces.

‡ Namque et nobilis, et decens.

§ Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis.

|| Et centum puer artium.

** Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli.

†† Which is the same as the cap of *Liberty*.—*Liberty* means the right of *not giving* at *B——d H—e*, or of *not paying at mine*.—*W——m* calls them (rather quaintly) by the terms of *negative munificence*, or *negative justice*.

‡‡ Ponet marmoream sub trabe *Cypri*.

§§ Tempestivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comessabere Maximi.

" Here I add (says Mr. *Fox*) a note by a profound Scholar, who was upon this occasion (as *Hare* told him) elevated above himself in

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There *T*****'s* Earl shall dance * the *Rescue* †,
And *M****'s Irish* pipes ‡ burlesque you.
No more the Virgin Boy § I see
Oppos'd with doubtful sex § to me;
No more the *Bacchanalian Harry* ||
Shall tell me I had better marry;
No more I pass the lingering hours,
In *W******'s* maze, or *C*****g's* flowers ¶.
But, iron *T*******, tell me why
A tear** has found the Patriot's eye? —
Whence the *Sardonic* smile on feeding,
And mute †† the Orator seceding?
Alas, in dreams ‡‡ again I chace,
Again the ravish'd *Crown* embrace,
Or stem with my opposing wit
The tide §§ of Conquest and of *Pitt*.

the convivial exposition of the convivial Poet. *Horace* means that *Venus* in good company is never to refuse her glass; her swans are to become purple by the effusion of the wine over them, not only as a libation, but (which is a beautiful image of sublime intemperance) dropped in the hurry and confusion of the bumper toast."

* In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

† A familar dance at *H——d H—e.*

‡ ——— *Berecynthiæ*
Delectabere tibiæ
Mistis carminibus.

§ Me nec fœmina, nec puer.

|| Nec certare juvat mero.

¶ Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

** Sed cur heu, *Ligurine*, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

†† Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

‡‡ Nocturnis ego somniis
Jam captum teneo.

§§ Te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

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EPODE. ODE VII.

TO THE THOUGHTLESS AND DELUDED MULTITUDE, ADMIRERS OF FRENCH FRATERNITY.

Ah whither, Traitors, with your pikes* in hand,
Rush ye—to desolate your native land?
Has blood of yours been spar'd upon the sea †,
Or on the Continent has life been free?
Or is it that at *Paris* ‡, or *The Hague*,
Ye may repel in arms that impious plague?
Or is it in the consecrated § way,
Lords of the main, your trophies to display?
Is it for these?—No, Rebels, no! ye fight
Against yourselves ||, — impair and waste your might —
Smooth all the perils that Invaders run,
That ere the battle 's fought it may be won.
The wolves of *Paris* ¶ to the wolves are kind,
Nor brutes nor fiends are to their interest blind.

* ——— Cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?

† Parúmne campis, atque *Neptuno* super
Fusum est—sanguinis?

‡ Non ut superbas invidæ *Carthaginis*
Romanus arces ureret.

§ Intactus aut *Britannus* ut descenderet
Sacrâ - - - - - - viâ.

|| Sed ut, secundùm vota *Parthorum*, suâ
Urbs hæc periret dexterâ.

¶ Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.

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Is it a madness*, or an impulse wild,
Or is it *Gallic*† Revolution's child?"
—They answer not a word‡: their cheek with guilt
Is pale at thoughts of blood which they have spilt.
This comes of that *Fraternity* accurs'd,
Which *Cain* devis'd—of *Jacobins* the first.

TO ONE OF THE COUNSEL

WHO PLEADED FOR THOMAS PAINE.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE JURYMEN.

"*Jum dic, Posthume, de tribus capellis!*"

The words of this Record arraign
A Libeller—one *Thomas Paine*;
Whom *you* are to defend:
But *you*, that scorn your words to mince,
"Assure us that a *certain Prince*
Is *your* admiring Friend.

"That *your* sagacious mind foresaw
The Libel *ours* (in Fact and Law)
When Counsel for *the Dean*;
That *Murray*, when *that* stone was laid,
With *you* as with a kitten play'd;
But *you* have chang'd the scene.

* Furórne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior.
† An culpa?—responsum date.
‡ Tacent: et ora pallor albus inficit,
Sceluſque *fraternæ* necis;
Ut immerentis fluxit in terram *Remi*
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

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" That Orators, like *you*, renown'd,
If limb and wind are tight and sound,
For *Hell* itself should plead;
And be as fierce, and be as loud,
And of their Client be as proud,
As if *the Angels* fee'd.

" That *you*, as long as you have throat,
For quoting-sake, will ever quote
The lines—that *sound* the best;
That *Milton's* prose you 'll *tune* again,
Because *the Senate* heard in vain,
Though *you* the words impress'd.

" You tell us 'Libel' is a word
That we are piping, as a bird,
Without a definition:
But, if a *thinking man* should say,
'I *think* all Kings are birds of prey,'
It *could* be *no Sedition:*

" That, as a kind of *legal* thing,
You own'd the People *had* a King;
But *Nature* made us *even:*
And *this* you said (though *George's* Heir,
The dearest of your Friends, was there)
In Chapel of *St. Stephen.*

" At last, as if '*to murder sleep,*'
To Sacred History you leap,
Familiar and profane.
But, as 'tis *twice the second hour*
That you have had us in your power,
A word—of *Thomas Paine!*"

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IMITATIONS FROM THE PERSIAN, &c.

FROM HAFEZ, THE PERSIC ANACREON.

If, sworn to love, my heart could change,
Or thine, and Beauty's captive, range,
The only difference then would be,
That fickle, though possess'd of thee,
With a new ringlet I should play,
Or to another dimple stray.

FROM THE SAME.

Bear me to the desert shore,
Love!—I am your slave no more:
She that borrow'd all your chains
Mine to wear no longer deigns.

Yet, though wounded, I abjure
Other loves that prompt the cure;
To the social banquet known,
Still I feel myself alone.

Yet on mountains bleak and rude
Mine is not a solitude;
Though my banish'd footsteps roam,
Still the heart renews its home.

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FROM HAFEZ.

THOUGH sweet as myrtle or the rose,
Or sweetest air that Zephyr blows,
Your balmy lip *their* breath abjures;
Yet not a Zephyr passing by,
Nor myrtle nor the rose deny,
That in *their* fragrance we have *yours.*

FROM THE SAME POET.

No spirits to the earth return,
Dismiss'd from their celestial bourn *;
The world solicits them in vain,
Though Virtue calls them back again;
They move not from that place of rest,
For in that slumber they are bless'd.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"WHAT means that ringlet from thy head,
Which lately took its leave, and fled?
Why *twisted* is it found?"
She answer'd, "Love prolong'd the chace,
And from an *elevated place* †,
In eddies curling round."

* *Shakespeare.*

† This beautiful *équivoque* is literal from the *Persian*, as rendered by Mr. *Gladwin.*

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FROM JAMI.

FLOWERS of all scent in vain to charm his taste
Before the amorous *Philomel* are plac'd;
His constant heart away the tempter throws,
No Rival's breath can steal him from the *Rose**.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

TO THE SOUL.

Thirty—(the account 's your own)—
Years of precious life are flown;
Still your childhood you retain,
Thoughtless, prodigal, and vain.
Canst thou on the wheels rely
That with Fortune's chariot fly?
Kings, of memorable reigns,
Live *in marble*, for their pains;
Heroes perish; and *the Fair*
Melt into congenial air:
What is life, whose mirrour pleases,
But a shifted flight of breezes?

* Sir *William Ouseley* observes, that a supposed passion of the Nightingale for the Rose is a favourite *Persian* image; and quotes from a Sonnet by the celebrated *Sadi* these lines (*meant as one of the highest compliments to his mistress*):

"The Nightingale, when Zephyr blows,
For thee would sacrifice *the Rose*."

He says the Nightingale is enamoured of the Rose; indulges itself in its fragrant luxury (I give his own words) till it falls from its branch helpless to the earth.—For this he appeals to *Hyde* and *Jones*.

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FROM THE PERSIAN.

THE heart would ask of thee, its pearl,
" Why it 's imprison'd by a curl
Of that meand'ring hair?"
She answer'd, " If the heart is mad,
No lighter chain is to be had
That lunatics—*can spare.*"

INSCRIPTION *

BY JEHANGER THE MOGUL EMPEROR A. D. 1611,
ON A COIN STRUCK BY HIM IN HONOUR TO HIS BRIDE.

THE Coin is now, at Love's demand,
And " *By the Emperor's command,*"
A hundred ornaments to wear;
For *Nourjehum's* bright *name* is there.

IMITATION OF AN ARABIAN POEM

TRANSLATED BY CARLYLE.

WHEN to the hands of Death convey'd
Pearls are by *him* to be survey'd,
The richest of the heap assign'd
Are in *his* cabinet enshrin'd.

If gracious *Allah could* surprize
With *such* a doom those *youthful* eyes,
'Tis that *his* early choice are they
Who love him best, and best obey.

* This Inscription is given in the *Persian* character, by Mr. Irwin, in the Summary of *Jehanger's* Life.

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IMITATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN.

ARGUMENT OF ARIOSTO'S APOLOGUE.

Ariosto, upon the elevation of *Leo X.* to the Pontificate, waited upon him, and received nothing but the aid of a Bull to ensure him in the right of selling his Poem.—His friends condoled with him; and, in the perfection of good-humour, he answered them thus, by an *Apologue,* sent in a letter to one of his friends. —It marks a dignified and philosophic liberality of mind, which makes one love the man, as well as the most playful ingenuity, which could thus turn a misfortune like this into a comic picture.—It is in one of his Epistolary Satires.

PREFACE TO THE APOLOGUE.

"WHY absent, *Ludovico,* from the chair
By *Leo* fill'd?—the *Poet's Friend* is there.
Away to *Rome!*—it is the *Vatican*
That is the *very* scene for such a man.
Had you but gone to *Rome*—as quick as thought
Such wit as thine a benefice had caught."
Thus tickled, thus from home I was allur'd,
As if the golden mine could be ensur'd.
I had been *once* a *favourite* of the Pope—
And was it not a patent for my hope?

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Amongst his bosom-friends he noted *me*,
Before his talents rais'd him to the See;
Before proud *Florence* call'd her Exile home,
I knew him when through deserts he could roam;
Before *Urbino* cheer'd his falling state,
When, opening wide her hospitable gate,
She gave him spirits of *Apollo's* train,
Where *Sadolet* * and *Bembo* * sooth'd his pain.
But, when the *Medici* their standards rear'd,
The Arts reviv'd, and Faction disappear'd;
When *Leo's* name the holy Pontiff took,
And wielded in his hand the sainted crook;
Me like an absent *Brother* he address'd—
Forgive me—if it rais'd a Poet's crest!
I saw him—and was kiss'd upon my cheek;
Renew'd the Courtier's homage for a week;
Then homeward from the Summer's dream retir'd,
Cur'd of my hopes—but of the journey tir'd.
By jealous friends *Giovanni* † was arraign'd,
And libellers the holy man profan'd;
But I defended him—and with a tale,
Which you may read when other comments fail.

* There is infinite address in the mention of their names, for the Pope made *their* fortune.

† This word is prompted by me as a banter upon the Pope, who had lost his baptismal name, and with it, as it should seem all memory of his adventures or connexions whilst he bore it.

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THE APOLOGUE.

THE Earth was parch'd with heat, as if the Sun
Again to *lend* his chariot had been won.
Dry was each well, and buried in the sand —
Prolific streams were shifted into land;
The rivers you could pass on foot with ease,
And bridges then were superfluities.
A shepherd rich, but most in pious words,
Encumber'd with his flocks and panting herds,
Propitiated the hand that gives the shower
To his relief in such a desperate hour.
Instructed by a vision of the night,
He found *the mine* with transport of delight:
The well, though precious, was not very deep,
And small the vessel that each draught would keep.
"I hope," said he, "all avarice on the shelf,
You 'll give me the first bucket—for myself;
My wife 's to have the next; my children then
Share the succeeding draughts, and they are ten;
The next in justice will be due to those
Who *dug the well,* though I *the valley chose.*"
When these were satiated, his *cattle* next,
With emulated claim, the choice perplex'd;
But those amongst them he supplied the first,
Whom he could spare the least if they should burst:
Thus in gradation of review they past,
And many were to come before the last.
A Parrot, fondled by the Shepherd's love,
Determin'd for a partial spring to rove.
"Alas! I'm *no Relation,*" said the Bird;
"Nor as a *Digger of the well* preferr'd,

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Nor shall I do more service if I 'm spar'd;
For me, alas! no *titles* are prepar'd —
No charter'd rights, no merits claim the fee,
And the *last* bucket is too *late* for me."

MORAL.

I am this *Parrot* :—mine 's a foolish thirst;
The *Nephews* and the *Nieces* drink the first;
Then *Leo's Champions,* in the Conclave met,
They dug the well, and are a thirsty set.
" I took you up when *Soderino* fell :"
" I," says another, " serv'd your Brothers well;
In *Casentino* was of *Pietro's* host,
And, wounded, still maintain'd in arms the post."
" I lent your Holiness," another cries,
" A sheltering nook when you were in disguise."
" You liv'd," another prompts, " at my expence,
And rifled all my bags of their contents."
" I gave you arms," another suitor pleads:
Another and another still succeeds *.
If I 'm to *wait* before *the well is dry,*
The *Parrot* is not such a *fool* as I.

THE GOOD-NIGHT,

FROM ARIOSTO.

Blissful night! whose *veil* appear'd
A meridian *sun* to *me;*
Night of sweets, the more endear'd,
Love—till then—abjur'd by thee!

* A line borrowed from *Shakespeare.*

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Stars that for the amorous theft
Shone but just enough to guide,
Favouring clouds and shadows left
Only just enough to hide.

Rest! that, sparing *ours* alone,
Wrapt in sleep all other eyes;
Gale! whose mild and whispering tone
Zephyrs only could surprize.

Feet! that lightly were impress'd
By the handmaid of the bower!
Soft endearments! wishes bless'd!
Love's impassion'd melting hour!

Visions of perplexing joy,
Slow the cup of bliss to fill!
Reason! to the senses coy;
Half-assur'd, and wondering still.

Why so fleet is Pleasure's wing?
Why so tedious Love's regret?
Why avengers in their sting,
Looking back, and lingering yet?

Why, alas, are gems like these
Kept as relicks in their shrine?
Why so precious are the keys
Op'ning treasure thus divine?

Star of day! that, closing night,
Leaves *Tithonus* to his rest,
With suspense avert the light,
And with prudence be caress'd!

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IMITATION OF DANTE'S ADMIRED INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATES OF HELL.

Per me si và ne la città dolente;
Per me si và ne l'eterno dolore;
Per me si và tra la perduta gente:
Giustitia mosse e'l mio alto fattore;
Fecemi la divina potestate,
La somma sapienza, e'l prim amore:
Dinanza a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, e io eterno daro:
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.

Mine to the *doleful* city's curs'd abode,
Mine to immortal anguish is the road;
Mine, to the guilty race for ever lost,
For ever in the raging billows tost.
Me Justice made; and before *me* were none
But those with whom *Eternity* begun:
Myself to last for ever.—Entering *there*,
Be hopeless! 'tis the portal of Despair.

MONODY ON BEATRICE,

FROM DANTE.

The tortur'd eyes, in pity for the heart,
Have suffer'd all the agony of tears;
Their pain is the condolence they impart,
Their pride is the distress that Love endears.

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But, hopeless the oppression to dispel,
That weighs me down, and yet suspends the tomb;
Impatient, though despairing to rebel,
I prompt the Muse, and *she* records my doom.

Ye fair! *your* audience I again implore;
You gave attention to the *living* theme:
With *you* the *parted spirit* I deplore,
And share the honours of my waking dream.

To none but such as Passion's wounds can feel,
My soul its proud affections can impart;
The sudden wing's ethereal path reveal,
Or trace Devotion as the Mourner's part.

By Angels—*Beatrice* to Heaven is claim'd,
There, like her own, immortal spirits rest;
Nor *heat*, nor *cold*, for this departure blam'd,
But, ripe for its reward, the soul was bless'd.

Her glowing sweetness, though it shunn'd the day,
Her bright humility that *blush'd unseen;*
Found in the path of bliss their destin'd way,
And rose *above* the earth's *degrading* scene.

The Heaven-born *soul* abjur'd her beauteous veil,
The mirrour of her own superior grace;
Fled on the pinions of the Zephyr's gale,
And with applauding Angels took her place.

But where 's the eye, contemplating *her* shade,
That prompts no tear, *her* ashes to adorn!
Or where—of sternest mould that creature made,
Who hears the dirge, and brands the name with scorn.

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'Tis true, that sorrows wild and keen despair
Cling to the sigh, and feed the jealous tear;
When Memory's officious notes declare
The Saint that rose, and left her votaries here.

When Love renews the charm that smiles no more,
His fading colour marks the vain desire;
His tears their frantic impotence deplore,
Though Beauty's ashes prompt their sacred fire.

But if, upon her image more intent,
I trace its glittering skirts with brighter view;
In pride of anguish from the world I 'm rent,
And shades of Solitude by choice pursue.

There in the desert, and the caves of Night,
I call on *Beatrice* with piercing cries;
I ask her, " if no more she 'll bless the light,"
And greet her vision with uplifted eyes.

The passenger, who notes my wither'd form,
Starts at the hideous *ruins* that appear;
Explores the *wreck* that brav'd the pelting storm,
And consecrates the Pilgrim's welcome tear.

Nor tongue of others nor of mine can tell
The weight of sorrow 'tis my doom to bear;
My lips are such as claim *the passing bell;*
Yet pious Hope can trust—*an Angel's care.*

Go, melancholy song, and greet the fair,
For whom *thy Sisters* had the note of Joy;
Go, child of Sorrow! and, accepted there,
With rival strains the pensive theme employ!

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EPISODE IN DANTE.

Two fleeting shadows cleft the dusky air,
Once—an impassion'd youth—and melting fair;
Their glowing fancy had surviv'd the tomb,
Recall'd their bliss—and cheer'd its penal doom;
Nor guilty Fear—nor self-accusing Shame,
Had *yet* extinguish'd their unhallow'd flame.
Together bound—as when the murdering steel
Pierc'd with avenging Honour's last appeal.
I saw the tears diffuse their streams in vain,
I heard the anguish of Despair complain;
With horror struck I fell upon the earth,
And rent my heart for Love's ill-fated birth;
Immers'd in hopeless Terror's whelming tide,
With prayer I thus implor'd my sacred Guide:
"Let *me* address the Pair—whose lighter form
Precedes the raging blast, and flaming storm;
I 'd *speak* to them with Pity's gentle breath,
And, sympathizing, hear the tale of Death."
"To them your sorrows," he reply'd, "are due—
The wind relents—adjure them to renew
The dear, though sad impressions! to relate
Their love, their crime, their pleasures, and their fate."
I wav'd my hand, and said: "Afflicted Pair!
To *him* that *feels* the dart of Love—repair!
If the condoling tear can soften grief,
Impart your sorrows, and command relief!"
They saw, they heard, and, like a pair of Doves,
When to their nest, the witness of their loves,
They hear the summons, and with joy return,
Spread their light wings, and with impatience burn—

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Felt a new life in Pity's magic tone,
And lost the heart that made *their* grief its own.
Their glittering forms reveal'd—they answer'd thus:
" Hail, gentle Spirit, that can visit *us*
In these benighted regions, who have stain'd
The Earth with Guilt's polluting blood—profan'd
The rites of Marriage, and before the time
Came hither—victims of the subtle crime,
That lures the passions from their galling yoke,
And braves the jealous fury's mortal stroke.
If *He*, dread Arbiter of Good and Ill,
Can ever soften his offended will;
Be *thy* unsully'd prayer to *Him* address'd!
But, as the gale admits a moment's rest,
Thy will explain!—demand! and we comply.
Ask, and we answer."—" Tell me then," said I,
" For *whom* ye suffer'd? where ye sinn'd? or how?
What flame seduc'd you from the nuptial vow?
What charms allur'd you to unsanction'd bliss?
What hapless doom betray'd the rifled kiss?"
The Fair-one answer'd, " Where *the Po* descends
In Ocean's lap, and where its fury ends,
On this devoted Youth, by Love caress'd,
A dear, though guilty, object was impress'd;
Nor yet we part—combin'd in Passion's flame,
In guilt, in joy, in penal doom, the same.
One day—of *Lancelot* the Loves we read,
The Loves enjoy'd—the bower, and the bed;
Alas! too often, in the amorous tale,
Our eyes had met—I blush'd—and then grew pale.
But, when to that sweet point the Readers came,
Where Love's impassion'd theme inspir'd its flame,

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The book was dropp'd—the leaves were clos'd, and then—
My heart's preferr'd amid the Sons of Men,
The Youth whom *still* with transport I adore,
Kiss'd me all trembling, and we read no more."

A NUPTIAL AIR.

FROM METASTASIO.

She, on that cloud, in Beauty's light,
Who came to earth, and bless'd the night,
Is Mother to the God of Love;
In silent Ev'ning's hallow'd shade,
Her fleetest car the winds obey'd,
Light were the reins upon the Dove.

She came at *Hymen's* call—to shed
Her charm upon the Nuptial bed,
The Loves equipp'd, her train attend;
Experiments upon the bow
They seem with rival skill to show,
But hide the little darts they send.

The Sister-Graces, not unseen,
A wreath accept from Beauty's Queen,
And crown the choice by Love impress'd;
But why *laments* the Virgin Bride?—
Her blushing fear the Nymphs deride;
And her own dimples—*tell the rest.*

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THE WILLOW; FROM METASTASIO.

Though depriv'd of sense the Willow,
Yet she 's grateful to the River,
And repays him on his pillow
For the life his currents give her.

Dress'd by *him* with flowing leaves,
They in turn themselves befriend him;
Her's the shade *his* bed receives,
From the Sun-beams to defend him.

SONNET. FROM THE ITALIAN.

Under precipice of shade
Crept a pure and silver brook,
Slow the pace its currents took,
Winding round the banks it made.

There on moss impearl'd with dew,
Tired winds had gone to rest;
And the channel to molest,
Not a root its barrier threw.

All I ask'd the Sylvan Power
Was Oblivion's calm repose;
When the River's Nymph arose,
Pointing at a secret bower.

There, unsully'd by a tear,
Bright as Morning's purple ray,
On a bed of Roses lay
She—that slept—and could not hear.

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IMITATION OF MENZINI.

A tender sprig of laurel I had set,
And breath'd with panting hope the zealous prayer,
That it would rise, and spread into the air
A wreath for Poets undiscover'd yet.
The Zephyr I implor'd, his golden wing
On the new leaf propitious to extend;
Their tree I charg'd the Muses to defend
Against the desolated Winter's King.
I knew too well how slow it is to rise,
And bear its front as proudly as the rest;
But he for whose *desert* the wreath is dress'd
Is often *slow* to *catch* the *lingering* prize.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Segno Amoroso.

"Come," said *Love.*—I ask'd him—"*whither?*"—
"*I* am *here,*" said he—"come *hither!*
Come to her, whose *timid* Lover
I'm to challenge, and recover!"

At my feet his car descending,
Me, his captive, none defending,
Scar'd, and breathless, I was lifted;
Through the air my form he shifted.

He—as driver, perch'd, and seated,
All my fears, with scorn defeated;
Now, with dimpled smiles allur'd me,
Now with added links ensur'd me.

"*What!*" said he—"and *still* you doubt me;
Still can hope for bliss without me?
Infidel!—*there* lies the bower,
There is Time's propitious hour."

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Then his golden whip he sounded,
The *report* my ears confounded;
It was day:—the scene was banish'd;
And the laughing spirit—vanish'd.

ANOTHER.

TO A HURRICANE, AT MY WINDOW.

WHENCE, the shades to discompose,
And the Night that loves repose—
Whence—in Fury never dumb,
Is the howling Tempest come?

Indiscriminate, and blind,
It has *mountains* left behind;
They, with *Cedar*, and with *Oak*,
Laugh at his impending stroke.

Why—to dissipate, in vain,
Morpheus and his peaceful train,
All the windows, rattling, shake;
All that slumber'd here, awake?

Hurricane!—what right o'er me
Gives the silent hour to thee?
Mine are dreams on Fancy's wing;
None can hear me, when I sing.

Back to thy dishonour'd cave,
In the Ocean's thundering wave!
Nor preferment hope to reap
For a Poet's rifled sleep!

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CANZONE, FROM ROLLI.

CURRENT! I return to thee,
Canst thou tell me why?
Thou art like a port for me,
None so wreck'd as I.

Did not *Sylvius here* one day,
Mark thy rapid stream?
Hast thou borne the song away,
Hast thou sunk its theme?

"This," he said (and look'd at *you*),
"*Homeward* shall return —
Shall again its fountain view,
Ere from *thee* I turn."

Current! thou canst homeward fly
To the parent spring;
For my love can pass me by
With capricious wing.

He, perhaps, in love again
With another Fair,
Gives to her the perjur'd strain,
Which is my despair.

Current! if the hapless Maid
Comes by chance to thee;
Tell her of the Nymph betray'd,
Bid *her* think of *me*.

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LUCRETIA *; FROM ZAPPI.

When sad *Lucretia*, with indignant shame,
Repell'd the insult on her lovely form,
And with Life's bloom, in precious currents warm,
Paid the dear tribute of her spotless name;
Revenge, upstarting, with celestial flame,
Swept off the Tyrant:—It was that keen storm
That could alone thy Government reform,
Emancipated *Rome!* *Her* deathless fame
Its Champion could alone aspire to reach;
Her proud atchievement's unexampled worth
Breath'd in its parting voice an op'ning day,
Thy golden age—*her* animated speech,
That struck the base Usurper from the earth,
To thy *Majestic Freedom* led the way.

FROM BOCARDO.

He that has never seen the visage bright
That emulates the lustre of the Sun;
Grace like the dancing Heralds of the Light,
And Fame's immortal wreath by talents won:

Has never seen the gay and blushing smile
That puts to shame the Morning's Virgin Rose;
Has never mark'd the eloquence of style,
Nor heard the voice whose breath in music flows:

He that has never seen the radiant eye
Abjure its trophies, and its flame reprove;
Nor felt the shafts that in those dimples lie,—
Can ill appreciate what is due to *Love*.

* See a Sonnet on this subject in p. 25.

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FROM FRAGONI.

How lovely, and how faithless!—Where, alas!
With so improvident a hand
Has Nature, in Creation's brightest glass,
A model of thy beauties plann'd!

With ample scope thy murdering art pursue,
Nor fear the vengeance from above!
The lightning *sleeps not*, though delay'd its *view*,
'Tis arm'd against thy perjur'd love.

To punish thee—may its avenging fire
Descend in shafts upon thy head!
May thy example a new faith inspire,
And guard the Lover's plighted bed!

Wretch—what are these effusions of thy rage?
A fatal image rules the mind—
Return—ye gales!—your friendly zeal assuage!
Or leave the hasty word behind!

THE PASSIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

The Passions were in *Hymen* bless'd,
But *Love* abjur'd what they caress'd.
When *Beauty* could attract no more,
The *mind* had nothing to adore.
The taste with no attachment bound,
The heart with no endearments crown'd,

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My tortur'd spirit's baffled aim
A rebel to its Queen became;
Euphrosyne's bewitching power
Smil'd on the dissipated hour.
Then cruel Scorn, in Virtue's name,
Wing'd at my life the dart of shame;
The Myrtle and the Roses fled,
Bare was the Pilgrim's wither'd head.
But though to the Autumnal day
The Sun refus'd his glowing ray,
An Evening Star the Muse appear'd,
My desolated spirits cheer'd,
And guides the vessel's batter'd sail
To port—in her *Elysian* Vale.

SONNET; FROM PETRARCH *.

ALONE—exploring the deserted plain
With measur'd feet and slow, the devious course
Adventures on—my heart with desp'rate force
Abjures all traces which the Earth profane.
Expedient sad! that courting sullen Pain,
Averts intruding comments on the source
Of agonies too proud for intercourse
Of social Friendship, or of Pleasure's train;
Yet can I wake to Hope—rememb'ring still,
That water, though in drops, with frequent stroke,
Could stone or marble into hollows pelt;
Nor beams the radiant eye that cannot spill
The gen'rous dew, when sighs and pray'rs invoke,
Nor Pride can freeze that Love despairs to melt.

* See several other Sonnets from *Petrarch*, pp. 3—8.

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IMITATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

THE PEAR-TREE.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

THE Husband was a lump of stone,
The Wife had thoughts to mischief prone;
The Lover had been chosen well,
And flesh was panting to rebel.
I own it was an humble taste,
Her choice was on the Gardener plac'd;
But rosy cheek and sparkling eye
The want of rank and wealth supply.
Before the early morning's ray
Was yet supplanted by the day,
She call'd her sluggard from the bed,
And slyly to the garden led.
Hortensius had receiv'd his cue,
And grateful to the service flew;
Presented Myrtle, and the Rose,
Or Fruit with skilful caution chose;
By seeming accident at last,
Beneath a Pear-tree as they pass'd,
She tapt her Husband's cheek, and said,
"A little mischief's in my head;
That luscious fruit, I wish it here."—
"Why, *John* shall gather it, my dear."

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Assenting *John*, with nimble jerk,
Was up, and soon began his work;
But, with a counterfeit surprize,
And as if doubtful of his eyes,
Exclaim'd, "Can sight itself deceive,
Or have my senses taken leave?
Your servants bribe to indecorum,
By such an act as *this* before 'em!"
"Why, sure, the fool has lost his head,"
The laughing pair together said;
Alighting, *John* at once confess'd,
That Madam then was quite at rest.
But, sure as both are quiet now,
I saw them both from yonder bough.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
The Husband then, with playful wit,
Said, he would in the Pear-tree sit;
And, if in truth it had the whim,
'Twould make as great a fool of *him*.
No sooner was he up, than *John*—
But here away—the Nine are gone.
At last, the reconciling Tree
Made Husband, Wife, and *John* agree;
The axe its vile enchantment broke,
And Love repaid the nuptial yoke.

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FAITH; A *JEU D'ESPRIT.*

FROM VOLTAIRE.

THE Church in some has made a rout—
I care not who is *in* or *out*;
My board with equal joy could feast
The *Indian*, *Turk*, or *Christian* Priest.
By me no Faith is understood,
But that alone of *doing good.*
I 'd have the subject live in awe
Of that Impartial Judge, the Law;
I 'd have him *love* his King, not *fear* him,
Not *idolize* him, but *revere* him.
This for the *World* is quite *enough*;
The rest—which none but *zealots* puff,
Is proper for *Eternity*—
But of no consequence—to *me.*

ON THE CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND VOLTAIRE.

IF parts attract with gay surprize
A Nation's fascinated eyes;
'Tis here the vision is refin'd,
And sober taste corrects the mind;
Plucks the victorious Eagle's wing,
And strips a *Robber* in a *King*;
Detects the Meteor's wanton glare,
And makes a *Fool* of *bright Voltaire.*

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LINES BY VOLTAIRE,

ON HIS OVERTURN IN THE WAY TO BERLIN.

ABRUPT and slippery was the road,
The mud and snow *their* gifts bestow'd!
The Devil, who in mischief deals,
Has broke the axle of my wheels;
The wheel that Fortune loves to ride,
I us'd with pertness to deride;
But I have alter'd my opinion,
And wish to be that Lady's minion.
To *her*, the object of my choice,
I thus address my feeble voice:
"Oh, you that are all things above,
Except the Hero that I love;
You that shall never claim a gem,
Or of his heart, or diadem;
Let me but find the way to *him*,
The rest I leave to Fortune's whim."

ON A GIFT OF CHINA,

(MANUFACTURED AT BERLIN,)

BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE SAME.

LET other Kings of modern race
With Stars and Wands their Courtiers grace;
The King of *Prussia* sends a gift,
That me above the world can lift;
'Tis IMMORTALITY I gain,
For, it is Earth from *his* domain.

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GREY HAIRS.

FROM A CORRESPONDENCE OF

THE DUC DE NIVERNOIS WITH MADAME DE MIREPOIX.

HERE are those tresses that have long been *grey*,
But *Friendship's* trophies are in *their* decay;
What *Age* has rifled, others may regret,
But *I* am *young*, and bless'd with *Lovers yet*.

An Evening-star of mild Affection cheers
The Winter's gloom of antiquated years;
In loving *thee* my charter I deserve—
'Tis, to *love dearly*, and *with no reserve*.

THE ANSWER.

WHAT! give to *me* your tresses that are *grey*,
And watch the current as it steals away!
The Loves are *still* but Infants, I 'll engage,
And the *mind's* graces charm at ev'ry age.

In *your* bless'd image I recover youth,
And years of constancy are crowns of truth;
If you were *in your teens*—I *twenty-four*,
You 'd be a longer time belov'd—*not more*.

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ANECDOTE OF

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

A VICTOR—in the lap of Ease,
The Fair alone his mind could please;
In Beauty's arms the time he wore,
The Patriot—Hero—was no more.

But native honour touch'd his heart,
And made him from the Tempter * part;
Restor'd him to himself again,
The loss repair'd, and broke the chain.

To an arm'd Host he thus appeal'd:
"*Another King* shall to the field;
Of *thine*, gay *France*, no more be heard,
'*Navarre*' shall be the conquering word."

ON TRANSLATION.

IDLE copy! in despair
Leave alone the *Reubens* there;
Breathing tints, and glowing hues!
'Tis the Lyre at second hand,
Stripp'd of all its proud command,
Stripp'd of Genius and the Muse.

Versions, though correct, efface
All the Poet's fleeting grace,
With a single touch inspir'd;
'Tis the Rose that winds have toss'd,
Fading when the root is lost
That her infant stem requir'd.

* *Gabrielle*, his favourite Mistress.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO THE
GENIUS AND PRIDE OF ADVERSITY.

WHAT 's the (Herald's) *pride of birth?*
'Tis an heir-loom for the earth.
Pride of station! where 's your *friend?*
Ask when you and Power descend!
Pride of riches unenjoy'd!
Ideot's treasure, self-destroy'd!
Pride of beauty! what art thou?
Foliage of a Summer's bough!
Pride of talents, in despair
Think of *St. John,* or *Voltaire!*
Pride of honour, when oppress'd,
Thou alone art great and bless'd!
Genius of Adversity!
Wreaths and crowns are due to thee!
Pride above Ambition's reach!
Liberty of heart and speech!
Calmly firm, and brac'd the knee,
From the Tyrant thou art free:

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God himself has joy * to see
His accomplish'd work in thee.
But from thy imperial train
Thou hast banish'd all the vain:
Courtly sycophants oppress'd
Never elevate their crest;
They in *Fortune's* bark are toss'd,
In her tempest they are lost.
Thus, in *France*, and with a look,
Regal pride the Minion † shook —
When, if he had stemm'd the wave,
He 'd have bound the *Master-slave*.
Thus of scepter'd pride and spleen
Died the eloquent *Racine* ‡;
Half-indignant o'er his bier,
Genius veil'd its glowing tear.
When from airy summits hurl'd,
Thou art still above the world;
Guilt and perfidy of heart
Never act thy Hero's part;
The unfeeling or unjust
Are as abject as the dust.
'Tis the dignity of mind
That alone can be resign'd,
In itself can find its place
Through confusion or disgrace.

* "Behold a sight worthy of God himself, in contemplating his work!—a just man opposing himself to Adversity!" *Seneca.*

† *Louvois*, the celebrated War-Minister of *Louis XIV.* was the suicide of his fickle Master's alienated affection: — a look was a death-blow to this upstart fly upon the wheel of state.

‡ A few careless words of *Louis XIV.* in a fit of pique killed this amiable, but self-degraded Poet, in his trammels of the Court.

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Aristides * knew it well,—
Fearless of the penal shell;
When, his back on *Athens* turn'd,
Thy attractions he discern'd,
None were then so *great* as he,—
Rich in *pride*, and *proud* of thee.
Cæsar pass'd *unheeded by* †
In the rabble's prompted eye;
When its tear for *Cato* fell,
Priz'd and lov'd by *thee* so well,
Who, when Liberty had fled,
As a *Roman* fought and bled,
Spurn'd the insult of applause,
And preferr'd *the vanquish'd cause* ‡.
Dearly as we cherish those,
Regulus above them rose,
When to racks and flames he went,
Calm as to a *Roman* tent.
" § Or as to his villa bound,
And with peaceful honours crown'd,
See him, with indignant pride,
Stem the people's love aside;
Yet his calculating || mind
Left no tortures undefin'd,
In the *Punic* Tyrant's rage,
Or in Fury's hostile page:

* This alludes to a celebrated incident of his life.—He became unpopular, and, being asked for a name to a vacant shell, wrote his own.—The shell gave its *vote* for the exile of the citizen whose name it bore.

† See *Pope*, in his admirable Prologue to *Addison's Cato*.

‡ " Sed victa Catoni." *Lucan*.

§ *Horace*, Book V. Ode iii.

|| *Horace*, *ut supra*.

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With his nerves and sinews brac'd,
Agonizing Nature trac'd,
And, superior to his doom,
Broke the fetters of his tomb."
When *Caractacus* appear'd,
Though disarm'd, he was rever'd;
Shaken was the Tyrant's throne,
And the day was thine alone.
When the Patriot *William** fail'd,
Then his planet most prevail'd;
Other laurels on the shelf,
Then his conquest was—*himself*†.
Thee, to abject wealth preferr'd,
Milton rais'd above the herd:
Inmate of his cloud-capt home,
Built on centuries to come;
Too reserv'd in Courts to rise,
Homer's fame before his eyes;
Mark of Envy's coward hate,
Felt in thee his tower of state:
Though his "*evil days*‡" he sung,
Rescued from their *evil tongue*‡,
Parted with his lamp of sight,
Chang'd for that prophetic light
Which enabled him to see
Time's revenge—for *him* and thee.

* *William III.*

† See *Burnet's* account of this great man after the siege of *Limerick*.

‡ His own words.

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THE NATIVE IMPULSE.

THAT man's *ideas* are *innate*
Is question'd, and with keen debate;
Nor yet Polemicks have concurr'd
In definitions of the word.
But *inclinations pre-dispos'd*
Are surely in the boy disclos'd;
And, long before his judgment's vote,
The bias of the man denote,
Adopt the talent's destin'd aim,
And, though in sparks, reveal its flame.
It has been said, " that accident
Alone can give the mind its bent;
That first impressions made at school
From early habits take the rule;
That intellect, with all its pride,
Examples mould, or precepts guide;
That *Newton* would the hair have curl'd
As ably as he read the World,
And, with an equal spur of zeal,
Of an old shoe reform'd the heel,
If jumping atoms had not made
Philosophy alone his trade."
But is it so?—Examine well,
Before the child can read or spell,
If Nature does not mark the soul
As the complexion or the mole.
She, when the objects are presented,
With all but one is discontented;
Her whisper'd and prophetic choice
Directs the firm though sudden voice,

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That marks to the commencing man
His future life's predestin'd plan.
The toilettes of the Fair oppress
Achilles in his female dress;
Complacent, but against his will,
He acts the part with awkward skill,
And, proud of a superior mind,
In trifling arts no joy can find:
But still indefinite his pride,
Without example, friend, or guide.
Amongst the jewels of the Fair,
That grace the robe, or bind the hair,
A sword was artfully convey'd,
And suddenly before him laid;
The *ruling passion* took its aim,
And prompted—*military fame.*
If I am told, "it was the sword
That Nature to herself restor'd,
Without assistance from the mind,
A neutral in the work assign'd;"
What hope could *Greece* have entertain'd
Of the new Hero she had gain'd?
Or, if the *Hero* felt his powers
In Beauty's fascinating bowers;
The martial weapon full in sight,
Could wield it, and with such delight:
What habits could have long conceal'd
The native impulse, thus reveal'd?
At school we have a little world,
In which the boy, with sail unfurl'd,
Alive to unexamin'd hope,
Gives to his talents all their scope;
But finds, whatever is propos'd,
His walk of genius pre-dispos'd;

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In vain his eye the task inspects,
Till Nature's will the part selects.
What Pedagogue the task assign'd,
That fill'd the depth of *Bacon's* mind;
Amidst the toils and rocks of State,
In Science ever sound and great.
Could *Shakespeare*, whose poetic view
The forms of "*airy nothing*" drew,
And, when his models were no more,
Could all Futurity explore;
With Nature and the past his guide,
The character unborn descry'd—
Could he have grovel'd in the dark
That reptile, an Attorney's Clerk *?
Could *he* have *writ*, tho' spurr'd and fee'd,
The Comments that on him we read?
Could *Thurlow*, had his form been taper,
Have sunk into a Linen-draper?
A *Tyson*, at the fiddle's call,
Have done the honours at a ball?
Or, primly pert, yet cold and wary,
Have smirk'd as an Apothecary?
Could he that *Homer's* Muse reprov'd,
Because the Bard had nothing prov'd †,
Coquetting as a Sonneteer,
Have tickled a Reviewer's ear?
Could *Watson's* mind have lost its force,
In some diverted habit's course;
Or his capacity have deign'd
The arts that Wisdom have profan'd?
Could he have learnt the Courtier's guile,
Or laugh'd his lips the venal smile?

* It has been said that he executed such an office.
† Mr. *Lyons*, of *Cambridge*.

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Could he to the caprice of youth
Have sacrific'd the rights of Truth?
Or barter'd independent thought
For all that Avarice ever bought?
No! 'tis an impulse of the soil,
That forms a *Newton* or a *Boyle*—
That lifts above the little great,
In leisure's philosophic state,
The shame and glory of his age—
That high-born spirit's matchless page,
Whose eloquent, though temper'd zeal,
The best can love, the worst can feel!

ON A VERY NICE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE APPETITES AND THE PASSIONS BY A METAPHYSICAL AND MORALIZING FEMALE, TO WHOM THE LINES ARE ADDRESSED.

Morality, *your* problem weigh'd,
Is of its principle afraid;
But, ere the links you part or join,
To each its proper task assign!
'Tis true that *Hunger* does not think,
And *Passions* neither eat nor drink.
But what 's a passion for a girl,
If *Drury-lane* bestows the pearl?
If taper legs pursuit invite,
Or naked bosoms tempt the sight?
I fear 'tis *hunger* at the best,
Though it prefers the meat *undress'd*;
Or if it 's *taste* those charms allure,
'Tis *passion* of an *Epicure*.

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I own, when *Antony* was hurl'd
By *that Egyptian* from *the world*,
His folly, thus matur'd with time,
Was more derang'd and more sublime;
But still I doubt of such pretences
To *aristocratize the senses.*
To *my* conceit the *nuptial* aim
Is a mask'd *appetite* for *game*, —
At least, I 'll answer for *the man*,
His *bride*'s to *him*—an *ortolan.*
I own, when man, "*the dear perfidious**,"
Takes to his arms a vestal hideous;
Or when a damsel in her téens
With age is link'd behind the scenes;
'Tis *passion* more than *appetite*
That gives or takes the lover's right.
But when the heart, and senses too,
Their common favourite pursue —
When *appetite*, with *passion* join'd,
The *taste* and *judgment* have combin'd—
Love sweetly bound with *Honour's* chain,
The Virtues holding Beauty's train,
'Tis Reason, crowning Pleasure's birth,
It is—a Paradise on earth.
Yet, ere the links or flowers unite,
Let *Miss* beware of *appetite!*
Nor think, when *passion* gives the scent,
'Tis melted into *sentiment.*

* *Calista's* picture of *Lothario.*

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PRAISE OF ERROR.

How dear, how bless'd, was Error's birth,
How sweet her uses upon earth!
Attest, fair Truth, a rival's claim,
Her gifts record, and crown her fame!
She has the notes that win the heart,
Your odious counsels pain impart.
By *her* assur'd that joy can last,
You tell us 'tis a short repast.
When baffled is the fairest plan,
You lay the fault upon the man;
She whispers hope, that spurns the dust
Which now degrades the good and just,
And whispers that a Summer's day
Will brush the vernal blights away.
Between two mirrours we are plac'd:
In one the cheeks with bloom are grac'd,
The other marks their sombre hue;
Which is the favourite of the two?
The form of Truth, which cannot change,
Offends an eye that loves to range;
But Error, infinitely new,
Accommodates the shifting view,
Conforms to all that we desire,
And fans the complicated fire.
Ambition hopes to reach its aim,
Anticipating rank and fame;
The Miser glories in his trial,
And courts the charm of self-denial;
The Lover dreams that he is bless'd —
We are *all* dreamers at the best;

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Without a guard the senses err —
If *you* 're the guide no foot can stir.
At home—abroad—*perception lies*,
And *will* is taken by surprize;
The Pupil 's grateful to his College,
Delusion is the sum of knowledge.
Truth 's a dull mass—the objects there
To nothing local we compare;
But Fiction is the Limner's grace,
Where nothing 's in its real place;
One—is *instruction's barren* treasure,
The other—charms the eye with pleasure.
But *Error* is more useful yet:
The people fall into her net;
She tells them they are poor and weak,
Because they cannot write and speak.
'Tis Error, simulating fact,
By whom *Societies* are pack'd —
And *Families* betray'd or slighted
Are in *her* policy united:
In all estates, in every age,
This Error is *the Giant's Page*:
Against her if *the Man* 's oppos'd,
By *her* the conflict soon is clos'd.
The *Peasants* dance in *Error's* chain, —
The links of *Truth* are bonds of *pain*.
Look at enjoyment's playful hour!
Too simple for your chilling power!
The Infant, and the careless *Youth*,
Alike estrang'd from paths of Truth;
One has not yet her light perceiv'd,
The other *loves to be deceiv'd*.
The charm is—" Error in the bill,"
That seasons good, or tempers ill;

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Whose purple bed enchants the rich,
Whose cottage fills a welcome niche.
'Tis Error, man's protecting Fairy,
Whose love no incidents can vary:
Her playthings cheat the full-grown Child,
Her visions o'er the Tomb have smil'd:
Remark the *little Ideot's* bliss;
Its idol is—the Doll to kiss.
The Youth ingenuous, when he errs,
The venal Courtezan prefers;
The Parent's gold has taught and fed
The Child of his Usurper's bed.
The old can dream of passion still;
The dying—plant their naked hill.
If *Error* could be laid aside,
With doubt the rudder we should guide;
Before us *Death* would still appear:
But *Error* hides it in the rear,
And spreads around us fairy bowers,
By telling us, "All Time is ours."

THE DIVORCE.

[BUONAPARTE *and* JOSEPHINE *are upon two Thrones of State; the two Deputies from the Senate in their Costume attend.*]

BUONAPARTE.

MY *Conservative Senators!* here is your Queen!
The accomplish'd, the chaste, the sublime *Josephine!*
You 'll perhaps be surpriz'd — that we 're going *to part,*
And I fear it will break this *Imperial* heart.

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But the fault is your own; for the pulse of *your* health
Is the Bank and the Fountain of National Wealth.
No *Circassian* is more to my taste in a bed;
But, since *I* was her Husband, she never has *bred.*
We are, both, of opinion to cancel the bond,
And we, both of us, think *she* had better abscond;
That an Empress, *at hand,* with endearments pacific,
May enjoy, without stint, occupation prolific.
In a *selfish* account the *first Love* may be said,
With *her* income, *her* title, and guards to be fed;
But these obloquies taint, and belie *Josephine*—
We are still, in attachment, the same *King and Queen;*
Though a bit of a Hero, as well as myself,
She has feelings that cannot be laid on the shelf.
Had we liv'd in a cot by the side of a rill,
Not a couple the time with more pleasure would kill;
But "the world must be peopled" * by children of *mine,*
Whose *fraternal embrace* in the sword can refine†.
[*After a pause*] I am *forty;* and sure have no cause to despair
That my *Corsican* prowess may give you a Heir;
As to *Nephews* or *Nieces* I 've nothing to say,
But that *Cyphers* ‡ like those must not stand in *your* way.
In a gallantry-fit I adopted *her Son;*
But we laugh'd at the Sceptre that Frolick had won;

* They are the words of *Benedick* in "Much ado about Nothing."

† Enquire in *Spain,* in *Portugal,* &c.

‡ He and the Senate between them had *settled* the *Imperial Crown* upon those *Expletives.*

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I am told "that I *must* get an Empress *with child*,"
For a boy of *my* getting the Nation is wild.
Fame; report the Decree, on your *tri-colour'd* wings;
Turn your back on the Pope, and *his* old-fashion'd Kings!
All Religions are *mine*, as they suit me the best;
And by turns they command my respect or my jest.
Those of *Egypt* were told, by *a man of his word*,
That in *him* was *their God*, and *their Mahomet* heard.
I am still of that Faith to the end of my life;
In the multiply'd knots of a *Mussulman's* wife;
As *my* chickens before they are hatch'd have been reckon'd,
Should I fail as a *getter* by Empress *the Second*,
You will not be surpriz'd, or will deem it absurd,
If I shift the Imperial embrace to a *Third*.
Where 's the Chancellor?—Bid him record the Decree,
"That *consent* has *divorc'd* my dear Empress and me." [*A discharge of artillery.*]

JOSEPHINE.

[*Half rising from her Throne, and gracefully seated again; but rather bending to the Senate.*]

"Though I 've shar'd his *Imperial Majesty's* bed,
I appeal to the world, if I toss'd-up my head;
I remember, when first I attracted his love,
That we call'd for no Priest but the *Cyprian Dove*;
On a sopha, Love's altar, the *service* I read,
It was copied from that for *Angelica's bed* *.

* See *Ariosto!*—*Josephine* has been taught *Italian* by the *Corsican* master of that language; and is particularly fond of this Episode.

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But, reform'd in *his* lap, from no perils I ran,
For I *married a Nation*, as well *as a Man!*
We are guiltless of Apathy's blame in the work,
And, if I 'm a '*Circassian*,' the King is a *Turk*.

[*Here both of them betrayed an expressive archness of look and smile, but which their dignity soon corrected.*]

Like two volatile Sparrows, we part, as we met;
On a *King of the World** my own claim I forget:
We despair of a child in his Majesty's arms,
And we both have compassion for *Europe's* alarms.
May *Abdallah*† himself, by *Napoleon* surpass'd,
Give you *five at a birth*, of the Emperor's cast!
I decamp — *self-divorc'd* — but *the child-making* Queen
Shall in sympathy never eclipse *Josephine*."

[*Here the Empress wept; and the Legion of Honour directed* their *band of musick to perform the Dead March of* Saul.—*The Emperor was much affected by his own goodness of heart, though, as* Partridge *observed of the King in* Hamlet, "*he was a* good actor, *and* concealed *it as much as he could*." — *When the musick had closed,* the Orator of the Senate, *having kissed the hands of their Imperial Majesties, took the Decree from the Chancellor, ascended his tribune (canopied with honey-suckle), and thus addressed the people:*]

* This homage would appear to be a little profane, but it is a mere echo of the popular worship.

† The *Persian Ambassador's* Lady had five children at a birth, just before his Excellency took his departure from *Ispahan* for his embassy hither.

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"*France!*—contemplate your Thrones!—at *their* feet let us fall!
Here's *your* Husband—and *there* is a *Wife to us all*—
They are born for a Nation, the gem of its age,
And they beam upon History's eloquent page;
Not a pulse of the *heart* in *their* system is found,
Not a *personal* feeling is crippled or bound;
All their animal spirits for *us* they employ,
They are *guardians*, for us, of the love they enjoy;
But their taste is controul'd, and their flame is not fed,
When *Sterility* baffles *the National bed.*

[*The Orator then addressed himself to* Josephine, *with a tone of pathetic eloquence, in the following words:*]

"*Josephine* gives a dignified charm to distress,
And we love her the more as we own her the less;
Yet her back will be turn'd on the Palace in vain,
And in every heart is *her* Sceptre to reign.

[*At this passage her Majesty was quite overcome.—The Orator shifted the topick from her distress to the public spirit and public virtue of the Emperor.—Not a pin could have dropped that would not have been heard.*]

"*He* has conquer'd himself, and *Marengo* must yield;
Fame is dazzled the most in his *conjugal field;*
Josephine is the *Mistress* * and Queen of his heart,
Yet with *her*, at a National word, he 's to part.
'Tis the *Nation*, that never could sleep in its bed,
If it has not a King in *his* Nursery fed.
What a contrast is here to the *Islanders' Brute* †,
Who beheaded *his* Queens—for a new wedding suit.

* Some were displeased at the innocent *equivoque* of that word; but this was pedantry.

† *Henry the Eighth.*

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All the Emperor means—a *first*-love unimpair'd,
Is a Wife in whose claim *Josephine* may be shar'd.
On *his* cheek, never crimson'd by Conscience or Fear,
What a goodness of heart was embalm'd in the tear!
[*Looking at the Emperor, who had his handkerchief in his hand, and covered his eagle eye.*]
And the feminine softness that melts *Josephine*
Is controul'd by a *National Emperor's Queen.*
With all blessings upon it from all the Religions,
Let us *title* the *act*—A DIVORCE OF THE PIGEONS."

TO THE NORTH AND THE EAST.

HENCE to your *Æolian* den,
Banish'd from the haunts of Men;
Piercing *North* and biting *East*,
Never more to be releas'd!
Or, deliver'd from your cave,
Spare the Earth, and smite the Wave!

Genius of the Western gale,
Come with Health to cheer the Vale!
Soothe me to *Elysian* rest,
With poetic slumbers bless'd;
Visions that in Fancy's ray,
Turn the *Winter* into *May*.

Love to join thee may refuse,
Come with *Friendship* and the Muse;
Breathe on Life's departing scene
Airs inspiring, though serene!
Fan me with an eagle's wing,
Dipp'd in the *Castalian* spring.

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A PATENT FOR A ZEPHYR.

Still the North's ill-temper'd gale
Does the honours of the sail;
Cold as ice of *Juno's* breath,
Or the bitterness of Death,
No good-humour can reform
The inexorable storm.
Wits—on *him* their jewels waste,
Boreas—hang him!—has no taste;
Keen his *vengeance* to pursue,
Mercy's note he never blew.
How shall I—with knee unbent,
Make the Tyrant's blast relent?
Courtly homage I disdain,
Whom the Muses entertain;
If on my enchanted wreath
Inspiration they should breathe,
In a Poet's tuneful breast
I 've a Patent for the West.

THE MIRROUR.

Where are the passions of the amorous heart?
And where the hopes Ambition could impart?
Mine is no more the *Lover's* golden chain,
Or mine the envy'd ranks in *Glory's* train.

Since Love and Pride were parted from the mind,
Repenting Wisdom looks with Shame behind;
And Folly's *glass*, that *Youth* could once engage,
Is now a *Mirrour* in the hands of *Age*.

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THE LANDSCAPE.

GOD of Landscape's beauty, hail!
Who can skirt this charming Vale;
Who the paradise can see,
Nature's gem, and form'd by thee,
Unenraptur'd—uninspir'd,
His Creator un-admir'd?
Let an Atheist hither come,
All his obloquies are dumb.
Nor shall Beauty's *dimpled* cheek
To a thankless vision speak;
Infidels *her* glance explore,
And Impiety 's no more.
But is God a *partial* giver,
In the *cheek?* or in the *River* *?
Not a Valley—not a Hill—
Not a form that *He* could *spill*—
Man—could for the better change,
In Creation's ample range.
Dig the mountain's barren sod,
And *the mine*—proclaims a God.
Thus atoning for the face,
All the intellect is grace;
And, with claims for homage born,
Could a *Sherlock's mind* adorn †.

* The *Thames* forms the beauty of the scene.

† The celebrated Bishop of *London*. His features were very unfavourable; his mind was beautiful.

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ON A THRUSH.

Bold as the gallant air of Youth,
And simple as the voice of Truth;
Sweet minstrel of the tuneful grove,
The amorous *Thrush* proclaims his love;
Nor dreams—proud enemy to Fear,
That his captivity is near.

But, ere the Summer days are past,
The subtle Fowler holds him fast;
Imprison'd at the cottage-door,
Love, and its hope, he chants no more;
Submits in durance to be fed,
And, like a Courtier, sings for bread.

Alas! an emblem is the Bird
Of careless Joy, and Pain deferr'd;
The Boy at school; the Youth caress'd;
The love betray'd; the heart oppress'd;
Before a Winter's night is come,
The melodies of life are dumb.

The Morning smiles; the Zephyrs play;
And *Flora* consecrates the day;
A thousand Loves their treasures bring;
You 'd think 'twould be for ever Spring;
But soon the joys their tune forget;
And *Fortune* is the *Fowler's net.*

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THE REFINED ANACREON.

"THE Lyre to *Heroes* had been strung,
But *Love* alone the tune it sung;
Again 'twas *Love;* no other sound,
The Poet or the Minstrel found."
Thus in her frolic Winter's day,
Anacreon's cheerful Muse could play;
But mine, which *Agonies* inspire,
Tunes with no other string the lyre;
Could *Love* himself the chords demand,
They would reject his impious hand;
Call'd in *his name,* but proudly mute,
The baffled insult would refute.
Yet have they known the Tyrant's voice,
And made it once their spirit's choice;
But prouder tears than *He* could feign,
Have taught *their* Muse a nobler strain.
Death, as *their* Genius, they implore,
And cling to forms that breathe no more.
'Tis *Love* that claims their music still,
But not from the *Parnassian* Hill,
In which *the Nine* have caught the ray,
That stream'd from *Sappho's* am'rous lay;
His pure appeal is to the mind,
That Sorrow's angel has refin'd;
That Nature's filial chain has bound,
And Melancholy's wreath has crown'd.

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A COMPLICATION OF MALADIES

CONSIDERED AS A BENEFIT.

TO A LADY—HERSELF INDISPOSED, BUT VERY ACCOMPLISHED AND POETICAL.

WHEN I had *Cough*, or *Gravel*, *Gout*, or *Fever*,
The *Fury* had no *changes*, to relieve her.
'Twas *Fever* still—'twas *Gout*, the *Cough*, or *Gravel*;
And the same thread each pain was to unravel;
But now that I have *Asthma's* wheezing frolick,
Nerves that are *shatter'd*, and the *bilious Colick*;
Pains in the *Head*, and *flushes* that are *hectic*,
With *Paralytic* hints, or *Apoplectic*,
Or subtle Agony that cramps the limbs—
I love them all—and bless them—for their *whims*.
In due proportion, as their number 's great,
Their anguish is diminish'd by its weight;
They never all unite in the attack,
With *Buonaparte's* myriads on my back;
But in detachments, like the *Indians*, fight,
Or, like the *Parthians*, wound me in their flight;
As each decamps, the Tyrants that remain,
Are petty Kings of a dismember'd reign.
So Doctor *South*, between the *Gout* and *Stone*,
Made by their *change* a Heaven of his own.
"It is *not Gout*," said he, when *Stone* was there:
"It is *not Stone*," when *Gout* was in the chair.
In these diversities of pain I live,
And pour them each by turns into the sieve.
How dull is apathy of health or mind,
Which has no *comforters* like these behind!

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'Tis true, that I am never quite at ease,
And that, escaping *gnats*, I 'm bit with *fleas*;
But the comparison with absent pain
Disarms the poison'd buckets that remain.
Were mine or yours the indolence of Health,
Euphrosyne would lose her brightest wealth.
Apollo never is in better cue,
Than when he orders pills for me and you;
For, though he does it with a comic air,
Specific is the medicine—for *Despair*.
Of all Physicians I can lay a fee on,
Be mine the tickling hand of Doctor Pæon!

TO THE GOUT.

Dear Gout! how little once I thought
Such pleasure could from *thee* be caught!
An Agent rack'd upon his bed,
His Daughter, as an Agent bred,
Came to the Rector at an Inn,
Though muffled upwards to the chin,
With skill dissected the account,
And shifted *this* to *that* amount.
She of all *Agents* was the pearl—
And something else—a handsome girl.
Her teeth were exquisitely white,
Her bosom was a Monarch's right:
Her eyes intelligent and sweet:
I felt her pulse "*a hundred*" beat:
Experienc'd as a cunning hawk,
Pretending not a line to baulk;
Pounc'd on her if she lost her pen;
And kiss'd her, till *she wrote again*.

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The figures to their station flew,
The debt increas'd—the interest grew:
Love's reckoning settled every doubt—
"*Sweet are the uses**"—of the Gout!

TO PEACE.

THATCH'D is the roof that shelters thee,
From tempest of the passions free;
No Zephyr's breath so cool and sweet
Against the parching Summer's heat;
Thy rays the chilling post can melt,
The bosom glows if thou art felt.
All intellect, by thee approv'd,
All gentle hearts—by thee belov'd,
Are as the chords which tune the lyre,
And varied Harmony inspire.
Thy gift in philosophic wealth
Is Freedom's throne—and rustic health
To Poverty can lend a charm,
And wild Ambition's rage disarm.
The secret of all human bliss,
None—that have *thee*, can ever miss;
And if thy subjects *thee* disclaim,
Felicity usurps the name.

* "Sweet are the uses of Adversity." *Shakspeare.*

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THE JUDGE'S NIECE.

THE Judge, his ermine laid aside,
For happiness exchanging pride,
Of life's gay term renews the lease,
And plays at cribbage with his *Niece.*

'Tis true the Niece we here disclose
Is lovely as a new-born rose;
And Love could find a golden fleece,
If he should light on such a *Niece.*

The vestals of severe decorum,
A dish of scandal plac'd before 'em,
Have tongues that cannot rest in peace
Till they have stripp'd the Judge's *Niece.*

Whatever he can do or say,
The gossip tongues will have their way;
'Tis a mere flock of hissing geese—
They cannot hurt the Judge's *Niece.*

But generous hearts my love respect,
And are too noble to suspect;
From calumny his fame release,
And give him joy of such a *Niece.*

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ON RECEIVING A BAD FALL IN A HARD FROST, AND PITCHING ON MY HEAD.

" A nodding beam, or pig of lead,
Will break the very ablest head."
The little Bard thus warn'd the rest,
But wav'd the honours of the *test*;
Nor ever, but in verse or prose,
Would *his* mercurial brain expose.
I wonder his prophetic view
Could miss the legs that upward flew,
When *ice* the careless path deceives,
And spread on earth a Poet leaves,
To die with his effusions here,
Or live and combat vulgar sneer.
As I was tripping t'other day,
And thinking of a *bout rimé*,
I fell upon a ticklish place;
My *head* receiv'd the *earth's* embrace.
Encircled by a laughing crowd,
I heard it said, and said aloud,
" That such a knock, the head unbroke,
Found the materials hard as oak."
Another call'd my head *stone-proof*,
And wish'd his own had such a roof.
" My good *Samaritans!*" I said,
" It is a wager I have laid;
That, grappling with my *rival* here,
I 'd leave a secret in his ear,
Which is — that *Law* to *Earth* oppos'd
Is neither foil'd nor discompos'd;
But, like *Antæus*, from the Earth
Springs with a renovated birth;
On pavements jerk'd, is quite at home,
And feels them lighter than a comb.

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But *stone* perhaps, at least I fear it,
Had rather not have me come near it;
And *you* should ask *your friends* below,
If *they* are better for their *blow*."
"Zounds, *Tom*," quoth *Jack*, "this funny head
Within—has not a bit of lead."

TO THE UNIVERSALIAN.

GRAMMARIAN *Aristophanes*,
Byzantian, born in rags and fleas,
Invented *accents of the book*,
And form'd the circumflecting hook;
But long before *his* day the *tone*
Reciting Greece had made her own.
It has been said, that but for *him*
Musicians only had the whim;
But *Isaac Vossius* never prov'd
That others had the tone reprov'd;
And 'tis the *tone* that prompts the *mark*
To after-ages in the dark.
Demetrius Triclinius too
Says it's the *mark* alone that's *new*,
By *Aristophanes* conceiv'd,
That memory should be reliev'd;
But of the accent all the power
Preceded the Historian's hour.
A pupil of *Callimachus*
By help of *scholia* came to *us*:
The pupil too upon his knees
When *Ptolemy Euergetes*
Began to reign, for then his guide,
The Poet of *Cyrene*, died—

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Yet this *Callimachus* it suited
His *ultimates* to form *acuted*
In the word ἀντὰϱ; and we know it
From scholium of the *Chian* Poet.
Besides, when *Aristotle* wrote,
The *tones* at least we find him quote;
Explain'd, and by appropriate checks,
Acute and grave, or circumflex.
But how could sapient *Athenæus*
In Book the Ninth from scepticks free us,
Unless the *mark* had in his view
Prov'd that his oracle was true,
When χεϱνιβα his text can state
Acute in the penultimate,
And quotes for it *Euripides*,
Older above two centuries
Than *Aristophanes's* hammer
On all the mysteries of Grammar?
Thus far on *accent!*—Let us now
Pull at the *Sam-Johnsonian* bough!
Or *Mudford's* probing knife command,
Anatomizing *Cumberland!*
Or, as the solemn Judge grows duller,
Trim his old boat with wreck of sculler!
And, that no time should feel its loss,
Play at Ellipticals with *Bos!*
Or, falling back, pull down the chair,
Till *Hampton's* wondering rabble stare;
Affirming, and believing still,
"*'Twas on the Heath a powder-mill.*"
Thus an Historian—*George** can show it—
May in his Pictures be a Poet.

* He said, that when he fell backwards at *Hampton*, it was taken for a powder-mill blown up.

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ADDRESS

INTENDED FOR A MEETING OF THE LITERARY FUND.

When *Homer* begg'd his way from door to door,
The base neglect his genius proudly bore;
With glance prophetic, though of sight bereft,
The sublunary world indignant left;
Anticipated Fame with sure demand,
And plac'd on Time's award his glowing hand.
When o'er the harp his magic language flew,
The dead awaken'd, and immortal, grew
The Denizen of Nature's genial clime
To every age was present and sublime.
Enchanting *Spenser* plum'd his Fairy-wing,
Though Famine pinch'd him with her venom'd sting:
Pathetic *Otway* sigh'd in vain for bread,
Kill'd by the morsel that his hunger fed;
The *hapless Forger* died of human scorn,
To Inspiration's deathless honours born:
Though *Plato's* mantle was on *Sydenham* cast,
The Debtor was in chains, and breath'd his last;
Compassion, Taste, and Genius, rung his knell;
The tears of Science on his ashes fell.
Deploring him with provident regret,
You thought of other *Sydenhams* lingering yet;
With gentle voice the panting spirit cheer'd,
And for the Pilgrim's feet this temple rear'd;
If Genius owns him by the world oppress'd,
Encouragement is here, as well as rest:
His bright conceptions to the age are shewn,
His feelings cherish'd, and his virtues known.

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THE CURRICLE.

When thought is brooding o'er the past,
And the new day is wish'd the last,
My fainting spirits what can raise? —
A curricle and pair of greys.

When Fancy nods, and sleepy dews
The corresponding rhymes infuse,
What gives the neat and pointed phrase? —
A curricle and pair of greys.

When love to sentiments confin'd
Is rather delicate than blind,
The romping impulse what can raise?
A curricle and pair of greys.

When Taste, examining the scene,
Dissects the shade or verdant green,
What prompts the word that gives the bays?
A curricle and pair of greys?

When haggard age, with feet of snow,
Begins her spiteful marks to show,
What spell recalls the youthful days?
A curricle and pair of greys.

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PREFERMENT.

I ask'd one day an *Irish* cousin,
Who had preferments by the dozen,
" To make some little office mine;
Judicial was to be the line."

He answer'd: " Faith—my hands are full;
But, though it may appear a bull,
One hates to leave you in the lurch—
You may command me in the *Church.*"

THE ART OF REFUSAL;

TO A NEIGHBOUR IN THE COUNTRY.

" *Two* of your horses fain I 'd borrow,
Dear *L********, for my use *to-morrow.*"
By such a bold attack perplex'd,
You answer, " *Yes—on Friday next.*"
You open first, then bar the door—
" On *Friday* useless would be four.
One given *soon**—is *double one;*
The *two* on *Friday* next—are *none.*"

* " *Bis dat qui cito dat.*"—He gives *twice* who gives it soon.

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FRAGMENTS OF A CHARACTER *.

A *heart* that loves the human race,
And shews its mirrour in the face;
A *jest* that glows with playful mirth;
A *tear* that soothes afflicted worth;
A careless *genius*, brightly wild,
The sense and judgment of a child;
A *taste* ingenuous and refin'd,
That springs from an accomplish'd mind;
An *eye* that loves the scene to change,
And Beauty's varied fields to range,—
But chiefly where in aweful charms
The mountain spreads his giant arms,
Or where, impell'd with sudden force,
The torrent wakes his thundering course;
Or where, in deep and pathless groves,
The solitary Hermit roves;
An *ear* that feeds on melting strains,
When musick to the heart complains;
A temper cheerful as the ray
That welcomes *Philomel* and *May;*
Persuasive manners, and an air
Of subtle power to win the Fair.
A passion for the fatal bower
That made *Rinaldo's* fortunes lower,
Has torn him from the softer kiss
Of *Imogen's* domestic bliss;
But, though in habits unconfin'd,
He loves at heart her spotless mind;
In Friendship's bright and aweful trust,
Of purest faith, and proudly just.

* Which the Reader will easily apply.

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THE MARE UPON A FULL TROT.

I 've been often much puzzled perfection to find,
Of enjoyment I mean, in the body or mind:
I have look'd for it *here*, I have look'd for it *there*—
It 's to ride a full trot on a capital *mare*.

I confess, that a cutlet, or chops, at an Inn,
Are ambrosia to me, and I hope it 's no sin;
But my appetite gives me a taste for the fare,
And the appetite comes from this trot on the mare.

When the taylor, with buttons, with cloth, and with tape,
On the pockets or liberties threatens a rape;
No expedients against him I ever compare
To adjournment of Court, and full trot on the mare.

If a man is in love, and is going to kiss
Amarillis, or *Kate*, in the arbour of bliss;
The delectable feast with more spirit he 'll share,
Having swung twenty miles a full trot on the mare.

If the lady is false, and may chance to elope,
Let him pause, ere a pistol he takes, or the rope:
I 've a much better cure for his loss of the fair,
Let him shake his blue devils full trot on the mare.

If the Poet intends Mr. *Pope* to supplant,
Or the Orator like Mr. ******* to rant;
Let him exercise take, let him snuff up the air,
For a *Tully* or *Homer* no school but the mare.

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Disappointed ambition, though folly at best,
Very often, I 'm told, Mr. *Pitt* has oppress'd;
Of his nerves and affections the tone he 'll repair
With a bump round the Parks, though on *Addington's* mare.

Should the Curate perceive thirty pounds rather short,
And should envy the Vicar his ale or his port—
If his lower apparel is tatter'd and bare,
Let him ride *sans-culottes*, though he *borrows* the mare.

If the world in a fit of caprice turns its rump,
Some advise the receipt of a hop, step, and jump:
But the cure to make perfect, and *cut* your despair,
Take, in place of the world, a full trot on the mare.

THE PINCH AND THE KISS, A CONTRACT.

When *Beatrice* her victim pinches,
He never moves, he never flinches;
For all the marks her wit has made,
On her soft cheek he 's more than paid.

For though I 'm black as well as blue,
The Maid at ****'s will prove 'tis true,
Give me one kiss for pinches ten,
And pinch, dear *Beatrice*, again.

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PART OF A TOUR IN WALES.

At this place* I discover'd the fam'd *British Moloch*†—
Now his heart, you must know, to your Uncle has no lock;
So he gave me *his* dinner, and paid for the honour,
Polly‡ thank'd me for *kivers*§ I shower'd upon her.
In the party I found she had pick'd up a nigler,
In the son of a sort of a gentleman-higler.
An *Arcadian* walk in the evening they took,
On the banks of the *Severn*, that *Polypheme's* brook.
Man of Iron then open'd his conjugal budget;
"Miss and Master," said he, "to the altar will trudge it."
All the day had old *Polypheme* been a-harpooning||,
While the Lovers their voice in duetts had been tuning,
And, as Loves are of so many different Religions,
They might fancy they bill'd and they coo'd like two pigeons.
By the way, and perhaps 'twas a hint of the noose,
We had *pigeons* for dinner, a *pig*, and a *goose*.
I have turn'd up my hair like an Abbé's quite neat,
And have sabled my coat *Mr. Sheriff* to meet;
But at *Newport* I first *Brother Moysey*¶ shall kick-up,
And a Dinner Judicial in state I shall pick up.

* *New Passage House.*

† An Iron-master of immense opulence; whose generosity is properly eulogized in the Memoirs of Bp. *Watson*. — He was called *Moloch the Iron King*, by Sir *Thomas Plumer*, in a cause at *Hereford*.

‡ A young and agreeable Daughter. § Franks for Letters.

|| He had been endeavouring to harpoon porpoises.

¶ The other *Welsh* Judge.

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THE TORMENTS OF A BAD TOOTH,

WRITTEN IN A SUPERB INDIAN BED.

If *Persian* bed, on plume of down,
With joy could the possessor crown,
With *Asiatic* splendour blest,
How sure were I of blissful rest!
But nothing on the dungeon'd straw,
Devoted by the hand of Law,
Has more of horror, more of pain,
Than mine—adorn'd with *India's* gain.
My head is tortur'd on the rack,
With softest cushions at my back;
My face a martyr is in flames,
Though costly chintz my passion claims.
I toss on *Wellesley's rival* sheets;
Nay, *Tippoo's* guilt my person heats.
With gay festoons the curtain smiles,
But not a single twinge beguiles.
"If these," quoth I, "are giant pains,
The guiltless doom of Autumn rains;
Oh, tell me, *Asia*, what are those
Which nightly haunt thy pamper'd foes;
Nor flush alone their cheek with shame,
Consuming as the maniac's flame;
But fly to the offending part,
And pinch and screw the Tyrant's heart.

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THE GHOST OF BURKE

TO THE EYE-TOOTH * OF THE WELSH JUDGE.

Oh, silly Tooth! in silly head oppress'd,
That hop'd an *Eastern bed* could give thee rest!
That hop'd a *Pilgrim*, new to *Asia's* guilt,
Would never catch it from the sheets or quilt!
It is the bane of these *Calcutta* beds,
That none can press them but with tortur'd heads;
You met this ******, florid, plump, and sleek,
The very night before I heard him shriek.
Oh, once belov'd! a *moment* gave thy name
To *Burke's* applause, and that applause was fame.
'Twas when, though listed on the side of *Pitt*,
On the *Rohilla* War you spurn'd the bit;
With manly eloquence for Honour spoke,
And curs'd the Tyrant's desolating stroke.
Not all thy eloquence, nor Folly's crime,
The rage that litters half the bed with rhyme,
Can make me hate thee, or the palm refuse
To that one moment's elevated views!
'Twas I that made thee pass his flaring coach,
And gave thee hints to mar the next approach;
'Twas I who prompted that, for Teeth inflam'd,
A venison-pasty's fragment should be nam'd;
I told thee at *the Hall*, with piteous look,
(You thought me *Farren,*) they had lost their Cook.
Impell'd by Fate monition to refuse,
To roar with anguish, and a Tooth to lose;
You *would* be chattering with a rosy maid;
You *would* by her in *Persian* tents be laid:

* See the preceding Poem.

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Observ'd you not that, when the pan she bore,
It fell—and the indignant maiden swore?
'Twas I that pinch'd her well, and *made* her swear,
Till she uplifted all thy ragged hair.
In vain the rats, that are no friends to rhyme,
With shrieks advis'd thee to decamp in time.
But when, poor thing, with agony half-bent,
I saw thee lifted into *Asia's* tent,
The rest was fate; no more I could avert
The Hero's torture in the poison'd shirt.
Alas! I heard thee like *Alcides* roar,
When the avenging Rival's gift he bore.
The Ideot from *Landillo* fill'd the cup,
Stirr'd *Hecate's* fell charm, and bound it up,
Till sense and judgment from *Carmarthen* came,
But, like poor *Semele's* gallant, in flame.
Again I heard thee (from this hallow'd scene)
In anguish at the lingering guillotine:
'Tis past!—the Tooth is gone!—the abscess heal'd!
Beware of *India*, though in *Cambria's* field.
The *Munny Begums* and *Cheyt Sing* pervade,
If *India* buys it, Nature's peaceful shade.
The Ghost of *Nuncomar* in ******'s hall
Writes a vindictive spell upon the wall.
Be wise, nor ever tempt an *Eastern* bed,
Or *all* your Teeth are twisted from your head.
Beware! I go to the *Elysian* shade,
Of no impatient auditors afraid;
From the decision of the Lords appeal,
And force the Wits to hear, the Knaves to feel.

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THE MODERN ÆSCULAPIUS.

THREE *Tinkers of the Health*, by Genius rear'd,
In *France*, in *England*, and in *Wales*, appear'd.
The first *invented his* Anatomy —
From all *dissecting prejudices* free,
Inverted the position of the heart,
And, though *self*-taught, improv'd upon his art;
At all the symptoms took his flying aim,
And blunder'd with an air of serious claim.
The next in pure simplicity surpass'd,
He *kill'd — with laughter;* and his name was *Last*.
The dead or dying by *his* lancet bleed,
The tooth extracted from its pain is freed.
But these are bunglers to tormenting *Tom*,
The first *Hippocrates* in Christendom:
A suppurating abscess in the gum
Solicited his finger and his thumb.
Next he *inspected* what he could not *see;*
Prescrib'd — and then *forgot* his *recipe;*
Said he had *all* the symptoms quite by heart,
And promis'd wonders of experienc'd art.
As the wind blew, would either cure or kill,
But an adept unrivall'd in the bill.
In *him* with apathy neglect is join'd,
And perfect ignorance has clear'd the mind.
In *him* the two Physicians have surviv'd,
And sleeping Partners are in *Tom* reviv'd.

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TO ÆSCULAPIUS,

THE PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, AND BILL-MAKER.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a *Tinker's* shop?
There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see,
('Tis just by way of simile,)
The Kettle-mender, deep and wise,
Employ his penetrating eyes!
The leak or swelling bump he sees,
The wants or superfluities;
And when he has to this attended,
He knows the way it should be mended.
If *you*, dear *Tom*, had seen this man,
You must have chang'd *your* tinkering plan.
You have *some* * talents we could spare,
But elbow-room for SKILL and CARE.

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN provision fell short, and I hinted at fish,
I was told Mr. ****** was proud of his wine;
That he never would see *his own* carp in a dish,
But prohibited nets, or the hook and the line.

That he hated a gun as he hated the Devil,
That his leverets were tame, and his partridges hopping;
That on fresh butcher's-meat he could happily revel,
And in all that he ate had a relish for shopping.

* His BILL was full of *genius* and *spirit*.

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When I found my new Tooth would not come in a letter,
And that ********* chose to be King of his Court;
I examin'd my health, and I found myself better,
So I took the last pint of the *M——n Port.*

But the best of the fun was that Mother and *Fanny*,
When I hop'd their compassion would soften my pain;
Swore, that as to my tortures, I *never had any*,
And advis'd me no more of such whims to complain.

So I wept like a fool, and then mounted my horse,
Not so rich as at *Swansea*, for there I 'd my Tooth;
At my squibs on the Doctor I felt no remorse,
But would fain have recover'd the days of my youth.

PHAON'S* ANSWER TO SAPPHO†,

AN AFFECTING APOLOGY FOR SELF-CONCEIT, ESPECIALLY IN POETS.

Well—I 've tasted your cup, and I could not reprove,
Though a little *too* sweet the infusions of love.
What is flattery? I said; when its friendships misuse,
'Tis a little too strong,—but how cordial the juice!
It is hardly a vice, when its generous aim
Is to cheer the afflicted, and cherish his fame—
To enliven his animal spirits with pleasure,
But corrected by sense, and by temperate measure.
When the generous cup my companion regales,
Can I borrow of Merchants their weights and their scales?

* The Author's poetical name. † Mrs. *Moody*.

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When the Nymph has attracted the amorous youth,
Can he offer a cup so insipid as Truth?
When a Lady and Gentleman tickle each other,
If her stockings are blue, like a sister and brother,
Shall a pedant like *Bentley*, or cold *Aristarchus*,
With injunctions of mutual abstinence mark us?
With his medical wand, like poor *Sancho's* Physician,
Banish all from the cup that is not of *their* mission?

SAPPHO.

THOUGH *you* are lighter than a cork,
And feathers combat with a fork;
I love your prose — *I hate your verse* *;
You 're an amusement — and a curse.
Whether 'tis calm, or blowing weather,
Let us both sink or swim together.

SAPPHO called the *Horse and the Rider* (meaning the Author and his Nag) two *fidgets* always upon the wing.—PHAON presented them to *her* in a picture of a man on horseback, and with the following *billet-doux* pinned upon the horse's left ear.

YOU thought my nag and me together
In want of nothing—but a *tether:*
In that saloon, as in a pound,
The rambling fugitives are bound.
Pray hold them fast, nor *let* them fly,
Till *we* go with them—you and I.
To *Cambria* leave the Circuiteer,
But chain the Horse and Rider here.

* The reverse in general was the fact; but she had reflected just then on a little Poem of mine as being too satirical—and Poets, good or bad, in the days of *Horace*, were an *irritable race*.—They could sit for that picture now.

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THE WHIG;

A JEU D'ESPRIT AT THE WHIG CLUB.

"THE King," it seems, "no wrong can do;"
The maxim 's old, our comment 's new,
For *Whigs* alone reserv'd.
Advising heads are pre-suppos'd,
By whom the King 's to be enclos'd,
And as their tool preserv'd.

But if, impertinently wise,
Against the heads that so advise,
He turns his Royal back;
"*The wrong*," in throwing *them* adrift,
On *him*—when so disarm'd—they shift,
And goad the fierce attack.

The Senate then is to be told,
That *Britain's* King, no more controul'd,
Puts *them* upon the shelf:
That, changing men (like shoes and clothes),
He talks of Coronation oaths,
And reasons for himself!

That, by a conduct self-advis'd,
Indemnity is compromis'd,
And forfeit Crowns resign'd;
That Ministers dismiss'd by *him*
Should call the act a *Tory* whim,
Against the Whigs design'd.

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In either House of Parliament
We 'll ask him—what the deuce he meant
By negative old fashions?
We 'll tell him—that since *William's* time
The Catholicks unblam'd should climb
To heights that suit their passions;

That nothing new but Priestcraft stirs
Against the new Philosophers
Who laugh at Rival Creeds;
That Catholick in *Ireland*
Has fairly got the upper hand,
And fights as well as *feeds*;

That if, in short, the Whigs are out,
The fate of *Britain* is a doubt,
And *Buonaparte* chuckles. —
To make *him*, therefore, sad again,
Of *our* good King let *us* complain,
And rap him on the knuckles.

For then, to make another change,
The loaves and fishes he 'll arrange,
Where *all the Talents* meet;
Will take us to his arms again,
And make us of his closet vain
The gossip to repeat.

But first, a gentle postern blow
From Parliament's imperial toe
Will make him know his distance;
By *hints* which Kings may understand,
Broad as the bottoms we command,
"That Whigs maintain *resistance*."

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THE INIMITABLE ORATOR,

AND HIS THREE PHYSICIANS.

When *******, Vanity's diverting slave,
His *dreadful note* * of preparation gave;
The sickness which a wearied audience felt
His own proud stomach had begun to melt.
And yet he rose, as if to kill the Giant †,
But, arm'd with Briefs ‡, mistook him for his
Client §.
Fox bit his thumbs; and *G****, tho' mute, revil'd;
Ev'n *Courtney* at the *Paddy's* blunder smil'd.
Charles ||, or *Apollo* ¶, sav'd him in the nick,
"My learned Friend," said *Charles*, "is very sick."
He took the hint, upon the bench reclin'd,
And seem'd as if to vomiting inclin'd.
But, when at ******** *Inn* the mask was off,
Again he heard the *Ministerial cough* **,
That, with a dull and *Gothic* serenade,
The *Cur* as well as *Adder* †† had betray'd.
And *Hare*, "That Fame no longer you may teaze,
Here is a powder of *Cantharides*."
Then *Courtney*, "The offending parts to numb,
You 'll like a dose of *Irish Laudanum* ‡‡."
Quoth *Sheridan*, "The case you all have blunder'd;
The pen—*Recipiat*, a *Chiltern* Hundred."

* It was said that he brought into the House a very ample note of his extempore Answer to Mr. *Pitt's* future Speech.
† Mr. *Pitt*. ‡ His papers had the form of Briefs.
§ By arguing as if retained by him. || Mr. *Fox*.
¶ "Sic me servavit *Apollo*." Hor.
** To which many ascribed the sudden illness.
†† "That refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer."
‡‡ "Sleepless himself, to make the hearer sleep." *Pope*.

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ADDRESS TO THE MOB,

WHEN THE HORSES HAD BEEN TAKEN OFF, &c.

Brother Citizens, hear me! *Demosthenes* never
Had applauses like these—but he was not so clever.
May new *T*********s* hereafter from scaffolds escape!
And may *I* blush again at this *National Rape!*
When the carriage you seiz'd, what an elegant sight;
And so, *Gentlemen Horses*, I wish you good night.
Never more shall the Law touch a Citizen's ribs—
By the way—don't forget little *Counsellor *****.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Oh, *******, of gay Booksellers the pink,
I love and bless thee for thy pen and ink;
In which the Muse invention can supply,
To make the Customer a Volume buy;
Then, as the Law-suit pants for its career,
To whisper '*Pity*' in the Victim's ear;
Or, laughing at the Cabinet's interior,
Add, with high spirit, 'thou art my superior.'
My Oracles, it seems, were inexplicit;
But I 'll improve them *on a second visit.*
Will state that all *request* shall be *an order* —
If thou in writing art the word's recorder.
That what I ask for half an hour t' inspect,
Are bought and sold, correct or incorrect,

* Having in his own praises forgot a Brother Advocate (who had acquired much fame in the same Trials), with a courtly after-thought he thus hooked him in.

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That, when *Solanum* is the word implor'd,
Words down to *H.* the substitute afford;
That half a Dictionary is enough,
To make its fragments marketable stuff;
That, if the Volumes *once* are inmates here,
They are domestic as the Wine and Beer;
That, if I send them from the parlour door,
My title of a *Gentleman*'s no more.
That oil and vinegar have chang'd their cruet,
If he should call me names, or seem to do it.
That ******* is genteel, though in a passion,
And polishes abuse with courtly fashion;
That keen *his* lashes cut with *Stanhope's* wit,
And that for *Stanhope's Graces* he could sit.
But how shall verse the *Man of Law* * requite,
Who taught thee how to laugh, and wave the right?
Convincing thee, whatever Law could say
On *me* was ammunition thrown away;
And prov'd—convulsing thee with peals of laughter,
That I had no conception of *hereafter;*
Gave thee a picture, for all spleen a cure,
That rage into derision could allure.
May *******, richest of the rich Attorneys,
Prolific in attendances and journeys!
When thou shalt make the Parliament a jest,
With ******* *and Co.* a *Senator* confess'd.
Nor ever, in thy new but prouder craft,
Mistake a *whisper*—for a legal draft.
The *Millar* and the *Postlethwaite* are thine,
Peace—and Contempt's gay privilege—are mine.

* He said "the Lawyer gave me such a character as made him laugh at the ridicule of it, and give up his claim, though just in itself, and sure of success in a Court of Justice."

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ON REBECCA COO,

A LOVELY HOUSEMAID.

Of all the names I ever knew,
The most affectionate is *Coo.*
But, Queen of Doves! I own to *you,*
That sweet *Rebecca* should be *Coo.*
If lips were ever made of glue,
Such, to my thoughts, are those of *Coo;*
Thoughts which distract me in the *pew,*
If I 'm at Church, and peep at *Coo.*
You 've heard, perhaps, of *Hybla's* dew,
'Tis nothing to the taste of *Coo.*
My cups of nectar fain I 'd brew
(Love's Whitbread) in the lips of *Coo.*
I envy him that makes a shoe
For such a foot as that of *Coo;*
Besides, the ancle he can view,
When measuring the foot of *Coo.*
Of all the Love-inviting crew
That *Sidcop* knows, give *me* to *Coo.*
The Cook is old—*Rebecca* 's new,
And *Bailey* 's more in clouds than *Coo.*
From *Bailey's* head my parcel flew;
It would not have been so with *Coo.*
The rain that fell, the wind that blew,
Would not have dis-concerted *Coo.*
With *Giants* what have I to do,
I 'm for a curricle with *Coo.*
Her cheeks have the vermilion hue,
The *rouge* that Nature gives to *Coo.*
If I don't love her, I 'm a *Jew,*
A *Shylock,* and the victim *Coo:*

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But, if to me her flesh was due,
The knife and scales I 'd give to *Coo*.
Of Maids I 've romp'd with not a few;
With none so prettily as *Coo*.
No *child unborn* the day shall rue,
That first acquainted me with *Coo*.
In verse alone my passion grew,
And rhymes are all I get from *Coo*.
" Plump as a Partridge in a mew,
Beware of Hawks!" quoth *Jane* to *Coo*.
The Cook is rather in a stew,
To see me lick my lips at *Coo*.
To Virgins old I offer Yew,
But Myrtle-wreaths to Love and *Coo*.
A suppliant on my knees I 'd sue,
To peep at garters worn by *Coo*.
If she would lose, I 'd play at loo,
With none so often as with *Coo*.
Though *Jane* cries *pish*, and *Bet* says *pooh!*
" *Yes, and with all my heart!*" says *Coo*.
Her little rents I 'd never *screw* *,
A kiss the pepper-corn of *Coo*.
Canadian woods all day I 'd hew,
If the *Miranda* there was *Coo*.
There 's no *Ap Griffith*, nor Sir *Hugh*,
Whose pedigree would start at *Coo*.
The words are sweet, the heart is true,
In all the letters writ by *Coo*.
There 's none can write a *billet-doux*
With half the tenderness of *Coo*.
I 'd waive the artificial flue,
If I could warm the house with *Coo*.

* I had a name in that house, though unmerited, for screwing my tenants.

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To *Rumford* stoves I 'd bid *adieu*,
If I could stir the fire of *Coo*.
There 's no describing what old *Q*.
Would give to mumble *Becky Coo*:
But soon the Duke would get his cue,
If he took liberties with *Coo*.
The girl of girls, don't ask me "*who?*"
You know it, *Fame*, is *Becky Coo*.

ON JOHN F——TE'S TOMB.

Poor John is dead! I knew him well;
Oft have I heard him ring his knell.
Poor John is dead!

Alas! I little could have thought,
My ears *for him* the song were taught.
Poor John is dead!

He sung, as none could sing before him,
His favourite song—to Death it bore him.
Poor John is dead!

The loss of such a merry heart
Reminds the gay that friends must part.
Poor John is dead!

The *noose*, when *single*, he *defy'd*,
He married, and the neighbours cried
Poor John is dead!

Of all his merriment bereft,
The soul was gone—the form was left.
Poor John was dead!

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The merry song was heard no more,
The tomb within its opening door,
Prepar'd his bed,
For John the dead!

In mercy now the shaft is come,
Instead of being vex'd and glum,
Poor John—is dead!

MORAL.

Before you wed,
And comb your head,
Let this be read—
"*Poor John is dead!*"

TIME AND DEATH.

HERE *Time* upheld me—there oppos'd was *Death*,
Whose dart was pointed at a Rebel's breath:
"What phantom 's there?" he said, "and though his *years*
Bend him to Earth, a *vital* form appears?

"Why dost thou guard him thus, *injurious Time?*
As if the day was in its vernal prime?
How long is he to live? or is he never
The mind immortal from its chain to sever?"

Time answer'd—"*He* is not a vulgar prey;
The Muses court him, and 'tis their delay."
Death shook his dart no more; it left his hand—
I fled uplifted—it was *Time's* command!

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TIME AND FAME.

APART from crowds and public view,
In solitude reflection grew;
Of ancient Empires, one by one,
The course with passing thought was run:

The *Persian*—the *Assyrian* Kings—
Have left no plumage of their wings;
From *Greece* and *Rome*, the Poet's theme,
No relicks—but a Winter's dream.

To vindicate the name he bore,
In vain the *Persian* I implore:
"Where is the Earth's proud Victor gone?
And what 's become of *Macedon*?"

Hurl'd from their Fame's triumphant car,
What crumbling dust these Giants are!
If *they* are sports, and wrecks of thee,
Tell me, oh *Time*, what hopes *for me*?

TIME AND CHANCE.

TO A LADY WHO WAS INJURED BY A FALL.

TIME no other grace *ensures*,
But is careful still of *yours*;
Chance alone have *you* to fear;
It is *blind*, and cannot *hear*.

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JOURNAL.

WORCESTER. SUNDAY.

As I journey'd from *Pershore* to *Worcester*, it rain'd;
By this common event I an *incident* gain'd.
For *dramatic* * effect, nothing ever so pat,
At the very same time was a horse and a hat.
In a band-box this hat on the horse was reclin'd,
And it nestled a farmer's young daughter behind:
On her sides were two baskets that butter had fill'd;
The old charger could never, I think, have been drill'd —
For *one-eye-less*—and shapeless—was all he could boast —
But the girl would at *Richmond* and *Q's* be a toast.
She had one imperfection;—but let it be hush'd!—
Not a hint for your life!—she was modest, and blush'd!
Her complexion was lily, contending with rose;
Pink and green was her hat—white as cream shift and hose:
In her chat with simplicity cheerfulness met:
I the reapers forgot, and rejoic'd in the wet.
"Happy girl!" I exclaim'd, "with a face and a heart
That in *your* fairy circle such blessings impart!"
At the compliment blushing, she baffled her praise,
By complaining "that markets provision would raise;"

* This was written just after *The Dramatist*, a favourite Comedy of *Reynolds*, came out.

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Talk'd of *eggs* and of *butter* with such a decorum,
That I long'd for *the Carrs*, and this pattern before 'em.
She was going to *Walcot*—I add, and with shame,
That I had not the courage to ask for her name:
But at *Worcester*, with eggs and with butter at hand,
In the *Saturday's* market all day is her stand.
We took leave as we met, with good-humour and mirth:
Oh, the charm of sweet innocence, beauty, and worth!
In a field as I walk'd I encounter'd *the Dean*,
And his *Worship*, methought, was more *civil* than *clean!*
For it rain'd, and *he* tumbled (as you might have done)
Which to me was a topick of excellent fun.
As you know that at present I 'm keen for my tithes,
And prefer to your company sickles or scythes.
Do but only conceive the delight I enjoy'd
When *this Dean and his Chapter* as friends I employ'd:
They of *Mortlake* and *Wimbledon* being the Rectors,
Are in each of *those* parishes Tithing-dissectors.
We have both in the Park indivisible claims,
If the King would allow them: but, sure as the *Thames*
Never hail'd in his road such a *Castle* as mine,
Kings are seldom, except in their *titles*, *divine*,
And this "*Majesty sacred*" (I hope it 's not rude)
Upon Tithe his *own Counsel* would *cheat* if he *could*.
It has *rain'd* all the night, and it now *rains* again,
And, I think, to the end of the chapter, it 's *rain*.

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COURT OF HILL,

A TOUR FROM TENBURY TO LUDLOW BY COURT OF HILL.

THE road's access to *Court of Hill*
A *horse* could throw, a *man* could spill;
But where 's the mind that courts romance,
And blames a road that loves to dance?
The scene is loveliness itself,
And there all fears are on the shelf:
The hills, though verging on grotesque,
Are balanc'd by the picturesque;
The hop, the orchards, and the corn,
With smiling fruits the soil adorn;
And rosy health upon the cheek
A tale of eloquence can speak.
Where *Nash* emerges on the right,
Enchanting *Malvern* crowns the sight,
And little *Coreley's* humble spire
Calls on the Painter to admire.
At the *Court's* gate four pillar towers
Look bluff, and say, "This place is ours;"
But the self-open'd careless gate
Seems quite averse to feudal state;
The pond was flapp'd with lazy weeds,
And man by force a lesson reads.
But soon the *robe of saffron hue* *
Will spread its glow upon the view:
Attention, parent of the rhyme,
Was taken prisoner to a *lime;*
Around whose trunk a bench was plac'd,
At *Lowe's* expence, with *Yorick's* taste.

* Mrs *Lowe*, the widow, and the owner, was recently married.

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There often has that Critic mus'd,
Laugh'd at the Judge, and rhymes accus'd.
The pigeon-house, though half afraid,
Was crested with a colonnade;
A weather-cock, of streaming flame,
The maker's art consigns to fame;
Around this temple of the doves
A luscious plumb untasted roves;
The fir in clumps (no painter's arts)
Divides the landscape into parts;
The ash or elm, in spreading groups,
Like proud battalions, form their troops;
The rails, meandering in festoons,
Are just like notes that musick tunes;
A single guinea-fowl appear'd,
And shriek'd as if it *would* be *heard;*
The casement windows unrefin'd
Brought *Charles the Second* into mind.
The date in stone confirms the tale,
And keeps in awe the subject vale;
The arms are *Powys* kissing *Hill,*
The man and wife coquetting still.
Grass newly shorn, with brightest green,
Diffus'd its lustre through the scene;
For horse as well as man prepar'd,
No inch of stabling has been spar'd;
The roads, well made for overturning,
Gave hints of night-caps, not returning;
As in a Giant's chair the Muse
A distant world of beauty views,
Expanded and improving still
In prospects from the lime-burnt hill.
There *Ludlow* as a pigmy seems,
And, like its *Masque,* a world of dreams;

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But here the Nine descending sail
Transported into *Ludlow's* vale:
The Sun on Beauty's lap had shone,
'Twas Beauty with its fig-leaf on.
The peasants' mounted girls I meet,
With many a *Talus* at their feet:
We Bards have dreams that never fail us—
I dreamt of *Una* kissing *Talus*.
At *Henley* we had flaring red,
On bricks in gay disorder spread;
And prov'd that, by the help of genius,
Deformities become ingenious.
But what a contrast in the fields,
Where Nature's hand *her* sceptre wields!
Yet what *is* Nature's state or wealth,
If Squires can *die* for want of health?*
But now to *Ludlow* we are come,
'Tis Beauty's aggregated sum:
We thought of *Nelly* in her fit;
I dreamt of Heaven, and *this* is *it*.

DIRECTIONS.

On *Monday* next, you 'll send, I reckon,
A *billet-doux* to me—at *Brecon;*
And *thus* your *envélope* will speak,
Its love to me throughout the week.
But, when it comes to *Monday* se'nnight,
The scene is chang'd, and you must pen it—
For then till *Friday—Turnham Green*
Must find *Apollo* at *Presteigne*.
On Friday *Lombard Street* has *forc'd her*
To pay her compliments at *Worc'ter*.

* Mr. *Knight* was then very dangerously ill.

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White is at *Broadway's* inn, the *Hart*,
That courts on *Saturday* Love's dart;
On *Monday* shift your playful *Car*
To learned *Oxford's* brilliant *Star*;
On *Tuesday*, sheets well air'd and cleanly
Are the *Red Lion's* charms at *Henley*;
On *Wedn'sday* wreaths of myrtle spread,
For the *new Bridge of Maidenhead*;
There *Winter* is to romp with *Flora*,
Tithonus there will chain *Aurora*.

ON THE LOSS OF A BANK NOTE.

THE Bank its implement had made,
Exchequer smil'd, and fees were paid;
Enchanting *Fifty* was the sum,
To me its gracious mark was come.

Nor pocket-book, nor purse have I,
To me no Bankers aid supply;
Enough that ragged breeches hold
The helpless bill, or naked gold.

I thought it safe as thief in mill,
Nor meant its place with rhymes to fill;
My hand upon the jewel plac'd,
With jealous care its pride embrac'd.

Thus pass'd—a day—another came,
Precaution's guards were still the same;
A tailor bow'd—my wealth he knew,
"Here, *Snip*," said I, "here 's *this* for *you*."

Out flew the hand—with paper in 't,
But paper of no Banker's mint;
The note was fled—but, in its place,
A SONNET fill'd the vacant space.

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LETTER FROM MRS. HARDINGE TO HER SON.

AND pray, Sir, what have *you* to give,
Till *R***** 's under ground?
The gaol, perhaps, in which you live!
But where 's the *Fifty Pound?*

It sav'd a Bankrupt from disgrace,
For you alone were bound;
I gave it for the *Hardinge-race;*
The sum was *Fifty Pound.*

What mazes of your puzzled head,
Yourself and me confound?
Shut up your books! and go to bed!
You owe me *Fifty Pound.*

Your hope to raise the *Kingston* rent
With Suits at Law is crown'd;
But you will never be content,
Or pay the *Fifty Pound.*

Though bad enough, should still be *worse*
Than 'tis at present found;
You 'd cut a joke, and write a verse,
But pay no *Fifty Pound.*

I hate your Wits—I hate your Pets,
My head is clear and sound;
Instead of *rhyming, pay your debts,*
And me the *Fifty Pound.*

You talk of horses, and of grooms,
As if no terrors frown'd;
His victim *Jove* to madness dooms,
I 've lost my *Fifty Pound.*

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ECONOMY DISCONCERTED; OR, THE TOUR.

TO THE LATE MRS. HARDINGE.

Too late, respected Friend, I see,
Frugality 's averse to me;
Whatever I can do—to *save*,
Calamities the will enslave.
The horse, Lieutenant *Bates's* pride,
Was rather adverse to the ride;
With kicks resenting the attack
Of such a load upon his back.
The hir'd pony from the *Crown*
Fell seven times completely down;
He fell, and with him the portmanteau,
With many an Ode, and many a Canto.
It was Miss *Hotham*, or a witch,
That jerk'd them souse into a ditch.
At *Nature's* call I once retir'd,
With *ale* and *gooseberry fool* inspir'd *;
Bucephalus was at the gate,
And fast I thought as *Gertrude's* hate.
Averse, it seems, to being idle,
He made a push, and snapp'd his bridle;
Then over hills and valleys flew;
I *paid* for horses to pursue;
But he, to carry packs unwilling,
Robb'd your poor Son of many a shilling,
Before his Military back
Would personate a Lawyer's hack.

* I had regaled upon them the night before at my Mother's hospitable supper.

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The *Royal Oak*, too fond of *Dering*,
To me was rather unendearing;
A feed of corn to keep us up,
And potent ale for *Edward's* cup,
Enabled us to reach *Town Malling*,
But still occasionally falling.
Then, for a chance of *Tommy's* dinner,
We took a *chaise*, as I 'm a sinner;
But when at last the sums were counted,
It came to *more* for *being mounted;*
Besides the tip for leading back
The Horse of Spirit and the Hack.

MORAL.

If such accounts *the saving* keep,
Extravagance is full as cheap.

ON MY OWN BIRTH-DAY. TO AMELIA.

AGAIN, the destin'd orbit roll'd,
An added year to life is told;
Nor yet, by mis-adventure cross'd,
Is Love decay'd, or Friendship lost.
Warm as the Sun that gilds the day,
I feel the heart's enlivening ray;
Indulge the mind's creating views,
Make Fancy mine, and chain the Muse.
Though Time upon the form has cast
Unerring marks that youth is past;
Let others keep *Life's* natal morn,
When *I* was *lov'd*—then *I was born.*
The day, the hour on which it fell,
Perhaps thy Register can tell;
The *Birth-day* that is own'd by me,
Is *Time's* record of *Love* AND THEE.

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TO MY FIRST LOVE, AND MY LAST.

Is it Nature?—Is it Art,
That can wind thee round my heart?
Where are now *(thy* conquering arms)
Beauty's flame, and vernal charms?
Dimpled smiles, and blooming cheek,
That in love, though mute, could speak?
They are vanish'd—they are fled—
Still in fetters I am led;
Memory no more can tell,
Why in youth we lov'd so well;
Or describe the magic power,
That enchanted every hour?
All her shadows, in the air,
Of the parting ray despair.
It is *habit* that *endears,*
When the passion disappears,
From the *senses* to the *mind,*
Prompts the change that *Love* can find;
Though his dart away he tost,
It was dropp'd—it was not lost.
Friendship, with *her* soothing hand,
Shall the temper'd shaft command;
And, the commerce to improve,
Pays the debt she owes to Love.

Another leaf, in homage due,
To his *first Love* the Myrtle sends;
To thee his young ambition flew,
To thee his *drooping* foliage bends.

A pearl of thine—'tis *Flora's* tear,
Calls into life his parting breath;
His renovated stem can rear,
Can steal the Winter's arm from Death.

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WITH MY PICTURE;

DRAWN WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

THESE were my features when their youthful age
To thee was proud its honour to engage;
Recalling them—approve the constant heart,
That scorns, when *they* are chang'd, from thee to part.

Thy features too are chang'd, as well as these,
But more—not less, they animate and please;
Enlighten'd Friendship gilds the latest hour,
And the mind's charm is Love's perennial flower.

TO G. H.

WHO SENT A POT OF HONEY TO LADY ——.

WHAT! your honey to *Mary*, your sweets to the sweet!
Was there ever a gift so absurd?
If your presents to Ladies are so indiscreet,
By the Fair you 'll be never preferr'd.

Send your honey to virulent ********'s tongue,
To malevolent ******** a pot;
Give to *them*, what away on the charmer is flung,
Who the honey from Nature has got.

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A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE;

WRITTEN ON THE WIFE'S BIRTH-DAY.

LOVE.

[*In tears, addressing the Husband and the Wife.*]

WAS ever Infant so deceiv'd?
'Tis what I could n't have believ'd.

HUSBAND. [*addressing his Wife.*]

Can *you*, my dear, the cause explain,
Why *Cupid* should of *us* complain?

WIFE.

Alas!—not I—what *he* requires,
He does not *ask*—but he *inspires*.

HUSBAND. [*addressing* Love.]

Come, tell us why those frowns appear?
And what 's the fountain of the tear?

LOVE.

Have I not reason?—Pray was this
Our compact in the nuptial bliss?
That here, for Man and Wife detain'd,
My arms and wings are to be chain'd;
If I attended at the wedding,
And was a party in the bedding,
'Tis all that either could expect—
The world complains of my neglect.
What *more* attendance must I give?

HUSBAND. [*laughing.*]

Till Man and Wife shall cease to live.

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LOVE.

Consoling news!—Well, who'd have thought
When you were snar'd, that *I was* caught!
That I—adept in *shifting* arts,
Was dup'd at last by *constant* hearts!
Had *Friendship* and *Esteem* been there,
Though late (for *them)* I should not care.
But me, why me like prisoners guard?
I *must* complain—'tis very hard.

HUSBAND.

They cannot for their lives abscond:
We have their sureties in a bond.

LOVE.

What sureties, pray?

HUSBAND.

The heart—the mind,
Fast in those bonds, though unconfin'd.

LOVE.

Pray let me go!—in Beauty's charms,
I leave the bond of *Cupid's* arms.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Archer and the Horseman's trampling haste
Make all they reach a desolated waste:
Some fly dispers'd; unguarded lies their field;
Their treasures and their hopes to rapine yield;
Their humble store, their cattle, and their plough,
The ripening harvest, and the teeming bough.
Some basely pinion'd, and as captives driven,
Look back upon their homes, then up to Heaven:
Envenom'd is the point which bids them die,
For wing'd with subtle death the arrows fly:
Lost what no hands can take, no art can hide,
The guiltless huts in flames on every side.

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IMITATION OF THE ELEGY ON FIDELE, IN CYMBELINE.

"Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun, &c."

Ampliùs nè pertimeas calorem
Solis, et sævas hyemis procellas;
Terminus pensi venit, et laboris
Palma soluti.

Ampliùs nè pertimeas potentes;—
Nulla te vis imperii coercet:
Vestium in terrâ tibi nulla cura est,
Nulla ciborum.

Aureum vultu juvenem, et puellam
Auream, pulvis tegit; his arundo
Non minùs quercu nocet:—in sepulcro
Quis locus illis?

Te pari in terrâ positum sequuntur
Imperî fasces, et avita regum
Sceptra; te nudæ comitantur artes,
Mutaque linguæ

Gloria, et vates, numeris adempti;—
Ampliùs ne pertimeas micantem
Fulguris, tractu ætherio, sagittam;
Fulminis ictui

Liber, in terræ gremio recumbes—
Ampliùs ne pertimeas furentis
Invidam linguæ rabiem, et malignæ
Verbera famæ!

Nulla sub terrâ sequitur voluptas;
Nulla sub terrâ lacryma est; quietum
Spiritûs finem cape; nec sepulcrum
Fama recuset!

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FRIENDSHIP'S GOOD WORD.

I WROTE in Elegiac verse,
And grac'd with Melodies the hearse;
Confiding still in *Friendship's* ear
The pearl of each *Castalian* tear.
She her *éloge* on me conferr'd,
Above competitors preferr'd;
Melpomene at last grew vain,
And made a laurel of the pain;
She thought of *her* distress the hint,
Would interest *the world* in print;
Quoth *Friendship*, "You are still my care:
Of that capricious *Judge* beware!
These lovely weepers altogether
Will be too glum for this bright weather.
Besides, 'tis fit that you should know it,
You 're nothing but a *Comic* Poet.
But I 've a thought, and for the work—
A little *slice* of *comic* jerk
Will make the Readers take delight
In a *mélange* of black and white;
When tir'd of crying at one half,
The other would ensure a laugh;
Without a remedy like this,
Your aim at feeling hearts you 'll miss.
The Dirge and Jig, if interchang'd,
Are never shifted or derang'd.
An eloquent, but arch Divine,
Could laughter thus with tears combine;
St. Paul in *front*, he made the sheep
In Sorrow's pious current weep.
Behind—expos'd—*the sitting feature*
Grac'd with a laugh the Comic Teacher;

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Alas! I fear, that *Green*, and *Court*,
Which of thy *Charges* made their sport;
'These *Elegies* (I hear them say)
Are worth a tear at least *per* day;
But, when the *heart* is to despair,
I wish the *pocket* he could spare.'
Ned Hamilton, acute, but cruel,
Ask'd 'if *George Hardinge* was my jewel;'
Ask'd 'if his *Charges* were sublime,
And if I put them into rhyme.'
Said I, 'Whatever you can say
Of my *Apollo's* Prose or Lay,
You 'd be enchanted with his *Letters;*
They to no *flattery* are debtors:
Your Walpole is to him a fool,
And *Stanhope's* grace a dancing school;
His *French* can emulate *Voltaire*,
His Pulpit is a match for *Blair*.
"His *Epitaphs*, I own, are dull;
More weed than flower his Muses cull;
But then for a convivial pet,
What think you of *the Baronet*?
That Hero of the *Dinner-bell*,
No honours ever done so well:
I'm told he 's pleasant as the other,
And very like his Eldest Brother."

WRITTEN AT KINGSTON, AFTER A VERY LONG ABSENCE.

HERE Innocence and Childhood play'd,
But here the seeds of Death were laid;
With roses *Fancy* deck'd her bed,
The *Passions* came—the *Virtues* fled.
By Genius led, these passions came,
Her dangerous fire still fann'd their flame;
The world in rainbow colours smil'd,
She first allur'd, and then beguil'd.

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THE PERILS OF NATURE;

OR, A VOTE ENDANGERED. A DIALOGUE.

A CURATE (Mr. SMITH) and
a BENCHER of the *Temple* (Mr. HARDINGE).

CURATE.

THE lines that here a Bencher greet
Throw a poor Orphan at his feet;
The Writer bears them in his hands,
A *Mother* still his love demands.
An *Orphan*, destitute and young,
Upon the *Temple Church* is flung;
Eight Sisters are in want of bread,
In me alone they lift their head.
For *them*—I court the Beggar's fate.

BENCHER.

Alas, good Sir! you come *too late*.
The *Carrs*, you 've heard of them, at *Ealing*,
Pre-occupied the Bencher's feeling;
Would *Linden* his demands resign,
Your interest would then be *mine*;
With joy I 'd *then promote* your views,
'Tis agony when I refuse:
I love your *Mother* and her pearls
(For I am partial to the Girls).

CURATE.

I ask no more—'tis nobly done,
To honour thus an Orphan-son.
I have a letter—(could you know it)—
I have it—but I *dare not* shew it;

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Such honour to a feeling heart
No pen could ever yet impart;
A model too of graceful style—

BENCHER.

You keep the letter all the while.

CURATE.

Oh, Sir!—'tis *yours*—'twas you that gave
A boon to *him* that's in his grave;
But gave it in so *fine a manner*,
That *Chesterfield* resign'd his banner.

I heard with transport—and I felt,
That *Linden's* claim began to *melt*.
Apollo sav'd me in the nick;
For *Smith* took up his hat and stick.

TO A LAUGHING GIRL,

WHOM THE WRITER PRESENTED WITH A SERIOUS AND PATHETIC NOVEL.

I ASK of you, the *Comic* Belle,
Though *tears* are not *in fashion*;
From *you* that *laugh*, and laugh *so well*,
The sorrows of Compassion.

'Tis no improvident request,
Nor you misunderstood;
The heart that's open to the jest,
Is merciful and good.

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TO A ROSE, ON AMORET'S BREAST.

ENCHANTING Rose of early morn,
Whose opening leaves of dews are born;
Whose glowing plumes with scented air
To beds of Love the Zephyrs bear!

The hand that pluck'd thee from the earth
Gives thee a new and sacred birth;
Without a thorn, on *Amoret's* breast,
For ever blooming, sweet, and blest.

There when thy lustre is repos'd,
No more to winds or blight expos'd
Love shall in social wreaths combine,
Unfading hues, and breath divine.

STELLA AND FLAVIA.

These Lines were occasioned by the Marriage of Miss *P*——, who was Lady *G*—— *C*——'s first Cousin, which took place not long after the Death of the latter.

BUT, hark! what jocund bell is heard?
'Tis *Hymen* still, to joy preferr'd—
'Tis *Flavia's* wreath, her Beauty's pride;
Nor ever blush'd a lovelier Bride:
The air is by the Zephyrs fann'd;
The scene around is Fairy-land;
The torch is li't for *Hymen's* hour;
The Loves have dress'd the sacred bow'r.
Yet was I present, when the ray
Of *Stella's* Beauty won the day;
"*Poor Flavia!*" *then* was Love's complaint,
Thy cheek in vain the roses paint;

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For they must wither in their bloom—
'Tis *Love's* complaint, but *Fortune's* doom."
Yet *Flavia* now is *Fortune's* pride!
And 'tis poor *Stella* that has died!
Alas, what fleeting hues are shed
On *Flavia's* transitory bed!
But *Stella*, waken'd from the tomb,
Is an Eternity—in bloom.

PEACE. FROM CASAREGI.

In the centre of the rays,
Which returning Peace displays;
Cheer'd with *her* celestial birth,
Who can look upon the Earth?
Now 'tis cover'd by the night,
Where 's the circle of its light?
Where, alas, have disappear'd
Charms that *Nature's* Beauty rear'd?
Vale and stream, the busy mart,
Lakes and sea-girt Isles, depart—
All Oblivion's wreck deplore,
Ev'n the Ocean is no more.
Such a little point and spot,
Only seen to be forgot—
Is the destin'd wreath of strife,
Barter'd for the risk of life.
Yet for *this*, will sword and spear,
Listed in the ranks appear;
And for this have legions trod,
On the Altar of their God!

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TIME.

Ye appetites of *Youth*, I thank you *now!*
That as *your* vassal I no more shall bow;
No more am rack'd upon *your* bed of Pain,
Or feel the insult of a Tyrant's chain.

A little space the wings of *Time* disclose,
To lay the tortur'd bosom in repose;
My life has been the dupe of gay deceit;
Before the curtain falls, *I'll spurn the cheat.*

TIME. THE SAINT.

As the Catholics tell me *their* Saint they can chuse,
I've determin'd on mine, and 'tis known to the Muse;
'Tis on *him*, that with soft admonition corrects,
The afflicted consoles, and the helpless protects;
'Tis on *him* that in age has the vigour of youth,
And, by Patience caress'd, is the Parent of Truth;
If the name is not shadow'd enough in the rhyme,
Keep the secret, my heart!—in a whisper—"*'tis* Time."

ZEAL IN FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis a King's—a Hero's part;
It proclaims the noblest heart,
From calumniating Hate,
Innocence to vindicate.

Zeal that 's *prudent* and correct,
Pity that by fear is check'd;
Though usurping Friendship's name
Chill her animating flame.

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These, from Wisdom's jealous pride,
Learn the danger to confide;
Never in the opening breast
Fold and cherish the distress'd.

When the dust upon your head
Obloquy and Pride have shed;
All for your distress can *grieve*,
But SAMARITANS *relieve*.

ON SAPPHO'S* REMOVAL

TO A NEW HOUSE ON TURNHAM GREEN.

No more of *Nature's* mirror tell;
The tufted hill, and sloping dell;
It is the *mind* that shifts the scene,
To *Arno's Vale*—on *Turnham Green*.

A Poet in *St. Martin's Lane*
Has all *Arcadia* in his train;
To *him* the dancing *Fauns* are seen,
With *Dryads*—upon *Turnham Green*.

The *London* Grocer's rural hop,
The Pack-horse, with its mutton-chop,
Are "*gems* of purest ray serene"
To *Sappho's* eye—on *Turnham Green*.

Her eye can from the window hail,
An *Ariel* on the *Oxford* mail;
To her the *Nine* from baskets lean,
And sing in parts on *Turnham Green*.

* Of Mrs. *Moody*, who has been repeatedly noticed under this name, see before, p. 196. She was a Miss *Greeny*, of *Kingston*; and Dr. *Moody* was for some time a Dissenting Minister there.

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The Zephyrs her command obey,
And blow suburban dust away;
The Fairies crown their Village Queen,
The *Cynosure* of *Turnham Green.*

Creative is the eye of Taste;
Gives bloom to *Hounslow's* dreary waste;
And still adorns with *Flora's* mien,
At *Charing Cross*—or *Turnham Green.*

ON SAPPHO, AS MY COPYIST.

For me will *Sappho* deign to write,
With glowing zeal in letters bright;
A charm had whisper'd the demand,
It prompts her genius to her *hand;*
When *she* the fading verse renews,
It is the *Cestus of the Muse.*

ON READING SAPPHO'S VERSES TO ME.

Oh, cruel, half-propitious Muse!
That powers of taste can still infuse;
Enough—the Minstrel to *admire,*
But *none* to *imitate* the *Lyre.*

A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE, AND SIX REASONS FOR IT.

It may be ask'd, why mute the Poet's voice?
Of Six good Reasons you shall take your choice.
The Law's delay, and the Attorney's bill;
The Tabbies that with piercing talons kill;
The hostile Friend, that acts a Tyrant's part;
The desolated life, and broken heart.

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SAPPHO'S REPLY.

But still you touch the harp's enchanted string,
And, like the fabled swans, in death you sing.
Though *Cerberus* presents, with triple head,
The want of peace, of credit, and of bread;
From every satin cheek and melting lip
The honey'd nectar of a kiss you sip;
The mind's amusement, and the body's too,
With independent spirit you pursue;
From all the characters that Fancy hit
Extract materials for your mirth and wit,
Laugh at the fool, your tears to mercy give,
Spare to the poor, and Fame's caprice forgive.

THE BARD AND HIS COUNSEL;

OR, THE TEARS OF A DISCARDED BELLMAN.

A Bard, *proficient* in his trade,
With ease three hundred Poems made;
Yet, undecided on their fate,
Referr'd to Counsel the debate.
"Should he assign them to *the cook?*
Or print—and shew them in a book?"
"A book," said *Counsel*, "is their due;
I'd print them *all*—except *a few.*
No rhymes can ever shew their face,
Which *person* have described, or *place:*
No otherwise your Muse confine!"—
It left the Poet not a line!
"I 'll copy all you 've sent that please me,
But with your lumping claim you *teaze me.*"
"Send me your favourites then," said I:
A sheet in blank—was the reply.

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SOLILOQUY,

FOUND IN A RECESS IN DR. M——'S GARDEN.

These Lines were occasioned by complaints often made, that my Letters at *three pence* a time were *dear*. — The Lady of the house was my Correspondent; and the Husband, who had no taste for my *Genius*, was embittered against me by the cost.

"Oh, *three pence!*—charm of Gods and Men,
Wreath of a gifted Writer's pen!
Whose Verse and Prose are gems to *me*,
But modest is the Postman's fee!
When shall I call *your* treasures forth,
And pay *your* copper—for its *worth?*
Of all the *pence*, which delving toil
Earns in the cold *Reviewing* * soil,
Those which for *Genius* I reserve
My heart and preference deserve.
I pay the tax with pride of haste,
It is—the pepper-corn of—*Taste:*
I love the Postman's dunning smiles,
That claim for the suburban miles;
Light as the gaol-deliver'd cork,
I only wish he came—from *York.*
And came, unfrank'd—a double-sheet,
The *deodand* of my retreat.
Shall I, for such a cost, be thinner?
Wit—is a patent for a dinner.
I pay for *him* who pays to *none*,
And calls it *wealth* to be undone;

* The Friend was an assistant in one of *the principal Reviews.*

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But, partners in his own *Gazette*,
Scorns the lov'd *Poplars* to forget.
Let *silver bleed!* '*I love the cost* *,'
Arithmetick's dull book is lost;
The Postage is an *Arthur's* cup,
It fills—when Post-men drink it up.
Taste is of drams alone the jar,
That leaves no drop to vinegar.
When, *ci-devant* of *G——y House*,
The wife—as timid as a mouse,
With mincing words gives Love a nudge—
'*My dear, a Letter from the Judge*;'
I chuckle at the feast in store,
And feel the lurking *bile* † no more;
The Bosom's Lord ‡ '*upon his throne*,'
Makes a new bed of down his own;
The *Milbourne Swan* § that *nothing pays*,
No prouder neck than mine can raise.
My Wife, a calculating rib,
Dress'd in her pin-a-fore and bib;
Though few can match her as a wit,
Shakes off the peril of the fit;
And, having beat the Poet's march,
Keeps down the sand, or saves in starch;
And learns, from dashes of her friend,
My shirts to darn, or stockings mend;
Or me—her *Adam*—(both undress'd)
In a House-bill she lulls to rest—

* An expression of Madame *Sevigné*, alluding to *postage*, and much admir'd by *the Soliloquist*.

† The Soliloquist was of a bilious habit.

‡ *Shakespeare*.

§ Alluding to a Friend at *Esher*, who is in Parliament, and whose *envelope* occasionally accommodates me.

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Ye *Harriets* *, come!—ye *Indian porters* †,
Talus ‡ and *Una* ‡, my Reporters;
Tell, if you ever heard an oath
Disturb the debt of nuptial *troth* §;
Or saw your gentle Master warm,
And frown at the impending storm,
That shakes the curtain-lecture's room,
And rides the air on ******'s broom;
When *Cambria's* Judge, broke-down himself,
Lays me and mine upon the shelf;
And pelts his beadsmen every day,
With a new tax for *them* to pay;
But never seems at all unwilling
To save his own *protected*|| shilling.
Say, this Blue-beard's domestic Barber,
When you have shav'd me in the arbour,
Ill-omen'd three upon the cover,
A shaking head could you discover?
Or on that stubble have you seen
A tinge of *yellow and of green* **?"
Euphrosyne alone was there,
And shook her sides upon the chair.
But a discerning Prophet's view
Darts on the scene Love's brighter hue.
'Tis thought, one day the Judge will die,
Then—what a finger's in the pie!

* The Wife's *Abigail* was named *Harriet*.

† An old servant, often at the house, recommended by them as a porter at the *East India* warehouse.

‡ Names which I gave to them.

§ "And thereto I pledge thee my *troth*," says the husband, when he gives the ring.

|| Again alluding to his Letters being franked.

** The colours of *melancholy*.—*Shakespeare*.

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Escap'd from delicacy's fetters,
I *publish* and *review* his Letters:
The whims of chaös and the moon,
A Charge, a Sermon, or a Tune.
I see the Booksellers around me;
Their *biddings* with delight confound me:
His Portrait in the title-page—
The sheets hot-press'd, his birth, his age—
The varied pot-hooks that he wrote—
His gloves and boots, the whip and coat—
The nose that broke its lofty ridge—
His quarrels at the *Palace-bridge* *—
His Royal Duke †, and his Attornies ‡—
The *Hermit's cave* §,—the Pilgrim's journeys—
Executors may well embarass,
But smile upon *the Poplar Terrace* ||;
Atone for Wit's unfeeling lashes,
And make a fortune of *his ashes*:
None of his ink shall run to waste—
We 'll sell his genius and his taste.
Enrich'd, like *Job*, at *Satan's* cost,
In *pounds* for all the *pence* we lost!"

* Alluding to an accident which befell that interesting feature: a case of books tumbled over it.

† Alluding to *the Duke of Kent*, of whose courtesy to me I was not a little vain.

‡ Many of this tribe were the favourite objects of my ridicule.

§ As I called *Milbourne House*.

|| Where the Soliloquist resided.

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